

I started this story quite a while ago now and I felt I needed to mention a few things.

First and foremost. The beginning chapters make me wince in agony. I mean that with all sincerity. I need to fix them. But I want to finish the race, before editing the entire thing. Light of Honor is painful until you get through the muck and mire that I had arrogantly called 'First year'. Second Year is better but still painful and honestly a tad dull. At least until Harry starts to alter things. Third year it begins to become interesting while the next two it becomes a fic of its own. It truly flourishes once it reaches into the fourth year.

It's riddled with grammatical errors and spelling problems. I know it, you'll see it. But, if you can manage to plow through the first pains (or just skip them entirely) you'll see there is a gem that's buried in this, just deeply buried. The deeper you dig through this the better it becomes. Careful not to jump too far though otherwise you are going to be completely lost.

Will I remedy this problem?

When I finish this and tie up some other personal loose ends, most likely yes.

Now, I don't own Harry Potter, I wish I did, because that would mean I could play video games and write all day instead of struggling economically.

Still, I hope you can be patient with LOH and watch as it slowly grows from painful adolescence to maturity.

(As a side note though, I do not suggest that you skip the Prolouge, you'll miss a lot)

HHR!!!

Defender Paladin

Like flashes of blades in a masterful duel, that was all people who surrounded two of the greatest men of the century (Yes, the evil one, however terrible, was great, as Ollivander would attest to) could see - a myriad of spells used for unknown purposes, and flashes of colors.

"Why do you fight Potter?", roared Voldemort. "You put faith in the wrong people, and now, you have paid the price for it, experiencing their betrayal. And all the more obvious is that I clearly have the advantage. Now Potter, just die! And spring off the beginning of my reign of darkness, perfectly! Avada Kedavra!"

Harry circumnavigated around a large rock, escaping the lethal green jet of light with just a few cuts and nicks, as the rock shattered to pieces.

"You are correct. I have been betrayed. However, I cannot and will not allow a monster like you to live as long as I draw breath. As such, I'm taking you down with me. By using what remains of my power, I shall destroy you." Shouting out the last part, he stood tall as a strong breeze blew around Harry. He frowned, and a surge of magical energy erupted around him.

A bright aura surrounded him, as he concentrated all of his life force into a single beam through his wand, and shot it directly at Voldemort. His foe didn't even have enough time to express his surprise - the attack had vaporized him instantly.

But, Harry knew nothing of what happened after this, for just a moment afterward he slowly fell forward, his eyes vacant and empty.

He knew nothing.

Harry opened his eyes a few minutes later....or was it a few centuries?

Anyway, he found himself in a courtroom, and the only other person he could see there was a cloaked figure, whom he could not discern at all.

"Harry James Potter?", the figure asked.

"Oh him. I mean, yes, I am.", fumbled Harry.

"Good. You and I have been summoned here, because the 'Board' wants to give you a second chance, seeing how your life was played out."

"Second Chance? Board?" Harry looked at him in confusion.

"Harry, you died. Without quite living out your life as was expected. And we, of the 'Board', are going to bring you back to life. But, again, seeing your life, we decided that that in itself wouldn't do, so we agreed to send you back. Back to when you first went to King's Cross to board the Hogwarts Express.", said the being in front of him.

"What? What is that supposed to mean?" Harry demanded, confused.

"Do you want that second chance? To defeat him on your own terms, and do it so you don't die, and so you get the 'happily ever after' that you want?"

"Well..." Harry began, pushing his glasses on to the bridge of his nose.

His mere pause gave space for the other being to continue. "I thought so. Again, since yours is one awkward case, we even agreed to allow you to keep all of your memories. Something we really aren't allowed to do. You need to know, though, that you shouldn't tamper too much. For example, events of major importance, like Voldemort's resurrection at the end of the Triwizard Tournament, shouldn't be changed."

As Harry heard the words out of his only other companion, he thought it was too good to be true. "Alright, out with it. What's the catch?"

"Simple. Conceal your knowledge of the future. Oh, and you need to keep your friends.", said the figure.

"The same ones who betrayed me? The ones who had the gall to say they would always follow me and never turn back on me? Not happening, really." Harry said bitterly.

On hearing this, the figure said, somewhat more gently than before, "Things aren't always what they seem, Harry, my boy. Before you decide on anything, you should know that Hermione was always loyal to you, and so was Ron. Only, Ron had too many doubts. Way too many doubts. Over the silliest of things even, sometimes."

Harry started thinking rapidly. He knew that this place seemed to be some sort of crossroads. Evaluating his choices, he ended up with two - take the second chance, or be stranded here, with no way to get out, and regret forever his wrong choice.

"Well, let's begin." Harry sighed. A chance, to find out what he was actually capable of, and he'd be taking one to go.

AN/ Hey, folks, A beta reader named Smokin'Oken dropped me a letter requesting to beta LOH, and I was more than happy to agree. When I finally dug through all the alerts and junk that had piled up in my box I found this excellent piece; and this made me realize one very important thing: Beta reader's are an author's best friend. Truly, an author's very best friend.

So in light of this, I need to thank Smokin'Oken and his great changes.

An author, no matter how well or greatly published has a massive support base, and it's not just for the "Yeah, \*insert author's name here\* is great. Because it's really a work of many. One writes the basic story plan, another looks over it and makes subtle (or sometime not so subtle) changes to fix the problems and make it much easier to read.

He looked at the cloaked being and suddenly; the chamber in which they stood began to shift and diminish.

"Wha..?" Harry began as the chamber vanished.

"You are being transferred to the correct era. Your physical form shall return to its younger self. The one that was entering Hogwarts for the first time."

"Great...I'm a midget..." Harry sighed and suddenly reminded of Ron.

Harry felt his body shorten and weaken. He had no idea how weak his younger self really had been. He felt the weakening of being deprived of enough food for far too long and realized it would take him a long time to adjust to his younger form. He felt exhausted as the world started to come into view, the being that had spoken to him had not yet disappeared either. When King's Cross had formed around them the figure spoke one last time.

"Time shall begin anew, one again a hero steps into the hands of destiny." It said in a formal voice.

It vanished and the people whom had been still began to move.

Harry thought quickly; he had two choices, one get on the train and hope that all went well or two wait for Ron. He hadn't forgiven his 'friend' for betraying him but, the black cloaked being had left doubts about Ron. Harry wasn't sure if he could trust his friends or not. However, he knew that he needed them to stop history from becoming so different that he wouldn't have a clue what would happen next. Suddenly Harry sighed ruefully, he really had no options after all. He would become Ron's 'friend' again. He didn't know if he could ever trust him like he did once though. However, he would have to try to act as though they were best friends. Maybe, even become best friends again, but when the time of the betrayal came Harry would harden his heart against that assault. He decided to do the same with Hermione. It was for the best after all. Still, at least this time he would be able to confuse Voldemort's forces. By the 'Snake incident' in second year, just small comments, unusual talent. It would make the Death Eaters a little confused if he played his cards right...

Still, that wasn't for a while. Now he had to get on the train for the seventh... or the first time...

"...Where are we supposed to go again?" Harry heard one of the Weasley voices.

"Platform 9 and 3/4." The little Ginny chimed in.

Harry furiously quelled the emotions rising in him as he reached the Weasleys.

"Hi, do you know how to get to the platform?"

"Your first time to school?" asked kindly.

"Yeah, but I don't know how to get to the train."

"This is Ron's first time too so you two should go together." Mrs. Weasley said.

"Okay, thank you Ma'am."

She explained to Harry how to get to the platform and told him that if he was nervous he should take a running start.

Harry nodded mutely as he calmly crossed to the barrier and went through. He figured that the speed he was going wouldn't really matter in the end. He wrote it off as a very minor he neared the train he began to pull at his belongings in an attempt to pull them into the train.

"Do you want help?" Two red headed twins asked in unison.

"Yeah...Please." Harry panted from the heavy work he had preformed.

Fred and George easily pulled Harry's trunk into the train. As Harry carefully wiped the sweat from his brow the twins introduced themselves.

"And who are you?" Fred asked Harry.

"Wait, I don't think you will have to answer that Harry." George said peering through Harry's thick hair.

"How did you know his-" Fred began but stopped as he noticed the same thing his twin had already noticed.

"Yeah...I'm Harry Potter but, I would prefer to have a little bit of peace. If you must tell someone tell your family, not the entire train please. I'll have enough people staring at me in school, I don't need additional staring beforehand." Harry pleaded.

The twins looked at each other before they spoke.

"Well... I guess we won't tell the entire train, for the sake of the Boy who Lived. But, we will tell a few people just so they don't faint in shock at the sorting."

Fred and George hurried away, leaving Harry to find a compartment. It didn't take him long to hear the twins telling their family that they had met Harry Potter.

"Can I see him mom? Please?" Ginny pleaded.

Harry had heard that voice before and it wasn't a normal crush voice but one that was enamored of his fame. For the first time he became repulsed by her voice and for the first time he doubted Ginny.

While he had been thinking of this they had continued to talk and the twins stated cheerfully to a now crying Ginny.

"We will send you a Hogwarts toilet seat!"

"Boys!" chided.

"Just kidding mom." They tried to calm their mother down.

After the train began to move he sensed that Ron was coming. It filled him with anger but, Harry forcibly concealed it.

"Hello." Harry said as Ron entered the Compartment.

"Are you really...Harry Potter?" Ron asked with a note of wonder in his voice.

Harry merely pulled his hair back to reveal the lightning shaped scar that was etched on his forehead.

"What do you remember?" Ron asked curiously.

Harry shook his head. Slightly amused about the experience of reliving his life.

"Not much. A flash of green light is about it." Harry replied.

Ron on the other hand thought that the green light was an amazing thing.

They continued to chatter until they heard the compartment open and the food cart came by. Harry stood and looked at the cart. He bought a large quantity items. When he returned he saw Ron looking wistfully at his sandwiches that he had brought out as Harry had gone to the cart.

"Dig in." Harry offered as he ate a chocolate frog.

"But this is-" Ron began to protest.

"-More than I can eat." Harry grinned at Ron.

Ron hesitantly took a frog.

"Go ahead." Harry urged.

"Why did you get more than you could eat?" Ron asked while holding the frog.

"Because my eyes were too big for me, this is the first time I have seen this stuff after all." Harry jumped for a reason.



"Excuse me, have either of you seen a toad? A boy has lost one." A girl's voice asked them. A round faced boy stood behind her.

"Sorry, I haven't" Harry apologized.

"That's alright, by the way I'm Hermione Granger. And who are you two?" The girl stuck out her hand to Harry.

Harry shook it.

"Harry Potter, and this is Ron Weasley." Harry introduced them.

Her eyes widened instantly.

"Harry Potter? You are in Hogwarts a History, Rise and Fall of the Dark Arts-"

"I-I am? Err... Sorry for interrupting." Harry apologized.

"It's alright. Although I hope that it isn't a habit of yours." Hermione chided him.

"Well... Not usually. It is just that I'm not really used to this fame thing." Harry admitted.

He was missing his old friends, and was wishing to be able to trust them once again. He wanted to tell someone what had happened to him... But, it wasn't possible...

"Well then, I need to help Neville find his toad."

Harry nodded.

"Sure, good luck."

In a few minutes after Hermione left another person entered their compartment.

"I heard that Harry Potter is on the train." Draco acted friendly.

"Yes he is." Harry replied.

"Do you know where he is?" Draco asked.

"Right here." Harry replied.

"You?" Draco asked in a slightly surprised voice.

"Yes as a matter of fact."

Draco noticed Ron and mentioned the 'Red hair and hand-me down robes' before he turned back to Harry.

"you will soon find out that some wizarding families are better than others; you don't want to make friends with the wrong sort. I can help you there." Draco offered his hand.

Harry looked at Draco for a moment.

"Thank you for the offer, it is considerate. However, I have found that there is more to a person than that of just blood. I find loyalty, honor, intelligence, and compassion to be the most important things. If you can prove that you have those traits, I can accept you as a friend."

Ron looked a little irritated at Harry's answer. Harry realized that he had irritated Ron...He already knew that it would happen more than once. But he had hoped that it wouldn't have happened so soon.

Draco seemed to ponder his reply. Finally instead of replying he shrugged and left the compartment.

"That was weird." Harry noted after Malfoy had left.

"Why did you say that to him?" Ron asked after a few moments in a curious voice.

"Best way to defuse a potentially dangerous situation." Harry replied.

"I see..." Ron slowly replied.

The train neared the towering castle in the distance as they began to change into their robes.

Harry, and Ron stepped off of the train and heard Hagrid calling out.

"Firs years, firs years this way!" Harry went to the large man and boarded a boat. He was quickly joined by Ron and to Ron's disgust, Hermione.

Hermoine started to speak almost immediately upon entering the boat. Sharing her knowledge, and as Ron had once put it 'Rambling on and on'. Although that was in his old life. Harry however, wasn't as irritated by her knowledge as he had been the first time he had met her, maybe it was because he had a maturity that he didn't have the first time he had been on this boat. While he wasn't exactly interested in Hogwarts a History, she spoke better than most of his old elementary teachers.

"Hermoine, how in the world do you know all this stuff?" Harry asked her. True, he already knew the answer but he wanted to encourage her.

Unlike last time...

"Well, I read a lot. It is an excellent source of information."

Ron looked appalled at the idea. He suddenly blurted out.

"How can anyone study like that? It isn't human."

Hermoine looked hurt.

"Hey, Ron ease up will you? While it may not be 'normal' to study as much as she does, it doesn't mean we should torment or mention that. After all, it's just being polite. That is one reason why I said what I did to Malfoy. It is just being respectful."

Ron blinked as he tried to figure out what Harry had just said. As he did Harry inwardly groaned, he shouldn't have stepped in. But, he couldn't help it. Hermoine's eyes had flashed to hurt instantly after Ron had said that and suddenly, Harry had stood up for her.

By that time the boats had reached the castle and Professor McGonagall had entered the chamber which the first years waited for the sorting. Quickly, she outlined the traits of each of the houses and explained the point system. Then she urged them into the great hall. As Harry remembered the Ceiling that now had the night sky sparkling overhead. The stars above shined their pale light on a world that would soon fall into chaos and war.

"Bones, Susan" Professor McGonagall called the girl to the hat.

The sorting hat pondered for a moment before it decided that Susan would make an excellent Gryffindor.

The hat sorted through the numerous first years, Draco instantly became a Slytherin, while Ron, Neville, and Hermione became Gryffindors. Harry suddenly realized that he had would see his past. He wondered with desperation how to protect that part of his memories against the sorting hat. He wasn't sure if it revealed what it considered important information to the Headmaster. He had never thought to ask that of his mentor.

"Potter, Harry"

The crowd began to whisper amongst itself.

"The Harry Potter?"

"This is going to be his first year?"

Harry ignored them and stepped over to the sorting hat. His professor placed it on his head and he instantly heard its thoughts.

"Interesting...I didn't think that dimensional and time travel was possible."

"I can't let anyone know." Harry silently told that hat.

"So you were a Gryffindor eh? Lets keep it that way, and by the way, you don't need to worry about me revealing what I know to anyone. It is kind of like the Medical Privacy policy in the Muggle world."

Harry sighed internally with relief at the hat's silent words.

"Griffindor!" The hat called out.

Harry took off the hat and walked over to the now cheering Griffindor's.

"We got Potter, we got Potter!" Constantly rang in his ears.

He found a seat next to Percy and Ron and after Dumbledore talked for some time the feast began.

Harry ignored the conversations around him and ate quickly. He needed time to think. Harry also ignored the Teacher's table as he ate. He didn't want to look at Snape or Quriell. Snape, because well, he still hated the arrogant git and Quriell because he just didn't want to mess with Voldermort yet. He wanted some time to prepare before seeing the Dark Lord on the back of his head or the annoying idiot on the front of the head. Either one of them was not worth looking at.

After the feast ended the prefects lead their respective house members to their common rooms. Harry realized suddenly how much he had missed Hogwarts. For the first time in a long time, Harry was home. Most of the students went up the staircases to their beds as soon as they got into the tower, however Harry stalled. He wasn't ready to go up. He felt that he should relive his experiences from his past within the common room. After a time he felt a hand touch his shoulder. Turning he saw Hermoine.

"I saw that you hadn't gone up yet Harry, are you alright?" She asked in concern.

He nodded.

"I'm just thinking." Harry explained.

"About what?" She asked.

"Life in general."

She nodded slowly as she considered his words.

"By the way... Thank You for your words on the boat. That was kind of you." She thanked him,

"Your welcome. Well, I think I'm done pondering life, good night, I hope you sleep well Hermione." Harry decided to advert a potential danger to revealing himself.

"Thanks, you too." Hermione said after a moment.

Harry slipped into his bed and sighed in contentment. He may have to fight, and kill Voldermort eventually but that time wasn't here yet. He had time to enjoy life to some extent.

"Well...Here we go!" Harry said quietly before he fell asleep.

His journey had just begun.

AN: Can you figure out the quote and where it is from? If you can that would be neat. If no one finds out next chapter I'll let you know. As another note. I don't own Harry Potter. I had planned on making this chapter longer but I felt that it covered what I wanted covered for this leg of the journey.

Harry woke instantly, He had had a nightmare about his Defense Against the Dark Arts professor and Voldermort. He finally remembered that strange dream he had had all those distant years past- the one he had just relived. Harry forced himself to wake up and memorize every detail. Sure, it may not have been vital but, Harry wanted to. His scar throbbed and Harry quickly put up his occulemency shields that he had obtained in the 'first go'.

"Ouch..." Harry muttered as he rubbed his scar. He forcibly stopped himself from cursing. It wouldn't do to hear a first year swearing.

After he was sure he had memorized the details Harry closed his eyes and drifted back to sleep. He was certain that Quirrel's turban wouldn't attack him again tonight. He was correct.

The next morning Harry went to the Great Hall for breakfast early. He still felt hesitant about befriending Ron again, as well as Hermoine... Although, Harry was wondering if he did it correctly this time he may not be betrayed again. He missed his best friends so much...

"Hey Harry!" Ron said cheerfully as he saw Harry.

"Morning Ron." Harry greeted him.

"I hope that this is good." Ron remarked as he sat next to Harry.

"It usually is." Harry said absentmindedly.

Ron stopped in midbite.

"How do you know that? You've only eaten here once." Ron asked curiously.

Harry winced internally. He had said way too much. He quickly scoured his mind for a good cover up reason.

"Well, that is what that second year said at least." Harry tried to cover his mistake.

"That makes sense." Ron agreed and started to eat.



Harry sighed internally; that had been way too close. He realized that classes were going to be; oddly enough harder this time around. He already knew most of the material; That meant that he would have to 'dumb' his knowledge down in class so he looked as though he wasn't again, if he always excelled it would further his plan to disorganize the death eaters, hopefully. Harry decided quickly to go ahead and play as a 'high achievement' student. 'gifted, but not perfect' plus, that might give him more benefits in later years...

Harry saw a bushy haired girl nearing them and she sat next to Harry.

"Good Morning Harry." Hermione greeted him.

"What do you want?" Ron asked bitinglly.

Hermione's eyes clouded slightly.

"...Ron, do you remember what I said last night? Please treat her with respect."

"Can you honestly say you like her?" Ron demanded.

"That isn't the point Ron-" Harry sighed before continuing "Perhaps this would be more effective; Ron would you please look at her?" Harry asked.

"Why?" Ron asked as he looked at her.

"What do you see?"

"A know it all." Ron replied.

"You know what I see? A young girl about our age, that is just as human as anyone in this castle. We respect our race, so why can't we respect the individuals within that race?" Harry asked, surprising himself.

"Well..." Ron started slowly.

"If you absolutely hate her is not something I can influence, all I ask is that you treat her with some respect."

"I suppose I can try to do that..." Ron said slowly.

"Thank you Ron. That is all I will ask for." Harry looked directly at him.

Suddenly owls swooped overhead.

"Oh the morning post." Ron noted.

"When will class begin?" Harry asked as the owls finished delivering their loads and leaving.

"Dunno."

"Wow, Neville has a Remembrall." A fellow first year said with awe.

"I read about those. The smoke turns red if you have forgotten something." Hermione mentioned as the smoke in Neville's Remembrall turned red.

"The only problem is I can't remember what I have forgotten." Neville complained.

A few small chuckles came from their table.

Harry's first flying lesson happened almost the same way save for Harry being more polite.

"Draco, that belongs to Neville, even if you think he is a wimp is besides the point. Please give that to me." Harry said as calmly as he could.

"Nah...I think I'll go put it on the roof so he can have some fun finding it-consider it a prank." Draco jumped on his broom and shot into the sky.

"What not going to talk to me now?" Draco asked.

"It seems I must prove that I am willing to take action." Harry said and shot into the sky.

"Now that we are on an even footing perhaps you would be willing to hand that over."

"If you can catch it Harry!" Draco grinned and tossed the Remembrall as hard as he could.

Harry shot after it and as it neared the ground Harry grabbed it and lightly hopped off of his broom.

"Harry Potter!" McGonagall's voice called out to him.

Harry knew what was coming...

"Seeker! Why no one has been as young as you and a seeker in at least a hundred years!" Ron said in awe.

"That was really foolish Harry." Hermoine frowned at him.

"Yeah, I know." Harry shrugged.

Snape walked into the Classroom. When he did the atmosphere changed instantly.

"I don't expect that very many of you will understand the joy that is potion making. Still..."

Snape began the roll call. When he came to Harry's name he stopped.

"Potter...Our new... Celebrity."

Harry ignored him.

"Tell me Potter what is a bezoar?"

"It is a stone found in the belly of a goat and is effective against most poisons as an antidote." Harry replied, he wasn't going to look like a fool or have a reason to insult Snape...He hoped.

Snape was obviously taken aback at Harry knowing the answer.

"That is material we haven't covered Potter so you will lose one point from Gryffindor for getting ahead of the class."

Obviously knowledge wasn't going to please Snape enough to shut him up. Harry sighed internally; another five years of an idiot teaching him potions... And one year of Defense Against the Dark Arts...

The rest of the class passed without incident. Afterwards Ron fumed at Snape's treatment of Harry.

"He doesn't even know you! You are the best person I've ever met."

Harry was surprised at Ron's statement.

"Why do you say that?" Harry asked.

"You sincerely care about everyone. I haven't ever seen that; ever. The closest thing I've seen to that is my is one reason that you are my friend." Ron replied.

Maybe...just maybe he could trust Ron and Hermione again... Still, he continued to have a hard heart towards them. Kind yes, approachable, yes, but did he allow them into his heart? Not a chance.

A few days passed before anything happened worth mentioning.

"Harry you have a package." Ron nudged him in the arm.

"Oh... So I do." Harry said dumbly.

"Well, open it." Ron urged.

"Wait. The tag says to wait until I am alone, or with someone who knows about this." Harry looked at Ron through the corner of his eye.

"Right then, I can wait for a while." Ron caught Harry's hint.

"Wow, A Nimbus 2000." Ron said with awe.

"I don't know much about brooms but it looks like it is a fantastic broom." Harry noted.

In a sense that was true, he had nothing on the Quidditch fanatic known as Ron Weasley and it did look like a fantastic broom.

"One of the upper tier brooms." Ron told him still while gazing at the broom.

A few days later Harry got to ride his Nimbus 2000. It wasn't as good as his Firebolt had been but he had missed riding his 2000.

"Harry come on down!" Oliver called to him.

He dropped next to Wood and then Oliver began to speak again.

"That was excellent, you sure that you haven't been a broom until this year?"

"I was living with Muggles." Harry replied.

"Oh, right...Well, because it is getting dark we won't release the snitch. Do you know the rules?" Oliver asked.

"I have been living with Muggles." Harry repeated.

"I will take that as a no, well there are seven players to a team. One keeper-me, two beaters- the Weasley twins, Three chasers, and a Seeker-you. Now, your job is to catch the golden snitch. That's all. Because, if you do you score a hundred and fifty points, and the game ends. Usually that large of a score will win the game. However, the Snitch is fast, insanely fast and its tiny. So shall we practice with these Muggle golf balls?" Oliver asked at long last.

Harry nodded and took off into the air. He didn't miss a single ball. By the time it was too dark to practice Oliver had a triumphant smile on his face.

"With you and the rest of our team we'll take the cup; no problem."  
Oliver was delighted.

At last October was winding down. October 31st. They were in Professor Flitwick's class.

"No, you are doing it wrong." Hermoine told Ron bossily. Ron looked irritated, however, at that moment the feather beside Harry was enveloped in flames; distracting him.

"Well done Ms. Granger!" Flitwick said happily.

Harry took a glance and saw a single feather high above them.

"Professor, I think we will need a new feather over here." Harry said after the flames vanished.

"-Honestly she is a nightmare!" Ron said in exasperation.

Harry barely heard him. He was thinking about the Troll and how maybe this time Hermoine wouldn't have to be attacked by it.

He felt something brush past him and he saw a bushy head of hair fly past them.

"Ron, what happened?" Harry asked.

"I- well, I guess I was insulting her."

"Ron..." Harry sighed.

Harry didn't like the thought of leaving her in the girls bathroom alone but, how was he supposed to explain why he was in a girls bathroom? Harry ground his teeth in frustration. It looked like he would be fighting a troll once again...

AN/ The quote was rather hidden, it doesn't surprise me that it was hard to figure out (That and the fact it is from a really old PS1 game)

Comes from 'Mega Man Legends' and it is heard at the end of the first in-game cutscene.

"Why did you make that feather ignite earlier?" The grey cloaked figure asked the black cloaked one.

"He has messed with time quite a bit, the even with the Troll is a key point and if Harry had not been distracted at that moment he would have interfered, that is why I also distracted him while Ron insulted Hermione. It must take place."

"Still, he has shown remarkable resilience against your attempts to keep him 'in line'."

"It's because he had the mind of a twenty year old and the power of a skilled occlulemens! I can't become directly involved but, I can interfere slightly to make sure everything runs smoothly; at least until the end of this year, then I will be unable to interfere to keep things on the right track. Unless he makes a major alteration I can't even remind him to keep history as close to the same as it once was."

"I see, but it doesn't explain why you pushed to give him this second chance. We have never allowed it before."

"I made a promise to his father...To fight to give him a second chance if he had suffered greatly..."

"That isn't like you."

"I know."

Harry sprinted to the girls bathroom; a primitive instinct in him wanted to punch Ron as hard as he could, but he had no time to do so. His other 'friend' was in danger. He felt his blood boil and he realized with some surprise he hadn't buried his feelings as deeply as he had thought. He opened the door to the restroom and saw the Troll towering above Hermione.

Harry ran into the restroom and called out to Hermione.

"Move it, don't make it easy for him!" Harry continued to speak.



"Hey ugly, over here!" He shouted at the Troll as the threw a chunk of wood at the troll.

Hermoine was obviously paralyzed by fear.

"What should I do?" Ron asked Harry.

"Either help distract it or get a teacher!" Harry replied.

Ron began to throw wood at the troll as well and as the troll was about to swing his club at Hermoine a piece of wood smacked its head; finally distracting it. It turned was slowly turning towards them and Harry; acting on his original memories jumped on its back. He however, was not sticking his wand up its nostril. The troll began to thrash around.

"Do something!" Harry called out to Ron.

Ron drew his wand and attempted to cast the charm they had gone over that very day.

"Wengardium-Leviosa!" Ron cried.

The club which the troll had been holding slipped out of its grip and ponderously levitated above the troll. It looked up and saw its club above it.

"Eh?" The troll grunted stupidly as the club dropped upon its head.

Harry clung to the troll as tightly as he could as the thing collapsed. Afterwards, Harry looked over at the shaking Hermoine.

"Are you alright?" Harry asked.

She nodded as the teachers burst in.

Harry ignored them as he spoke to her.

"That's good to hear."

"What is this?" McGonagall demanded.

"Well..." Ron started.

Hermoine cut in.

"It was my fault professor, I had studied trolls and I thought that I could stop it, I would have been in major trouble if they hadn't come to help me."

McGonagall chided her and dispensed the house points before ordering them to go to the tower.

"She didn't have to take points from Gryffindor." Ron complained.

Harry ignored him and after they had entered the Common Room Harry waited for everyone to go upstairs and then carefully went out through the portrait.

"Hey, it's a little late for a nighttime stroll." The fat lady protested.

"Whatever" Harry replied irritably.

He went to the first empty classroom he could find, used Muffalato on the door and began to rage; just trying to cool off.

After he vented for about an hour he left the classroom and went back to the tower. Harry gave the fat lady the password and went to bed. The ranting had drained him but he felt calmer.

"Harry, you alright?" Ron asked him a few days later.

"Just fine."

"I don't know you as well as Ron does but, you seem irritated." Hermoine noted.

"Don't worry about it, it's just the timing I guys, I need to get to the Quidditch pitch. The game will begin soon."

"But, Harry, why can't we work through this?"

Harry gave her a faint smile.

"It can't be helped Hermione, it is something I will have to take care of."

"But..."

"I'm happy that you care about me but, I have to get going."

"What about after the game?" She prodded.

Harry didn't reply, if Griffingod won he wouldn't have to be bothered by these questions; almost everyone would be too happy about winning and this would be a perfect cover up for his irritability. He was nervous about the upcoming game. Yes, that would do as an excuse. It might not be the best one but it was better than telling them the truth.

"Well, lets begin team. Harry, good luck on your first game." Oliver said as they were about to leave the locker room.

Harry nodded and waited on the field until he could become airborne.

The game went on as before; his broom was cursed by Qurriel and Snape tried to stop him. Hermione used her fire on Snape and on her way back she bumped Qurriel; breaking his eye contact and Harry caught the snitch... Admittedly by almost swallowing it as Flint raved afterwards but, it didn't matter. They had won.

PLEASE READ THE AUTHOR NOTE; IT HAS IMPORTANT INFORMATION!!!

AN/ A number of Comments were made about me altering Harry, I hope that the beginning of this chapter will help clarify some grave omissions I had created by not making the Prologue hold everything it should have... Also, I did make Harry a little too nice, I have adjusted this to try to fit better to the Cannon Harry. I had him kind but in a way, uncaring about those around him. I guess I overdid the kind part and

goofed with the uncaring part... He will be more intelligent, and able to control himself much better, yes; he will be haunted about being betrayed. But I don't want how he was betrayed to surface for a while yet. If you are wondering, the characters will stay very close to Cannon. For example Ron won't become the right hand of Voldermort. He will stay a good guy, true there maybe some major changes to them but, it will not effect them as much as you might fear. I can't imagine a non-goofy Ron. : ) As to the timing with the Qudditch game I know I erred in the timing but, I cant find the book and don't want to fast forward to that part of the Movie either- it takes forever! So I apologize if I am a little out of Sequence...It will be a while (long while) before this gains an M rating. It will be closer to a K rating for a long time (It will grow with them in a sense)

Hermoine frowned; it was true that Harry seemed happier, there was still something that seemed off about him. She couldn't quite pinpoint it but he seemed distant with them more than once. She had tried to find out by simply asking him but he avoided the questions. But, Harry had been evasive. She was wondering what went on inside his mind...

"Harry, you still haven't answered my question." Hermoine whispered to him after they were alone.

"I know." Harry agreed.

"Well?" Hermoine prodded.

"I was under a lot of stress. Plus, I was well; angry."

"Why?"

"The anger stemmed from...Ron insulting you and driving you to tears... Then that troll got inside the school and it nearly killed you... It wouldn't have happened if I had been paying attention. That day has been playing over and over inside my mind since then..." Harry hoped it would be enough to convince her.

"I didn't know... I'm sorry for being so weak..."

The words came from his mouth instantly.

"You are one of the bravest people I have ever met. Don't sell yourself short." Harry scoffed.

He suddenly realized that he had done it again...

"What do you mean I am 'one of the bravest people' you have ever met?" Hermoine caught him instantly.

Hermoine and her razor sharp mind, she always seemed to catch everything...He thought quickly.

"Well, from what I have seen so far most people would have fainted at the sight of a troll attacking them." Harry answered hastily.

Her eyes narrowed and she scrutinized him carefully.

"Then you must not have met too many brave people." She said slyly.

"Lived a sheltered life." Harry shrugged.

"How sheltered?"

Harry decided to take a chance and tell her the truth.

"Lived in a cupboard for the first ten; almost eleven years, had no friends, and no social life."

"Why were you living in a cupboard?"

"Situation seemed to require it, anyways; I need to do my homework." Harry left a gaping Hermoine and went to work on his homework.

"No! He wasn't supposed to reveal that!" The black cloaked figure slammed his fist into the wall in frustration.

"What do you mean? It wasn't too big of a statement." The grey cloaked figure asked.

"The smallest statements can have a huge change on history you idiot! I don't know what might happen because of that!"

"Really?"

"In High School English there is a story they teach about messing with time. Anyways, it is about an organization that allows you to hunt dinosaurs that are about to die. Anyways there is this guy that hires them and on accident steps on a butterfly. When they get back everything is different. Some call this the 'Butterfly effect'. Simply put; we may have problems..."

Days passed again; Qurriel's class was still as boring as Harry remembered, Snape's as one sided as before, and all of them were boring thanks to his knowledge of the lessons and their contents beforehand.

"Do we really have to put up with that evil git?" Ron asked irritably as they entered the tower.

"Not much we can do with Snape. But, let's go see Hagrid. I want to try to find out what that thing was that was in the vault and-" Harry's voice dropped to a whisper.

"-I need you two to not act surprised when we go into Hagrid's hut and I talk about the forbidden corridor."

"Harry? What do you mean?" Hermione asked quietly.

"Well, a few nights ago I was unable to sleep; had a bad dream. Anyways I was wondering around the castle and found out why the corridor is sealed. There is a three headed dog in there; not a little one either. It was standing on a trap door. That indicates that its protecting something. I want to find out about what is going on." Harry quietly confided to them.

Ron's eyes were wide and Hermione had a disapproving frown on her now pale face.

"Harry why did you leave the tower? That dog could have killed you" She whispered angrily.

"Yeah, I know. I don't intend to do that ever again. I needed to walk around to help clear my mind. I just never realized that I was there.

Harry stood and indicated they should follow.

The trio made their way to Hagrid's hut.

"Finally came ta visit me again Harry?"

"Yeah, sorry I didn't come sooner. I just have had a lot on my mind lately. But I was wondering what you know about that three headed dog on the third floor."

"You mean Fluffy?"

"Fluffy?" Harry acted amazed.

"That's his name?" Hermione asked in a shocked voice.

"Of course he's got a name. He's mine. I bought him off an Iris feller at the pub last year. Then I lent him to Dumbledore to guard the-" Hagrid stopped suddenly.

"Yes?" Harry prodded.

"I shouldn't have said that. No more questions! Don't ask anymore questions! That's top secret that is. What is that dog is guarding is strictly Professor Dumbledore and and Nickolas Fammel."

"Nickolas Fammel?" Harry asked.

"I shouldn't have said that. I should not have said that." Hagrid began to repeat those words.

"Nickolas Fammel." Harry said musingly.

"I don't know." Hermione admitted.

"Knight to E5." Harry ordered a month later.

It was odd, he had altered so much by little things that it was hard to keep things running smoothly but the minor event of playing chess was still in place. He sensed Hermione approaching as Ron ordered his Queen to take his Knight. The Queen smashed his Knight with her Chair and split the Knight in two.

"That's Barbaric!" Hermione protested.



"That's Wizard's Chess. I see you have packed." Ron replied calmly.

"And I see you haven't." Hermione noted.

"Plans changed, Mum and Dad are going to Romania to see Charlie. He studies dragons there."

"Well in that case you can help Harry find out about Nickolas Fammel."

"We have already looked through over a hundred books in the library!" Ron protested.

"Not in the restricted section. Happy Christmas." Hermione turned and left the great hall.

"I think we have been a bad influence on her." Ron said dryly.

AN: This was a balancing chapter with the intention to gather the items that I had dropped because of not having the book. Sadly, I still don't know where it is but, I am trying my best without it... I hope you have enjoyed this story; if not the story itself then maybe the proper English. If the work has grammatical problems (Which it likely does) I apologize. Hopefully the plot is enjoyable and realistic enough for anyone...

"It's over Harry." Ron said as he turned away.

"Ron, what do you mean? Please don't do this." Harry pleaded as he dangled from the cliffside.

"Not you too Ron... I-I can't do this alone." Harry continued to plea to Ron.

Harry shot straight up. He was covered in sweat.

"Not again; the nightmare continues to haunt me." Harry whispered quietly.

"Harry, you alright mate? Was it a bad dream? You kept muttering 'traitor' and 'why'." Ron was looking at him in concern.

"Yeah, just a dream... One I have had far too many times..."

"What happened?" Ron asked.

"Someone betrayed me when I was still in the muggle world. I don't understand it. Why, why did he do it?" Harry altered the truth slightly but at the same time he felt a part of the weight on his shoulders leave him.

"I'm sorry mate. I won't do that to you." Ron looked at his friend.

If only he knew. Ron didn't have a clue...

"Hey! Harry! Wake up!" Ron called to him.

Harry drowsily pulled himself out of bed and went to the stairs. He looked down and saw Ron waiting for him.

"Happy Christmas Harry!"

"I didn't even realize it. Happy Christmas Ron. By the way what are you wearing?" Harry looked at Ron curiously.

"Weasley Sweater. Looks like you got one too."

Harry gave him a faint smile and went downstairs.

"Is that an Invisibility Cloak?" Ron looked at the silvery cloak with awe.

"Invisibility Cloak?" Harry repeated.

"Put it on." Ron urged.

Harry did so and Ron immediately began to stare at where Harry's body was just moments before.

"I guess it is an Invisibility Cloak." Harry noted.

"Yeah. Those things are really rare mate. I wonder who sent it."

"There might be some kind of tag or something." Harry suggested as he removed the cloak.

"The only thing is this note; no signature or suggestion as to who sent it." Ron looked at the small piece of parchment.

The note was written in Dumbledore's handwriting but it would have been impossible for a first year to have known that. Therefore, Harry feigned stupidity on the topic.

After unwrapping their gifts Harry went upstairs and carefully hid the cloak in the bottom of his trunk.

Harry decided not to look for the mirror of Erised; it was pointless. He didn't want to have to go through that process again.

So that night he went to bed with every intention to sleep through the entire night. However, his mind was again plagued by nightmares.

Harry's eyes snapped open for the third time that night.

"I guess I will take a nighttime stroll to the library after all." Harry sighed and rolled out of bed.

He quickly pulled out his Invisibility Cloak out of his trunk. A few minutes later Harry was wandering through the library. He looked at the books and thought back to his 'past'.

"Polyjuice, Gillyweed... Beozoars, how many occasions have I needed to use those items." Harry whispered.

"Harry, what brings you out here tonight?" Dumbledore's voice came from behind him.

"Professor Dumbledore? Well, I have had some nightmares and I wanted to try to clear my mind."

"Nightmares?"

"Yeah."

"He's done it again!" The Black Cloaked figure ground out.

"You should have known he was going to be difficult." His Grey Cloaked companion said.

"I did, but I never realized he was going to be this difficult." He replied.

"That sounds like Harry Potter." His companion chuckled.

"Shut up."

"Harry, if you have nightmares again go to my office and talk to me. The password is Lemon Drop."

"Thank you professor. I'm grateful."

"Do you want to talk about the nightmares you had tonight?"

"Sorry, Professor but not right now. Maybe another time."

"I understand Harry, sleep well."

"Thanks again." Harry went back to the Gryffindor Tower.

It was odd, he had unintentionally changed history again. He had gotten closer to Professor Dumbledore earlier than last time because of him not looking for the mirror of Erised. He had not listened to the warning that he had been given at the beginning of his adventure. He just hoped that all would turn out well in the end.

He approached the fat lady and gave her the password. Harry sighed, put his cloak away and sought his bed. He wouldn't wake up until the next day.

"Harry, you look exhausted." Ron looked at him in concern a few days later.

Harry was surprised that Ron noticed so quickly.

"Yeah, another bout of dreams kept me awake." Harry replied.

"Sorry about that mate, maybe you should go get a potion from the nurse."

"That might be a good idea." Harry said musingly.

"Hey guys, I'm back." Hermione called to them.

"Hey, Hermione." Harry greeted her.

She faintly smiled at him.

"Did you find anything?"

Ron began to speak.

"Well, we looked but we didn't find anything."

"Except one thing, the books in the restricted section can make an awful wailing noise." Harry suddenly spoke.

"What do you mean?" They both asked at the same time.

"I used the gift I got over Christmas and tried to find out some information. Sadly, all I got was a wailing noise."

Technically it was true. It had happened that way, just not this time.

"Why didn't you wake me up?" Ron complained.

"One; you are a heavy sleeper, sorry Ron but its true, and two: the noise was not pleasant; horrific really."

"Well, excuse me." Ron huffed.

"I understand your reasons but Harry, you shouldn't do things alone." Hermione said.

Harry nodded before internally slapping himself. He couldn't become too close to them. But here he was, bonding with them. Against all odds, he was becoming their friend again. It wasn't willing but it was happening. Plus was he noticing something odd as well; it only happened when he looked at Hermione. He just hoped that it was his re-found feelings of friendship getting in the way. Last time he had only felt those feelings when he had been around Ginny. How had he come to this?

They walked towards Hagrid's hut. Harry had more than one reason to see him and it could be summed up in a single word: Dragon. Hagrid had his dragon egg now and that meant Ron and Hermione needed to find out about it so they could send it to Charlie.

"Hagrid is that a dragon egg?" Hermione asked nervously.

"Yeah, Norwegian Ridgeback. Rare they are." Hagrid said happily.

"Hagrid that thing will breathe fire and you live in a wood house." Ron looked at him in shock.

Hagrid ignored him and happily stroked the fire.

"If we don't do something Hagrid will lose his job." Harry whispered to them.

"But what can we do?" Ron demanded.

"Do we know anyone at all that is around dragons?" Harry asked.

"Well there is my brother Charlie. He works with dragons in Romania."

"Ron, please mail your brother and lets make sure that Hagrid's little friend finds a home more suitable to his natural self."

Hermoine looked at him seriously before she spoke.

"Harry, are you planning to go out again?" She demanded quietly.

"Have to, otherwise Hagrid will be in a world of trouble."

That night Harry stayed in the common room. He was busy writing his potions essay as Hermoine came downstairs.

"Oh Hi Hermoine. What brings you back down.

"I had a feeling you were still down here." She sighed before she continued.

"Harry what have you been hiding from us? I can see through your illusions into your true personality. You have a saving people thing that has stayed but I also can see that you are hurting. What is going on in your mind Harry?"

Harry was surprised. He hadn't been stupid this time around but because of that Hermoine had caught onto the fact that not all was as it seemed. She seemed to be able to sense something about him. Harry suddenly felt very nervous.

"I don't know what-" He began.



"Harry, there is much more to you than meets the eye. You are hiding a million things."

"I haven't been hiding-" He began again.

"Don't start Harry. Nightmares, having trouble sleeping, always holding back, hiding important details, never being surprised about anything that goes on. Just exactly what is going on?"

"How did you find out about the nightmares?" He asked quietly.

"Ron wasn't the only one who heard them Harry. I found out through them. Now what have you been hiding?" She asked.

Harry had to tread carefully...

"Hermione I can't tell you."

"Then who will you tell?"

"No one. It is a burden I alone can bear."

"It isn't happening Harry. If I have to sit here forever I will make sure that the burden doesn't destroy you."

"Hermione-"

"Don't start Harry. Now just talk."

Harry thought to himself. Here he was being bullied into telling an eleven year old girl! But, his heart urged him to reveal the secrets that were beginning to leave a gaping wound in his heart. The secrets had taken their toll.

"I never thought I would have to do this. Alright Hermione, I will tell you but you must be forewarned, it will be painful and likely more than you can bear. Once I begin I will not be able to stop easily. Do you still want me to continue?"

She nodded fiercely.

Harry stood and beckoned her to follow. He pulled out his invisibility cloak and tossed it over them as they left Griffindor Tower.

"Harry where are we going?" She whispered.

"A room you have never seen nor heard about. A room where all that is required is found."

"What do you mean?"

"The room of Requirements will be needed for this story. Partly because of the time that is needed and partly to allow you to see part of the tale."

AN/ Cliffhangar!!! Gotta love em huh? I have been crazy busy and only recently could I work on this once again. Sorry guys and ladies. We shall see his reply next chapter...

The room of requirements was vast. In the room countless pensive, and other memory items resided. The room was well furnished and a clock was on the wall; it was moving at an extremely slow rate.

Hermione looked at Harry questioningly.

"I would assume that time has been slowed down so my tale can be completed in time."

She nodded as Harry walked towards the pensive.

"Oh no you don't!" The blacked robed figure growled as he made a slicing arc with his right hand.

Harry felt odd; his head was heavy, and his scar was burning. His vision faded and his thoughts became jumbled up as he fell forward. He felt Hermione's arms grab him as he began to topple. As his vision faded he heard her voice calling to him; what exactly was beyond him and all he was able to comprehend were her beautiful brown eyes. Then, he felt a hot liquid pouring down his forehead. He barely felt the red liquid. Then, he knew no more.

When he awoke he realized that he was in the hospital wing. Hermione was sitting beside him; her chin resting against her chest. Her eyes were shut. Harry wondered how long he had been unconscious. He moved slightly and her eyes shot open.

"Harry!" She exclaimed and threw herself on him sobbing.

"I'm so sorry Harry! I never should have-" She began.

"-What do you mean?" He interrupted confusedly.

"You don't remember?" She asked as she lifted herself off of his chest.

"The last thing I remember is you coming down to the common room." Harry replied honestly.

"I tried to get you to reveal what you had been concealing but when you began to tell me you passed out. Madame Pomfrey said that if I had waited another minute to get you here you might have died." She whispered brokenly.

"There is one thing that has come back to me. Your eyes; I remember them." He omitted the black robed figure that had spoken to him.

The message from the black robed being was clear; "Don't reveal the truth. I can and will be able to stop you."

Harry hated the fact that he was unable to reveal any truths to her. But, he couldn't say that he hadn't been warned beforehand.

"Sorry for worrying you." He apologized.

"Just don't scare me like that again."

"What is today anyways?" Harry asked.

She told him and he instantly realized that tomorrow the Voldermort was going to steal the stone.

"What about Hagrid's friend?" Harry asked.

"The spitfire friend? He's gone. However, Ron and I were caught and lost a hundred and fifty points...But Draco was caught too and lost also lost fifty."

"We are in last place aren't we?"

"Sorry." She looked downwards.

"We talked to Hagrid about how he got the pet though. Apparently some stranger gave it to him."

"Stranger... Nickolas Flammel..." Harry thought for a moment and then a 'revelation' came upon him.

"Dumbledore's Card!" Harry shot out of bed, grabbed his glasses, stumbled and regained his footing in about three seconds.

"Harry! Stop! You can't get up yet!" Hermione protested.

"I don't have a choice." Harry ground out as he staggered out of the Hospital Wing.

Harry hurriedly went to Gryffindor Tower. Hermione was behind him begging for him to tell her what he was doing. Harry explained to her as he entered the tower.

"You think you found Flammel?" She asked quietly.

"Yeah, I just remembered something and I have a hunch that it isn't just anybody going after the stone."

Harry dug through his trunk hurriedly. His scar was burning but Harry ignored it as he pushed garments and books around; digging deep into the trunk. Finally he pulled out a single card with the name 'Albus Dumbledore' emblazoned on the front.

"Here it is." Harry sighed in relief.

He flipped the card over and read the back to her. As he did Ron entered the room.

"Harry!" He exclaimed.

Harry motioned him to be quiet and then beckoned him to come near.

"What is it?" Ron whispered.

"Flammel and Dumbledore worked together in alchemy. But I don't know what it is that they worked on..."

"Hold on for a second." Hermione whispered in excitement as she sprinted out of the room.

A moment later she returned with a large book.

"I borrowed this for light reading." She explained as she flipped through the pages.

"Light reading." Ron muttered irritably.

Hermione read the passage to them and only Ron had a blank look.

"Err, Philosopher's, Sorcerer's Stone?"

"You can use either term Ron." Hermione said.

"So the individual who is trying to steal the stone wants unlimited gold and unlimited life." Harry summed up.

"That is pretty much it." Hermione agreed.

"I would bet you anything that they will try to steal it soon. I'm pretty sure that they have found a way past all the other challenges. Maybe Dumbledore is the last protection of the stone that remains..."

"That's kind of vague Harry." Hermione said skeptically.

"It's a feeling I have; please trust me. If Dumbledore is gone tomorrow then if we don't intervene so will the stone."

"But, Harry, mate why do you feel this way?"

"I'm sorry, apparently I tried to tell Hermione when she cornered me but I wound up in the hospital wing for some reason. I think this revealing this would do that to me again."

"He can't remember what happened." Hermione explained to Ron.

"Oh. Well, should we see Hagrid and find out if they have found out how to get past Fluffy?" Ron asked.

"Yeah." Harry agreed as he stood.

"Not you." Hermione said bossily.

"Why not me?" Harry asked.

"You are going back to the hospital wing. Now." She glared at him threateningly.

"Can't do, sorry Hermione."

AN/ Well, life is busy, I have only about 5 minutes a day to write... And it is quite frankly, hectic, and getting a little old. Sorry for complaining...Anyways, I hope you enjoyed this chapter.

"So the person after the stone got Hagrid drunk to reveal Fluffy's weakness." Harry summed up as they entered the castle.

"Ron and I need to see the Headmaster." Hermione agreed.

"We need to see the Headmaster." Harry looked at her sharply.

"No, you need to rest." She disagreed.

"Isn't going to happen Hermione. I am not going to be sitting down when such an object- Hello professor McGonagall." Harry changed track immediately.

"What are you doing Potter? You should be in the hospital."

"We need to see the headmaster."

"He has left for the Ministry of Magic Potter."

"What? Now? But this is important!"

"Professor Dumbledore has numerous duties and to interrupt him-"

"Its about the Sorcerer's Stone." He interrupted.

McGonagall was obviously taken aback.

"How you found out about the stone is beyond me but let me assure you that it is quite safe."

"But-!" Harry began.

"Go on Potter."

"Yes Professor." Harry sighed.

After they left McGonagall Harry began whispering to them.



"Dumbledore is gone. If nothing is done then the stone is going to fall into the wrong hands. I am going down there tonight. If you want to come I won't stop you but I'm not forcing you to join me."

"Harry, mate look Dumbledore has been gone before." Ron looked at him sceptically.

Harry merely shrugged.

"Harry, I don't know if someone is truly going after the stone but, I don't want you to do this alone. You're injured too so it would be foolish to leave you unattended." Hermione said after a moment.

"Thanks, Hermione." Harry nodded at her.

"Are you set on doing this?" Ron asked.

"Yes."

"Then I'm coming too."

Harry smiled at him.

"Thanks Ron. If I am wrong about this then you can remind me until the day I die about how stupid I was." Harry grinned at him.

"Don't think I won't either." Ron chuckled.

"Let's go guys." Harry urged them to get under the cloak.

"Stop! Harry, Ron, Hermione what are you doing?" Neville asked.

"We have to do something Neville, just go to bed."

"No. Harry, you can't leave during the night hours. I'll fight you if I have to." Neville prepared.

"Neville, please understand I have to go out."

"I won't allow you to lose Gryffindor anymore house points." Neville said stubbornly.

Harry sighed before he drew his wand and stunned Neville.

"What was that?" Ron asked.

"A stunner. Simple really and it is kinder than the full body bind."

Hermione looked at Harry.

"That's 3rd year magic Harry."

"It is? I found it in a book while we were searching for Fawcett. I thought it might be useful to learn so I did."

Harry quickly slipped under the cloak and they left Gryffindor tower.

"Harry, what is our plan?" Hermione asked.

"I guess I will have to sing..."

"Sing?" Ron looked appalled at the idea.

"I know. It's insane but we need music to put that thing to sleep for us to get into the trap door."

"Well if it is the only way then so be it." Ron sighed.

However, to Hermione's and Ron's surprise a harp was playing itself.

"Let's go." Harry didn't even glance at the harp as he hopped through the trap door.

He quickly stood and pulled himself out of the Devil's Snare and called them down.

Ron and Hermione landed and broke free of the plant before they continued forward. As they did Ron admitted sheepishly that Harry

had been right about someone attempting to penetrate the defenses to the stone.

"Harry are those keys?" Hermione peered up at the ceiling.

"Yeah. Then that means to get to the next room we have to catch the right one. The handle should suggest what one we need."

Ron peered the the door handle.

"It looks old and it is silver so we should find a key that looks like the handle."

Harry nodded and mounted a broom.

"I've got it." Harry peered at Hermione intently.

She lowered her eyes before she spoke.

"How do you do that Harry? It is like you know me better than I do." She whispered.

"Flying isn't bad. You just need to get used to it- just not here." Harry spoke to her for a second.

"But how?" She asked.

"I will aid you if you'd like." Harry offered.

"I would be grateful." She smiled.

"Hey Harry, you going or you going to flirt." Ron teased him.

For the first time since he had been given the chance to do things over: he blushed.

Ron laughed at him heartily as Harry shot into the air with a crimson face.

A few moments later Harry grabbed the key and they unlocked the door.

A massive chessboard stood in front of them.

"We will have to play our way across." Harry said seriously.

"Yeah." Ron agreed.

"Well, you are the chess master Ron so I leave our fate in your hands."

"Fate?" Ron looked confused.

"Wizard's chess Ron. That means if we lose then we will likely be knocked down." Harry explained.

He turned slightly pale and he began issuing orders.

A while later Ron scanned the board.

"I have to be taken to win this game." Ron looked at Harry and Hermione grimly.

"What? No!" Hermione objected.

"That is chess." He replied.

"Ron. how will we win without you?"

"It's simple Hermione, Harry moves three steps forward and that'll force the king into checkmate after I fall."

"Good luck Ron and thank you for being here." Harry thanked him.

Ron gave him a faint grin before he moved. The queen attacked him brutally and he crumpled to the floor. Then the queen dragged him off of the board before she returned to her spot. Harry then moved forward and a moment later the king tossed his crown at Harry's feet.

They rushed to Ron's side.

"Is he okay?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah, he has just been knocked out." Harry replied while scanning at Ron's injuries.

"Well what do we do now?" Hermione asked.

"We have to keep going. We can't let Ron's sacrifice be in vain right?"

"Yeah."

After they opened the door to the next room Harry suddenly stopped Hermione.

"What is it?" She asked.

"Look ahead. See those bottles on the table?"

She looked into the room carefully before she replied slowly.

"Yes..."

"I would bet my Nimbus 2000 that it has to deal with the next challenge. And if I am correct they will allow us to move forward and backward. If that is the case then we should go in one at a time in case that little bottle is the one that lets us go forward. It has to be able to refill. So others can progress. So might I suggest that I go in first and then after five minutes you come in after me?"

Hermione pondered the proposal for a moment before she replied.

"Yeah that might just work. Wait for me at on the other side please."

Harry nodded.

Harry vividly remembered the correct bottle to choose so he quickly grabbed the smallest bottle off of the table and drank down its contents in a single gulp.

He shuddered: the icy feeling was powerful. Before the icy feeling wore off Harry passed through the flames that lead to the Mirror of Erised and the Stone.

Harry crept down the stairs to the door at the bottom of the hall and waited for Hermione.

"Well what are you going to do now? He is saving the stone with her help." The gray cloaked figure asked of his companion.

"I have little choice but to make sure that she remains unharmed... If I do what I did when he almost revealed the truth the stone will escape and Voldemort will return too soon."

"Why not delay Hermione?"

"He would go back for her..." The Black cloaked being replied.

"Why?"

"That is Harry's nature. I have no power to stop this. So I will protect her from Voldemort."

"Won't that be rather conspicuous?"

"Yes."

"Harry are you alright?" She whispered as she neared him.

He nodded.

"I think you may be in for a surprise Hermione. Quirrel is the one trying to steal it." He said quietly.

Her eyes widened.

"But why?" She asked.

"I don't know exactly why but it is obvious that he is after the stone."

She nodded and asked Harry another question.

"So what is your plan?"

"I will go in first and try to gather information from him. I might get him to start monologuing. If that happens then we learn why he is after it in the first place. I probably will be tied up from that. Wait 'till I either give the signal or if it becomes too much for me to handle. I would advise using something that will slow him down."

"I will use the full body bind okay?" She suggested.

Harry nodded.

"Excellent choice."

Suddenly, Hermione hugged Harry.

"Be careful Harry." He felt her tears on his collar.

"Hey, with you by my side we can achieve anything." He patted her back.

She pulled away, smiled and then spoke.

"Thanks Harry."

Harry gave a thumbs up to her and then opened the door.

"Quirrel?" Harry faked surprise.

Immediately the vine-like ropes arose around him.

"Why? Why would you do such a thing?" Harry demanded.

"I am serving my master."

"Master? You mean Voldermort?" Harry feigned stupidity.

"Well, yes. You are rather sharp... Tell me, how did you find out about the stone?"

"Put it together bit by bit. Obviously, it took more than just me. But, your plans are easily surmised since you serve Voldermort. You plan on giving the Stone to your master to grant immortal life or something along those lines."

"Yes."



"But why did you start serving him?" Harry demanded.

"When I went to study on the field I met my master, he showed me that there was only power. No justice, and no evil either."

"Lies." Harry scoffed.

"But enough of this... Master how do I get the Stone?"

"Use the boy... Use the boy..." Came the haunting reply.

Quirrel drug Harry over to the mirror.

Moments later Harry felt the stone drop into his pocket but the mirror didn't show him obtaining the stone. Instead, he saw his friends, and they were bound together. The mirror showed Harry his friends and him standing together loyally.

"What do you see?" Quirrel asked.

"My friends." Harry answered honestly.

Quirrel growled in frustration and shoved Harry away.

"He has the stone Quirrel... I sense it..."

"You boy!" Quirrel began to move forward.

"I will face him..."

"But master, you are not strong enough!"

"I have strength enough for this..."

Moments later Harry was looking at Voldemort's face.

After they spoke for a time Voldemort ordered Quirrel to get the Stone from him.

Harry began to harm Quirrel by mere touch.

As Harry began to pass out he called out.

"Now Hermione!"

He saw Quirrel stiffen and fall backwards as his vision darkened.

"Harry!" He heard Hermione cry and then knew no more.

He felt a slight weight on his left arm but the golden flicker of the snitch called his attention.

Get the snitch.

He reached for the snitch but nothing happened. His arms seemed to be unable to move.

Suddenly he realized that he was reliving the past and the 'snitch' was Dumbledore's glasses.

He forced himself to wake up.

"Professor?" He asked.

He was having trouble seeing. But even though his eyesight was blurry he realized that Hermione had her hand on his left arm.

"Hermione? What happened? Did he get the stone?" Harry asked in concern.

"No. I stunned him but then he shook it off and was about to attack when Dumbledore came in and finished the fight. You-Know-Who fled and Dumbledore told me to leave and that he would take care of the rest."

"What happened to Voldermort's lackey?" Harry asked.

"Well when his master left him Quirrel began to die." Dumbledore explained.

"Oh. What was done with the stone?"

"Destroyed. We agreed that it was too dangerous to have in this world."

"But, Fammel he will die without it won't he?"

"You did do the work." Dumbledore looked pleased.

"Yes he has enough elixer to set his affairs in order then he will die."

"That seems harsh." Hermione protested.

"To the well organized mind death is just the next great journey."

"Why does Voldermort have such an interest in me?" Harry asked.

"Alas, I cannot answer this question."

"Professor!" Harry objected.

"I will tell you later, when you are older."

"What if next year he attacks again? Then what? I just merely wonder why he is attacking me. No, professor I must know. I maybe young but the truth is much more important than comfort."

Dumbledore sighed.

"You are too young to accept such a burden. Harry, just enjoy your life for now."

"Professor, I lived with the Dursleys. I can take a burden."

"Not this one. I truly am sorry Harry but not yet. It cannot be placed upon your shoulders yet."

Harry and Hermione told Ron about what had happened.

Again Ron was the perfect audience.

"You mean to tell me you two faced You-Know-Who?" Ron looked at them in awe.

"Yes." Harry nodded.

"But really Harry did most of the work." Hermione added.

"Nah. We did it together."

"Harry..." She began but it was obvious by her expression that she wasn't sure how to continue.

"Are you two going to start flirting again?" Ron asked dryly.

Hermione blushed and Harry felt the heat rise to his own cheeks.

"Don't be crazy Ron." Harry said after a heartbeat.

"I'm sorry Harry! I'll never drink again!" Hagrid apologized to Harry constantly.

"Hagrid it wasn't as big a deal as you think. I have faced Voldemort before you know."

Hagrid flinched.

"Don't say his name." Hagrid still had tears running down his face.

"Voldemort!" Harry shouted.

Hagrid stopped weeping immediately.

"I will not fear him Hagrid. I have survived attacks from him on more than one occasion."

"Harry Dumbledore gave me some time to make this. I think you should have it." Hagrid pulled out a small book.

The picture album was as Harry remembered it.

"Do yeh like it?" Hagrid asked.

"Hagrid, thank you." Harry whispered thickly.

He was overcome with emotion anew.

Hagrid saw it in his eyes.

"I felt yeh should have it. It looks like I was right."

"Can I go to the feast?" Harry asked the nurse.

Madame Pomfrey pursed her lips.

"If the Headmaster didn't say you could I would say there is no chance of you going. You were still recovering from your previous accident and then this. So here are my orders. Be careful. Walk slowly and sit as much as possible. You shouldn't be moving around yet."

Harry nodded.

"Very well. I understand."

Harry carefully pulled on his school robes and went to the feast.

A few moments later he found himself in the great hall with cheering erupting around him.

Harry sat at his table as quietly as he could. After he sat down he saw the green serpent banners on the wall and hanging from the ceiling.

"They won didn't they?" Harry sighed.

"Yeah, again." George said sadly.

"Hey look Dumbledore is speaking." Hermione said.

"However, I have a few last minute points to add. To Ron Weasley I award Fifty points for the best game of chess that Hogwarts has seen in a long time and for his willingness to sacrifice himself for his friends. To Hermione Granger I award Fifty points for her determination, intelligence, bravery, and loyalty to her friends even while facing fierce flames. To Harry Potter I award Sixty points for coolly standing against difficult odds, loyalty to his friends, and for his sheer courage.

And lastly I award Ten Points to Neville Longbottom. Sometimes the hardest challenges to face are not your rivals and enemies but your own friends. If I am correct this means we need a change of Decoration." Dumbledore clapped his hands and the green banners were replaced with the red ones of Gryffindor.

Cheering erupted throughout the school. Malfoy had an extremely surly look on his face at the change in fortune.

Harry grinned at his fellow Gryffindors.

Harry noticed an ill looking Snape shaking the hand of Professor McGonagall.

"The icing on the cake." Harry said to those around him and brought their attention to the handshake.

Ron and Hermione grinned at Harry while George and Fred laughed heartily.

AN/ Well, I wasn't sure how I wanted to do this part so I was unable to write this for some time...

Still I hope you enjoyed this.

They were boarding the train. Hagrid waved to them in farewell as they entered. Ron chuckled as they entered the compartment.

"I'm gonna miss the big oaf." He said with a smile.

"Now, Ron." Hermione chided, but she was smiling as well.

"Well, this is our last few hours to speak to each other, lets enjoy them." Harry said as he sat down.

"Exploding snap anyone?" Ron asked.

Harry looked out the window morosely as the train pulled up to the station.

"What is it Harry?" Hermione asked.

"This year is over. Now,summer has come and with it, the return to the Dursley's."

"Is it so bad Harry?" Ron asked.

"It just they hate magic and such. The only advantage I am going to have is that they don't know that I am not supposed to use magic."

"Sorry mate." Ron said seriously.

Harry grinned slightly.

"Its only a short stay. I'll live."

They grabbed their trunks and got off the train. Suddenly, Hermione hugged him.

"Goodbye Harry."

"Farewell Hermione." Harry suddenly found it hard to speak.



"Hey, are you two just going to stand there and hug or are we going?" Ron asked a few moments later.

"Yeah." They said and separated.

Hermione looked at Ron.

"No, thank you. A goodbye is enough for me." He looked slightly nervous.

Harry chuckled as they passed through the barrier.

The Weasley family had just exited the platform and Harry saw Ginny. She noticed him and looked at him in awe. He saw in her eyes one thing; Hero Worship. He felt ill. Did he really like her at one time? He wasn't sure if she had ever liked him for who he was. Instead, he wondered. Even when she had grown up did she love the icon Harry Potter or did she fall in love with the real him? He honestly felt that she hadn't and it cut into him deeply. Deeper than perhaps, anything else had.

"Well, ready to go boy?" Vernon asked Harry.

Harry nodded slightly.

"Yes I am."

AN/ Short Chapter. Sorry about that. Anyways, This brings us to the end of Book 1. Victory Fanfare This story will continue through the books so you won't have to look for a sequel anytime soon.

Inside the Dursley's car Harry began to ponder what he should do about the situation. One part of him wanted to scare them silly, but, he suddenly knew what he needed to do.

"I'll make a deal with you guys. I won't curse you three into oblivion if you let me keep my stuff in my room. I will stay in there for the most part of the summer so I won't bother anything and only leave it for necessities. I will still cook if you want."

"Here's an idea, I just take your stuff so you can't use your...abilities." Vernon replied nastily.

Harry smiled.

"I don't need my stuff to cast magic." Harry replied.

"Err..."

Harry knew he had stopped them dead in their tracks.

The black cloaked figure sighed.

"What is it?" His companion asked.

"My time of keeping him in line is closing. However, I am speaking to the higher authorities soon. Maybe, I can keep guiding him."

"Hey, you aren't the Master of Destiny. You are merely the Gatekeeper." The gray cloaked being reminded him.

"I know Counselor."

The gray cloaked figure nodded.

"I wasn't chosen as the Counselor of Wisdom for a feeble reason." the Counselor replied.

"So what do you propose?"

"Allow him to forge his own path from now on. 'A hero steps into the hands of destiny once more'. You know the fullness of the second existence."

"But-"

"Gatekeeper, I know you made a promise. But, it is out of your hands now."

"What about the butterfly effect?"

"You essentially stopped it...to an extent. You have done your job."

Harry carelessly flopped onto his bed. He was back with the Dursley's. Unfortunately.

He needed to prepare for when Dobby would appear.

(Near the End of Summer)

"Harry Potter must not return to Hogwarts." Dobby said seriously.

"Because of the danger you mentioned?" Harry asked.

"Yes."

"I'm sorry Dobby, but because of the danger I must go. Even if I didn't want to go earlier I have to go now. I will not allow people to be harmed. Even if it means risking my own life. I must go."

"Harry Potter, you are leaving me little choice."

"Dobby, don't you even think about it. I cannot have other protecting me. Already too many have died for my sake. Can't you see Dobby? Voldemort has hunted me constantly and anyone who gets in the way risks losing their lives. I can't let that happen. Sometimes, life requires one person to take great risks. In this case, that's me."

"Are you so set at this sir?"

"Even if I was expelled, my wand shattered, and forced to live as a muggle I would still find a way to get there."

"...I-I understand but, I must try to stop you from going."

(After the Levitation Charm)

"So you can't preform magic outside of school eh?" Vernon leered at Harry.

"I might be expelled yes, but I can get along in the wizarding world quite well nevertheless."

"Oh? Without your precious wand your nothing!"

"Would you be willing to gamble your safety on that?" Harry asked pointedly.

"Are you suggesting that you would try to do bodily harm to me?" Vernon demanded.

"Not suggesting, merely waring you not to push my buttons. Every person has a limit and I'll be frank, I've just about reached mine." Harry replied as he turned to his room.

"I am still locking you in there Potter!" Vernon shouted.

Harry could tell he meant it...

(A few nights later)

"See you next summer!" Harry said as he, and the Weasley's sped off into the night.

Fred, George, and Ron laughed loudly at the fading faces of the Dursleys.

"It might have been a little crazy to do but, a part of me wants to do this again next year." Harry admitted grinning broadly.

"Yeah, The fat kid's face was worth the whole trip on its own." Fred agreed.

"But, why did you preform magic Harry?" Ron asked seriously.

"Oh you know, I decided to amaze them with a levitation charm, then I decided that that wasn't enough so I dropped the bowl on the head of one of the guests."

"Really?" Ron asked dumbly.

"No. A house elf named Dobby decided to pay me a little visit." Harry then went into detail.

"Why did he think there was going to be danger?" George asked.

"Maybe he thought a dairy was going to attack me." Harry said cheerfully.

They all stopped and stared at him.

"Well, that would be dangerous wouldn't it?" Harry defended himself.

A moment later they began to laugh.

"Now, all we have to do is sneak into the house and to bed and then-" George stopped suddenly and his face went pale.

"Uh-oh." Ron whispered at the face of Mrs. Weasley.

"Hello mum." Fred said in a winning voice.

"Beds empty, no note, the car gone. You could have crashed or have been seen!" Mrs. Weasley was beginning to build up steam.

Harry felt sorry for them, so he stepped in.

"Morning Mrs. Weasley."

"Hello Harry." She said before she turned back to them.

Her tirade began a moment later.

"Man, I'm tired. I think I will head up to bed and-" George began.

"No you will not! Its your fault that you are tired! You three are going to de-gnome the garden after you finish eating."

"I'll join them." Harry stood as the twins and Ron stood.

"You don't have to Harry." Mrs. Weasley said.

"Nah, its alright. Plus, there was something I wanted to ask the twins. If they are working I might as well pitch in."

"What did you want to ask the jokers?"

"They opened the locks muggle style. I feel that I might need that skill if something like that happens again."

"Using magic again?" Mrs. Weasley asked sternly.

"No, I didn't use magic; long story. But, if the Dursleys try to lock me up again I should be able to get out if they show me how to unlock doors like that."

"Alright, just don't use it for other purposes."

"I wouldn't dream of it ."

"That's fairly simple." Harry noted as he unlocked the door using the method Fred and George explained to him.

"It's a whole lot easier than people realize." They agreed.

"Thanks you two." Harry thanked them.

"No problem Harry." They shrugged.

"Boys! Its lunchtime!" Mrs. Weasley shouted up to them.

"Well, I guess we should head down." Harry said as he opened the now unlocked door.

When they reached the table Harry noticed Ginny and she saw him. Her mouth opened slightly before she blushed and stuck her elbow in the butter. Her blush grew lager after she did. Harry had little trouble telling that it was the look of reverence for his fame. He was yet again, repulsed.

"Hey, mate. Did they finish teaching you?" Ron asked.

"Yeah." Harry nodded as he turned his attention to Ron.

"Well, can I at least aid him in one way?" The Gatekeeper asked the counsel.

"How do you wish to aid him?" They asked.

"Restore his eyesight. That might give him an advantage that he didn't have before."

"We will consider it. You do realize that this will create a butterfly effect far larger than before."

The Gatekeeper nodded.

"I know. But, I made a promise to his father when he passed through the gates. I vowed to aid him in anyway I could."

"How did he convince you?" They asked curiously.

"It was his heart. He was dedicated to his son. His love for his son overcame my neutrality." The Gatekeeper had plans to aid Harry later as well.

"I see..."

"Harry, are you alright?" Ron asked him.

"I-I'm not sure..." Harry admitted.

His vision was flickering and he felt tired.

"Maybe Mum can help." Ron suggested.

"I dunno." Harry said as he shut his eyes.

A moment later he opened them. His vision was blurry. Harry wondered what happened to his eyesight. Maybe, his glasses had something wrong with them. He took them off to clean them; just to find his eyes were healed.

"What is happening?" Harry asked confusedly.

"What's wrong Harry?" Ron sounded genuinely concerned now.

"I am seeing better now?" Harry mused.

"Harry?" Ron called to him.

"It's weird. I can see just fine without my glasses now." Harry noted.

"Whoa. I wonder what happened." Ron looked at Harry in surprise.

"That is what I would like to know." Harry admitted.



"Get ready ! Tomorrow we'll go to Diagon Alley." Molly Weasley called to everyone as they got ready for bed.

Harry sighed as he closed his newly restored eyes.

It was odd, he had absolutely no idea why his eyes healed.

It wasn't long before he was overtaken by sleep.

"She said that?" Harry asked Ron brokenly.

"Yeah, she did." Ron confirmed coolly.

"I-I don't understand..." Harry whispered.

Ron didn't reply. Instead he turned and looked at the watch that he had been given for his eighteenth birthday. It was a smaller version of the Weasley's clock.

"It says that she is as safe as possible; all things considered." Ron said in relief.

"That's good that she is safe at least." Harry whispered in a broken voice.

The dream shifted.

"Ron! Please help me." Harry called to him while he hung from the cliff.

"Its over Harry." Ron said as he turned away.

"Ron? Please, not you too! I can't do this alone!" Harry pleaded with him.

The Dream shifted again.

"Harry Potter. At long last we shall find out who is truly the stronger one. I challenge you to a Wizards Duel." Voldemort said to him.

"What are the conditions?" Harry asked coldly.

"Fight to the death, no running is allowed. Any and all spells acceptable, no weapons beside wands. Wandless and nonverbal magic is allowed."

"I accept."

"Harry!" Ron shouted at him.

"Huh?" Harry opened his eyes.

"You were having a nightmare." Ron said in concern.

"Yeah I was."

"What was it?"

"I'm okay now Ron."

"Really?"

"Yeah."

They quickly gathered up the supplies required. Harry, who knew that Lockheart was at the bookshop carefully hid his scar and kept his head down. Hopefully, he wouldn't be seen.

He quietly bought his books and was leaving when the scuffle between Lucius and Mr. Weasley began.

He was able to leave the bookstore even as the fight continued he was tempted to take the Diary and destroy it so the Basilisk wouldn't attack students. However, he had been warned before about changing the future. Harry sadly concluded that he had to allow this event to come to pass.

He needed to be ready for Voldemort's 'newest' threat.

AN/ I hope that this chapter was enjoyable. Enjoy. (As a side note the chapters are small right now because I'm just trying to get through the early years and get to the major changes. The Butterfly effect will have effects eventually...)

He awoke to the sound of shouting. Mrs. Weasley was calling everyone to get ready for the Hogwart's Express.

Harry rolled out of bed and quickly pulled on his clothes. He instinctively grabbed for his glasses before he remembered that he could see without them.

"Harry, Ron! Time to go!" Mrs. Weasley shouted.

"Ron, you ready?" Harry asked as he began to drag his trunk to the door of Ron's small room.

Ron nodded as he threw the rest of his clothes into his trunk.

Harry chuckled as it became obvious that he wasn't ready.

"I'll give you a hand." Harry offered as he stopped and walked over to Ron.

Ron looked at him gratefully.

"Thanks, mate."

He began to help Ron pack the rest of his stuff into the old trunk.

"Harry, Ron! What's taking so long?" Mrs. Weasley's shouted up the stairs.

"We have to hurry." Harry muttered.

"Or mum will have my head." Ron whispered.

A few moments later they had finished Ron's trunk and gone downstairs. Fred, and George were lounging on their trunks in front of the door. When they noticed Harry and Ron they spoke.

"Finally." George said.

"Everyone has gone to the car already." Fred added.

"Sorry." Harry apologized.

"Well, don't stand there, get going!" The twins said in unison.

Harry nodded and carried the heavy trunk outside. He heard Ron complaining behind him.

"Ronnikins sounds mad." Fred noticed.

"Shut up." Ron grunted as he moved his trunk.

Fred and George laughed as they placed their suitcases in the blue Ford Angelina. A moment later the trunk had all the suitcases and everyone was sitting comfortably in the car.

"Muggles are smarter than we give them credit for." Mrs. Weasley noted as she saw Harry, Ron, Ginny, the twins and Percy all sitting with ample room.

Harry concealed a smile. Mrs. Weasley didn't know that her husband had magically expanded the car.

During the trip they had to go back several times.

"This is just great." Harry muttered.

"What was that Harry?" Ron asked.

"Nothing important." Harry sighed.

He had felt a pair of eyes staring at him all the way to King's Cross.

Finally, about thirty minutes from the station Harry had had enough.

"Ginny, stop staring please. It isn't polite." Harry told her without looking at her.

He could practically feel the heat rising from her cheeks.

"Umm, sorry." She whispered in a reverent tone.

"Its fine, just don't do that anymore." Harry shrugged.

He didn't look at her throughout the conversation.

He felt that she had been merely in awe of his fame; not him. If even Ginny only liked him because of his fame then should he just remain single? He felt betrayed once more...

"We're here and you have about a minute to get through the gateway." Molly told them.

They hastily got to the barrier.

"Percy, you and Ginny go first." Molly ordered.

After they passed through the twins walked through the gate, the adults walked in right after them.

"We're next." Ron said as they went towards the gate.

Just to find out that they couldn't.

"What is this?" Ron demanded.

Harry shrugged. He wasn't surprised. After the train left Ron turned towards the car.

"Well, I don't know about you but I'm going to use the car." Ron said as he approached the Ford.

Harry winced. Ron was essentially forcing him to go. If he didn't go it was possible that Ron might die. Harry, still hadn't gotten over Ron leaving when he needed him most but, he most certainly didn't want him to die.

"Ron! Wait up!" Harry called as he drug his trunk to the car.

Ron smiled.

"Welcome to Ron Weasley Fly Planes." Ron said grandly as he started the engine.

Harry tossed his trunk into the backseat; it sat beside Ron's.

"Fly Planes?" Harry asked, his mouth was twitching slightly.

"Yeah, those things that Muggles fly on instead of brooms." Ron explained.

"They are called 'airplanes' Ron." Harry explained.

"Oh." Was Ron's intelligent reply.

A moment later they took off; invisible, but Harry knew that it wouldn't last. Harry said little as they followed the train. He was preparing himself for the reprisal that was bound to come.

After they had left Harry released Hedwig. Instantly, she spread her wings and took off.

"Harry, we have a problem." Ron said.

His face had gone a little pale.

"Let me guess the car's invisibility is going out?" Harry asked.

"Yeah." Ron nodded.

"It was bound to happen. I bet this car hasn't been on such a long trip before." Harry replied.

It wasn't too long until the car began to sputter and groan in protest.

"This isn't looking so good." Harry noted clinically.

"How are you so calm?" Ron demanded.

Harry shrugged before he answered.

"Panicking is a stupid mistake, it is better to stay calm and keep rational thought."

Ron shuddered.

"Hermione reads; so much that it isn't human and you are so calm it isn't human, am I the only one who is human in the trio?" Ron asked as the strain became more evident.

A few minutes later the car plummeted and dropped towards a large tree.

Harry clenched his teeth and braced himself for the impact. Meanwhile, Ron was screaming in terror. Harry heard a loud crunch as the car slammed into the Whomping Willow.

"We need to get going." Harry urged Ron.

However, Ron was shell shocked and the branches began to retaliate. A large one hammered the roof of the car.

"Go!" Harry shouted.

The shout shook Ron out of his stupor and he slammed his foot on the gas pedal.

They got out of the tree's reach but it was evident that the car had had enough. They were dumped out of the seats and the trunks were tossed beside them carelessly. Hedwig landed on Harry's shoulder after it all happened.

"Well we're here." Harry brushed himself off and stood.

Ron was looking morosely at his now broken wand.

"We can try to fix that when we get inside Ron." Harry offered a hand to Ron.

Ron took it and Harry pulled him up.



"I bet the feast has started Ron said as they approached the doors.

Harry braced himself as Snape appeared.

"Well, well, well." Snape sneered at the two of them.

"Professor." Harry nodded his head curtly.

AN/ I was doing a 'movie script' idea? I must have not been paying attention... Maybe this is a little bit more focused... :D Enjoy.

"Harry, why did you stick up for me?" Ron asked with some surprise.

Harry looked at Ron's shocked face as they climbed the stairs to Gryffindor Tower. Harry then shrugged and focused on the stairs.

"Harry, why? You could have been expelled." Ron prodded further.

"It was my fault. I should have thought about using Hedwig sooner." Harry replied with a simple shrug.

He didn't really hate himself for his decision. He just couldn't let Ron know how he really felt.

"Is that supposed to cut it?" Ron looked at him with irritation.

Harry shrugged for the third time as they neared the Fat Lady.

"Password." She demanded.

"Do know the password?" Ron asked Harry.

"No, that means we will have to wait." Harry sighed and leaned against the wall.

A few moments later they heard someone approach.

"Harry, Ron did you two really do what the school is saying you did?" Hermione looked at them sternly.

Harry nodded slightly as Ron murmured a quiet confirmation.

"Really you two!" Hermione berated them.

Harry listened calmly to her while Ron began to squirm in emotional agony.

"Hermione, would you be willing to give us the password now?" Harry asked her after she had finished her rant.

She looked at him in shock. As she did Harry realized that he had inadvertently drawn suspicion to himself. He had too much self control for someone his age and knowing her sharp mind she might begin to piece two and two together. He had made some mistakes last year and now he had erred once more.

A moment later she shrugged, said the password and the throngs of Gryffindor began to flock around him.

"Did you really come to Hogwarts in a flying car?" One first year asked; Harry knew that it was Colin but he hadn't met him 'yet'.

Harry ignored the question and began to struggle through the busy common room. Harry managed to weave through the room in a surprisingly short amount of time. He instantly sprinted up the stairs; to his bed, it was now a sanctuary. He sighed and slipped off into dreams.

The next few months were hectic and people began to suspect that he was the Heir of Slytherin almost immediately after Filch's cat was found on Halloween. But, because he had already gone through the insults and sneers it had become easier. Nevertheless Hermione seemed to monitor him every second. Harry honestly had no idea why she watched him so carefully, perhaps she thought he would blow up, talk to another snake in front of everybody or something else.

Harry looked at the date, today Harry would visit Dumbledore's office, on the account of another student being attacked.

In fact, it was due to happen any minute now. He rounded the corner and stared at the two cursed people, and a moment later Peeves was screeching "Attack! Attack, no mortal or ghost is safe!"

As last time the students poured out of their classrooms and stared accusingly at him. He ignored them and instead stared at the victims. The Gryffindor ghost was now semi solid...

Professor McGonagall took Harry to the Headmaster's office and then left to find Professor Dumbledore. As he waited he walked over to the sorting hat and feeling rather foolish; placed it on his head.

He heard the magical voice.

"Hmm... You are concerned about the future and how you will handle it. Answer this question: Will you allow your godfather to die?" The Hat asked him.

Harry shuddered at the idea. He would save him.

"I have to." Harry muttered.

"Then your obsession on keeping in the 'time line' will matter things as you feel is best, not what some person in a black cloak suggested to you, this is your life, not his and might I suggest that you finish telling Hermione the story she almost pried out of you last year?"

Harry pondered. The hat had some valid points. He sighed before answering.

"I need time to think about it."

"Be quick about that thinking or Hermione will be a stone too."

Harry had forgotten how terrible it had been when she was lifeless, and her eyes stared off into nothingness. Harry shuddered at the memories. He had to stop the basilisk before it targeted her!

The hat chuckled.

"What now?" Harry asked silently.

"I imagine you will find out in a few years Harry." The hat replied.

Harry pulled the hat off, put it back, looked at it in irritation before he spoke again.

"Thanks a lot." Harry said dryly.

"Harry, what are you doing?" Dumbledore asked curiously as he entered the room.

Before Harry was able to answer Fawkes burst into flame. Dumbledore walked over to the ashes and placed baby Fawkes on his perch and as he did he explained the nature of Phoenixes to Harry.

"Take a seat Harry." Dumbledore had sat at his desk.

Harry obliged and sat opposite of his headmaster.

After they had spoken for a time Dumbledore stood and walked Harry to the door and as he did Dumbledore gave him a warning.

"Harry, I can see it in your eyes, don't go after the monster; whatever it is."

Harry sighed before he replied.

"Sorry Professor, but that is one thing I cannot do. the monster is too much of a danger to ignore. If I can at least identify it that will help."

Dumbledore looked at him for a long moment.

"I see."

"I'm sorry. This is something I have to do." Harry said as he exited the office.

A/N Finally, I reached an important part I was looking forward to coming to. I hope that this might increase the enjoyability

He had to think for a while before he came to his decision. It wasn't difficult after he decided what he needed to do.

However, for his plan to work he needed to wait until nearly the last second. When Hermione would announce that she would go to 'look something up' he would be there. Perhaps, he would be able to protect her...

It wasn't long until that happened.

"I have to look something up." Hermione stood hurriedly.

"I'll come along." Harry stood after she did.

"It isn't really-" She began.

"-C'mon I can give you a hand." Harry interjected.

She sighed before nodding slightly.

If all went as planned she would be safe.

"I must be crazy. I hang out with two different people who seem to love books!" Ron muttered in irritation as they left.

Harry followed Hermione as she walked towards the Library.

"Harry, why did you join me?" She asked.

"I might be able to help." Harry offered an excuse.

She sighed as she opened the doors to Hogwart's library.

"Thanks, but it wasn't really necessary Harry." She walked into the room.

Almost instantly they began to pour over various tomes.

A few hours of what Ron would have called torture they came to an answer.

"It's a Basilisk..." Hermione whispered with awe.

Harry nodded.

"I had a feeling." He decided that the truth was required.

"How would you know that?" She caught him instantly.

Harry smiled slightly. Hermione was brilliant and he decided that he had little choice but to trust her as he once did. Sure, she might turn against him later but he would be able to bear it. Besides that, he felt lonely. His heart was barren and empty.

"It's time that I explain everything." Harry said quietly.

He stood and motioned her to follow.

As they exited the library Harry heard the voice of the Basilisk.

"Let me rip, let me tear."

"Watch out." Harry stopped her with his arm.

"What is it?" She asked with concern.

"Cover your eyes. I have to handle this problem." Harry's voice took on an edge of command.

She nodded and covered her eyes. She was intelligent and she knew that Harry could hear the serpent.

Harry focused on the image of a snake. He then spoke.

"Hunt no more upon this day, return to your layer. A great threat approaches the Chamber. Guard it, the threat will come soon." Harry hissed in the serpent tongue.

The Basilisk's words stopped instantly and he sensed it withdraw.

"It's okay to look now. It's gone." Harry told Hermione.

Hermione uncovered her eyes and Harry began to continue onward. Internally, he was elated. He had protected her! But, on the outside his emotions were unknown.

He sensed Hermione draw closer to him. She was merely a few inches away from him when she spoke.

"Thanks Harry, if you hadn't been here I would have been killed or something." Hermione said in a low voice.

Harry smiled.

"Anytime." He replied softly.

A/N; Well changes are starting to occur... I bet everyone was getting a little tired of waiting huh? I had Originally planned on waiting until later to have drastic changes but it is for the better to change now right?



Harry and Hermione neared the 'Room of Requirement'.

"Harry, why are we coming here?" She asked in some surprise.

"I will explain, but please wait for a minute." Harry walked past the room three times.

"I need a place that I can reveal the truth to Hermione, about my past, and my life." Harry thought.

A moment later the doors to the Room of Requirements opened. Without preamble Harry grabbed Hermione's hand and pulled her into the room. The room was filled with numerous pensive, and even time turners. There was a huge clock on the far wall that was slowly ticking. Harry assumed that it was slowing time down so he would be able to finish quickly. He saw two comfortable chairs sitting near an almost exact replica of the Griffindor tower's fireplace. Beside each chair there was a table and on it was a pensive. He sat in one of the two seats. Hermione took the other one a moment later.

"Hermione, my life hasn't been simple; ever. As a matter of fact it is more complicated this time around than last time." Harry started.

Hermione's eyes widened.

"This time? What do you mean?" She asked.

Harry turned and looked at her. He pulled off the now lens less glasses and looked at her.

"It is really simple, I fought Voldermort and at the cost of my life I destroyed him. Hermione, I have been given another chance at life." Harry explained.

"Why did you take off your glasses? ...Wait, you don't have lenses in them! How long have you been able to see without them?" She asked in shock.

"Since this summer, I felt that I needed to hide the fact that I can see better now." He explained.

"Does Ron know about this?" She asked.

Harry nodded.

"He was there when it happened. How it happened I have no idea. It didn't happen last time."

"What have you changed so far?" Hermione asked.

"Mainly little things. But I did make one major change. I stopped you from getting petrified. That is why I went to the library with you. I didn't want to see you in that state again. I can take a lot but that..." Harry shuddered.

"What happened last time?" She looked at him.

"That is why I wanted to come here, it will be a very long story."

Then he began his tale.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P

"He is changing the past!" The Black Robed figure was making his plea.

"You have much to learn Gatekeeper." The council replied.

"What do you mean?" He sounded surprised.

" 'A hero steps into the hands of destiny once more'. But, you do not know its entirety do you? 'A hero becomes the chooser of destiny, and fate no longer controls him. War, peace, and the very fabric of reality fall into the hands of one'. You see now? This is why we do not allow people to return to life. But, because of the second reality awakening we had to send him back to mend the fabric of reality. Which means the fabric he now weaves is reality. It was necessary in this case."

"You lied to me?" The gatekeeper asked.

"What do you think? Would we care about a mere gatekeeper? You were the scapegoat to the absolute law. Do you think that we didn't know about the humane promise that you made to James Potter? You are truly foolish if you think that we cannot see through your schemes."

"Then why did you tell me that the fabric of reality might be harmed if he changed his path?" The gatekeeper asked quietly.

"To distract you. While you were staring at Potter we were able to use your gate to mend other problems."

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P

Hermione stared at him in awe as he pulled out his wand and touched it to his head. A silver strand wrapped around his wand and he dipped his wand into the calm face of the pensive.

"What are you doing?" She asked in awe.

"Come here and look, I will show you some of my memories."

She nodded and looked into the Pensive and a moment later they were both inside his memory.

Instantly Hermione grabbed onto Harry's hand.

"Excuse me. Have you seen a toad? A boy's lost one." Hermione asked of them.

The one that Harry had from this reality played first and then the original. Next he showed them in the future.

"Does that make any sense?" Harry asked Hermione as they rode on Buckbeak.

"No. But, I don't like flying very much." She said in fear.

Buckbeak suddenly shot towards the castle and Hermione's scream pierced the silence.

After almost one hundred memories were shown to her he tapped her shoulder. She turned and looked at him.

"We should go now. The other memories need to stay in my mind, not shown; not yet, if ever."

"Would you at least speak about them?" She asked as they began to leave.

After they exited the pensieve Harry sighed.

"I suppose that I have to."

"Well?" Hermione prodded.

The story continued. He had to cover almost a lifespan of twenty years.

When Harry had finally finished he stood and walked to the door.

"We need to head to the common room." Harry explained.

"Wait Harry." Hermione stopped him with a hand and flung her arms around him.

"Thank you for telling me Harry, it was brave of you."

"You were brave just to listen to me." Harry countered as he wrapped his arms around her.

"I'm so sorry that I abandoned you last time. I promise, I won't abandon you this time around." She vowed.

"Hermione..." Harry tried to speak but couldn't find the words.

They stood holding each other for a long moment before they separated and headed for the common room.

When they entered the common room Ron rushed up to them.

"Where were you two? There has been another attack! What's more is they sent Hagrid to Azkaban!" Ron said in a rapid burst.

"What?" Harry's eyes widened in surprise.

"Who was attacked?" Harry asked.

"Cedric Diggory and three other Hufflepuffs. No one was killed; fortunately. But, they also fired Dumbledore!"

Harry realized that when the snake was returning to the Chamber the snake chanced across the group. Which meant that they were now petrified and Harry had nearly caused the deaths of four good people.

Hermione looked outraged.

"They thought that Hagrid would make a good scapegoat so they sent him to prison! And they booted Dumbledore. I bet the next person will be killed if there are anymore attacks."

Harry had a grim look.

"I hope this isn't a sign on what is to come." Harry frowned seriously.

"So do I." Ron and Hermione agreed.

The next day a bleak message was painted on the wall.

"Her Body will lie in the Chamber of Secrets for all eternity."

Harry nearly cursed when he saw the message. But, Hermione was beside him and wouldn't approve.

"I have to go." Harry turned and began to move to the Chamber of Secrets.

"Harry!" Hermione called and followed him.

"What is it?" He looked at her.

"I'm coming." She told him.

Ron caught up to the two of them.

"I don't know what is down there but I'm going to help out." Ron said seriously.

"...Alright." Harry sighed.

On the way there they bumped into Lockheart.

"If I knew where the Chamber was I'd go and save her." He was protesting to the teachers.

However, they left him and walked away.

"You can't just open the Chamber of Secrets." Harry said quietly as he pulled out his wand and pointed at Lockheart.

"Harry, what are you doing?" He demanded.

"I know where the Chamber is and how to open it. Come with us. You are the Defense against the Dark Arts teacher after all."

"Yes but-" Lockheart protested feebly.

"No buts. Come on Professor." Harry shot a summoning charm at Lockheart and took his wand.

"Here Ron. You may need this." Harry tossed Lockheart's wand to Ron.

Ron deftly caught the wand.

Hermione neared him and whispered quietly.

"What are you doing?" She asked in a strangled whisper.

"You will see." Harry promised quietly.

Harry kept his wand pointing at Lockheart and walked to the girls bathroom; Moaning Myrtle's bathroom. Harry walked to the correct faucet and looked at the snake.

"Open." Harry hissed.

The door to the ancient chamber opened and; Harry pushed Lockheart down, beckoned the others to follow.

When they reached the landing Lockheart obtained Ron's broken wand.

"Why are you a fake?" Harry demanded.

"Why? I took the fame, after all the public needed a person that would stand out. Who would have cared about the ugly idiot who discovered the anti werewolf necklace? That soul had no taste in fashion." Lockheart shuddered.

Hermione looked at Lockheart angrily.

"You mean to tell me that I thought this idiot was great?" Hermione asked.

"Unfortunately." Harry nodded.

"Obliviate!" Lockheart shouted; just to make himself forget.

Harry chuckled slightly.

"You two look after him. I will handle the rest. Ginny won't be killed."  
Harry promised Ron.

"Ginny?" Ron sounded stricken.

"Hermione watch over them please."

She nodded and as Lockheart began to move she gave him a small kick.

"Ow!"

Harry turned and ran off into the depths of the Chamber.

"Riddle..." Harry stared at his foe.

"You know my name? Who are you?"

Harry looked at him.

"That doesn't matter. Give up Ginny." Harry ordered.

Riddle laughed faintly.

"Can you kill a Basilisk?" Riddle asked.

"You seem to forget I'm not alone. Dumbledore's spirit remains in this school."

A moment later Fawkes swooped in and dropped the hat into Harry's hand.

Riddle laughed loudly.

"That is it? The School hat and a bird?" He asked scornfully.

"Come, the heir of Slytherin calls you."



The Massive Basilisk emerged. It was even larger than Harry remembered. Harry reached into the hat as Fawkes stabbed out the serpent's eyes. He felt the handle to the Sword of Griffindor. He quickly pulled out the weapon and the Rubied hilt shown brightly; even in the dim light of the Chamber. He quickly put the sorting hat into his robes and then, Harry grasped the weapon's hilt with both hands. He held the weapon in front of him and readied himself for the Basilisk's attack. Ginny lay; unmoving in the corner.

"Let's go." Harry said quietly.

The Basilisk heard him and shot towards him. Harry didn't attempt to dodge, instead Harry, still gripping the sword of Griffindor with both hands stabbed into the maw of his foe. He heard a sickening noise as the weapon stabbed through the roof of the snake's mouth. However, Harry felt the fangs of the serpent stab into both his shoulders.

Harry winced as he broke the fangs off. Harry quietly pulled out the Sword of Griffindor and walked over to Ginny.

When he neared her, and the diary he collapsed.

"Impressive, you killed the Basilisk. The venom is powerful, I would say you have less than three minutes to aren't immortal after all." Riddle smiled coldly at Harry.

Harry smiled the same smile.

"Neither are you." With that Harry ripped the fangs out and stabbed the diary.

After Riddle disappeared Ginny shot up. She looked at Harry.

"Harry, you saved- you're hurt!" She looked at him in concern.

"Ginny, listen closely. Hermione and your brother Ron are back aways. Go and find them."

"What about you?" She asked.

Harry smiled faintly.

"I did what I could. Go..." Harry whispered.

She looked at him sadly for a moment before running to where her brother and Hermione were.

Fawkes fluttered over to him and began to cry over his wounds.

"Lo Fawkes." Harry whispered faintly.

It was only a short time before he could see clearly and stand again.

"Thanks Fawkes." Harry stooped and cleaned off the sword of Griffindor as he cleaned the sword he picked up the destroyed diary.

After doing so he offered his shoulder to Fawkes as a perch. Fawkes accepted the offered perch and they went off to find Ron, Hermione, and Ginny. Even after he had saved Ginny his feelings towards her hadn't changed. She didn't care about Harry the person, instead it was Harry the Hero.

"Harry died?" Ron asked Ginny in a struck voice.

"No it can't be! He can't die like this! I won't accept it!" Hermione cried.

"Hermione!" Ron called after her.

Suddenly Harry heard a set of feet sprinting towards him.

Hermione collided into him and she knocked him off his feet. Fawkes took flight as Harry fell.

A moment later she realized whom she had run into.

"Harry!" She instantly hugged him.

He felt her tears land on his ripped and bloodstained robes.

Harry held her as she began to calm down.

"How?" Ginny asked in awe.

The two Weasley's had come after they heard Hermione cry Harry's name.

"Fawkes saved me." Harry explained.

"Phoenix tears." Hermione's eyes widened in acknowledgement.

"Exactly." Harry nodded.

"Huh?" Ron looked at Harry in confusion.

"Honestly Ron, Phoenix tears can cure any injury." Hermione explained.

"Oh." Ron replied intelligently.

Ginny shook her head slightly.

"How do we get out?" Ron suddenly asked.

Harry looked at Fawkes whom was flying above them.

"Oh no, if you are even thinking about having that bird carry us out, you must be crazy!"

"Fawkes isn't a normal bird." Harry shook his head.

Fawkes neared them, Harry and Ron grabbed Lockheart, and they grabbed onto Fawkes. Hermione wrapped her arms around Harry's waist. Harry felt slightly uncomfortable but she had to hold onto something. Ginny was clinging to Ron as they arose from the grim chamber.

A moment later they found themselves next to the stalls of Moaning Myrtle.

"Oh, you survived?" Myrtle sounded more depressed than usual.

Harry nodded.

"Well if you hadn't you could have shared my stall." Myrtle smiled faintly.

A blush was rising to Myrtle's cheeks. Harry rubbed the back of his head uncomfortably. However, Harry didn't respond and a second later they left.

Hermione chuckled slightly as Harry told her how he tricked Lucius Malfoy into freeing Dobby; and in front of the newly reinstated Headmaster Professor Dumbledore.

"That wasn't very nice." She giggled unHermioneishly.

Ron grinned at Harry slightly.

"Wicked mate." Ron said in an awed voice.

Harry gave him a faint smile.

"By the way Harry, awesome job against the Basilisk." Ron added.

Harry shrugged but, nodded his head in gratitude.

"It was just something I needed to do."

Ron looked puzzled.

"There was something that has been bugging me for a while Harry. You're famous, but you seem to ignore it, you have wealth, but you don't flaunt it. Why?" Ron asked seriously.

Harry suddenly knew that this was a turning point.

"Because Ron there are some things that are much more important. We aren't on this planet just to make money, or gain fame. We are here for some higher purpose. Humans exist to grow, cherish, and leave a legacy that live past their own existences but, most importantly we are here to love. Fame, money, they don't last. That is why I don't brag about my fame or wealth."

Ron looked at him for a long time without saying anything.

"So have I been misguided all this time?" Ron whispered so quietly that Harry barely heard him.

"Find out what your purpose is Ron, and stick to it." Harry added.

Ron nodded seriously.

"I will have to think for a while." Ron sighed and left the room.

For the first time he had returned to life he had hope for his friend. Harry suddenly realized that with him 'tampering' with the original timeline he was changing the course of history. Maybe, there was hope that Ron wouldn't betray him this time.

"Now that the Gatekeeper is in his place how shall we continue to counter the problem of the second reality?"

"There isn't much more we can do. The absolute law requires 'competitions' and in this case: if Voldermort wins not only will he gain control of this reality but his power will be increased several fold-enough that he could cross into our own territory and if he gains that power will be defenseless against him. But, we cannot interfere because if we do the senate of the second reality will be able to play a part in this dimension directly, and that's the last thing we need."

"What happens if Potter does manage to defeat Voldermort again?"  
The silver robed being asked.

"He will be given the opportunity to have near unlimited power. It will be his choice of course."

Harry was pouring over a massive book, hopefully he could learn something that could make it easier to defeat Voldermort this time.

"Harry, you are as bad as Hermione." Ron bantered as he entered the common room.

"Well, someone needs to try to best the best." Harry replied without turning his head.

"What are you reading anyways?" Ron asked curiously.

Harry was taken aback. Ron was curious about what he was reading? That was different. Harry looked at Ron.

"Oh this? Its a book on wizard military strategy. Sure there hasn't been an all out war for a long time but, if something were to occur it might be good to have an idea what any potential armies would be doing."

"Man, you take defense so seriously. You think you know who is going to jump out of a hole with a huge army?"

Harry looked at him seriously for a long moment.

"If Voldermort does return his Death Eaters will return to him; instantly. Since that's the case his most loyal followers will have returned. Next, he will rebuild his ranks. There are a number of people he will try to gain control over. Most likely he will gain an army of dark creatures and maybe even the giants. If he get all of those factions we will have a major problem."

Ron looked at him for a moment.

"Do you reckon that you know who is going to return?" Ron asked in a low voice.

"He has already tried twice since I have come to Hogwarts. It wouldn't surprise me if he somehow eventually finds a way. Like a serpent, he can be patient."

"Harry, can I help?" Ron asked seriously a few moments later.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked slowly.

"I don't want to see him return, and if he does I want to stop him."

"A true Griffindor... It sounds like you took my advice to heart. Well, right now all we can do is prepare for any dangers." Harry sensed that Ron's bravery had increased, he had matured.

"How can we prepare?" Hermione asked as she entered the room.

"We condition ourselves, and learn as much as we can, and we will just pass it off as dedication to our schoolwork." Harry took her sudden addition into the conversation in stride.

Hermione smiled faintly as Ron groaned sadly.

"Well, I really don't like the idea of studying by my own choice but, I will stand beside you Harry, even if I have to become a-a-bookworm." Ron choked out the word 'bookworm'.

"Don't worry too much Ron, you can still have free time. We just will dedicate a part of our time to preparing for the future." Harry promised him.

"How much time?" Ron asked.

"For now I think an hour of extracurricular studies a day will suffice."

Ron looked miserable.

"If you are worried that I will make our experiences boring: think again. I have a few ideas." Harry promised.

"Like what?" Hermione asked curiously.

Harry's face took on a look of utter innocence.

"Does American Football sound like a good idea Hermione?"

Ron stared at him after he suggested American Football.

"Harry, I am not playing such a rough sport. Besides, it isn't even related to studying." Hermione replied coolly.

"Then maybe I should find another Basilisk for us to practice on." Harry said brightly.

Hermione stared at him in shock.



"I didn't think so." Harry grinned at her.

"Your teasing me aren't you?" Hermione's eyes narrowed.

His eyes widened as he gave her another innocent look.

"Would I do that?" Harry said in a fake innocent voice.

Ron chuckled at Harry's bantering.

"You would Harry." Ron sided with Hermione.

"At least I don't push thing too far right?" Harry asked them as he stood.

"You're impossible Harry." Hermione laughed slightly.

"Maybe I am." Harry agreed pleasantly as they left for dinner in the great hall.

The next few months passed without incident; unless you count Ginny staring at Harry in awe every single time he came into the room. Ron, and Hermione tried to encourage her not to but, she was stubborn. Only after Harry asked her to stop staring (every time he entered the area) would she blush, and then stop. Unfortunately she would resume her staring of him just a few minutes later. Harry, had already begun to avoid her beforehand but after he had saved her from the Basilisk he began to hide from her like the plague. Harry even began carrying his invisibility cloak around so in case he heard her he might be able to hide from her. It was getting out of hand.

"Man, I thought that George and Fred were joking when they were talking about Ginny and her obsession with you." Ron said after one occasion where Harry had been forced to endure Ginny's constant gaze.

Harry looked at Ron for a moment.

"Apparently the Twins are sharper than they act." Harry agreed.

"I'm sorry that you have to endure that all the time." Ron apologized.

"It isn't your fault." Harry replied.

Hermione patted his shoulder consolingly.

"She will grow up." Hermione tried to sound convincing but was failing terribly.

"Thanks for your support; both of you I really am grateful."

The last few days passed quickly and the Feast came. Harry, Hermione, and Ron walked side by side into the Great Hall.

After they had eaten. Dumbledore stood and spoke.

"Congratulations Griffindor for winning the house cup. This has been an exciting year hasn't it? I am sorry to announce that our professor of care of magical creatures is retiring this year. I will be searching for his replacement during the summer. The mandrakes have cured our petrified ghosts and students. To these individuals I offer my sincerest apologies for what happened to you. However, I would like to welcome you back to Hogwarts. I hope that next year will be much better and I hope that you will enjoy your summer. So until next time we meet: Farewell."

The trunks were packed and they were ready to board the trains. Harry sighed as the train began to move.

"I'm leaving the only home I have ever had once more." Harry shook his head sadly.

"Harry, maybe we will be able to take you in for part of the summer." Ron tried to ease his spirits.

Harry smiled slightly.

"Thanks Ron."

The train ride was uneventful and ended too quickly for Harry's tastes.

After they had exited the barrier Harry saw Vernon, Petunia, and Dudley waiting for him in the car. However, they still hadn't noticed him.

"Well, take care." Harry said to his two friends.

Ron nodded.

"You too mate."

Hermione suddenly gave him a near bone-crushing hug.

"I'll miss you." She breathed into his ear as she clung to him.

"Same here." Harry said quietly.

A few seconds later she let go of him and he walked over to the car which would take him into his exile for the summer. Or at the very least; part of the summer. Still, he had hope and that was all he needed.

Harry stared out of his window. He had gotten Ron's letter telling him that it was going to be impossible for him to come over for at least a while. As the letter put it:

Harry, sorry but the family won a large prize and we are headed for Egypt. I would have liked you to have come and stayed with us instead of those horrible muggles that you have to live with but, unfortunately it isn't possible. Sorry mate, I really am. I hope they won't treat you too bad.

Ron had given him a 'sneakoscope' it wasn't the highest quality sneakoscope but Harry wasn't complaining. He was grateful to Ron.

A moment later another owl flew through his open window. He could tell by looking at the handwriting that it was Hermione whom had written to him. Immediately after Harry had taken the letter off of the owl's leg it took off the large package. Harry stared at the package and letter blankly for a few moments. Hedwig hooted at him and it snapped him out of his stupor.

"Right, I'll open it." Harry promised Hedwig and carefully opened the letter.

Dear Harry,

I hope this finds you well. Hopefully all has been going alright for you. Anyways, Ron sent me a letter informing me that he is

headed out on a family vacation. Sorry about that Harry. I spoke to my parents and they are unwilling that a boy they

don't know comes over for the summer. I had hoped that maybe my parents would have allowed you to stay here but they

told me that 'It isn't proper for a young girl to invite a boy to her house for an extended period of time'. I asked them what

an 'extended period of time' was they told me that overnight was too long. Might I suggest that you write to Professor

Dumbledore? He might have an idea where you should go until the summer is over. Happy Birthday.

Sincerely,

Hermione Granger

Harry smiled she had tried to help him, she always did. He then opened the package and he saw a broom servicing kit.

"Thanks Hermione." Harry whispered.

She had also given him an idea.

A moment later he grabbed a clean sheet of parchment and a quill. He began to write as neatly as he could.

Hermione suggested that you professor might have an idea where I should stay for the summer. Ron's family is leaving for Egypt and Hermione's parents are unwilling that I stay at their home. Professor do you have an idea where I should stay? I would be grateful if you gave me a place to stay until we go back to Hogwarts where I'm not hated around the clock.

Harry Potter

He nodded in satisfaction. After he wrote Dumbledore the letter Harry wrote one to Ron and Hermione.

"Maybe this will work after all." Harry smiled in the pale light of the setting sun.

Harry walked over to Hedwig and she offered her leg to him. He attached the letter and instantly she took off. He later closed his eyes and sleep took him.

"BOY! GET DOWN HERE!" Vernon roared.

Harry's eyes snapped open and he quickly went downstairs.

"What is it?" Harry asked as politely as he could.

"Marge is coming today. You will bring her suitcases into the guest room. You will do what she asks you to do."

"...I'll make a deal with you. You sign the paper to let me go to the village outside of school and I'll not reveal my abilities."

Vernon looked at Harry.

"And if I don't sign the paper?" Vernon leered at him.

"I might just let something 'slip', by accident naturally. Things can be so hard to remember after all. It takes writing to remember." Harry smiled lightly.

"I will monitor your behavior and if you keep in line I will sign your cursed paper."

"Very well." Harry nodded slightly.

"Go and get ready for her arrival." Vernon ordered.

"She likes to throw insults at me. Why make it harder on her?" Harry asked dryly as he left the room.

Harry had just entered his room when Vernon shouted that Marge had arrived. Harry sighed and made his way downstairs. He knew that the next few weeks were going to be hard.

He was able to stand her insults and ignore them. Finally the final night that she was going to be there came.

"If there is something wrong with the parent then the child will be terrible as well. Your sister's husband, what did you say he did?" A slightly drunken Marge asked.

"Unemployed, drunkard." Vernon answered for Petunia.

Harry's blood was boiling.

"I thought so, and this boy, is even worse than his parents, more moronic than that man your sister married and uglier than sin. Why would any minister agree to marry such unsavory people?" She hiccuped and continued.

"The boy's parents were the dregs of civilization and should have been outcasted from society, that way this spawn would have never existed. Yep, when there is something wrong with the parents there will be something wrong with the child."

Harry's temper flared.

"SHUT UP! I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO DISGRACE MY PARENT'S NAMES! THEY WERE FAR BETTER THAN ANY OF YOU WILL EVER BE!"

Marge seemed to expand and a moment later Harry realized that he had 'inflated' her.

Harry stormed out of the kitchen as they tried to pull her back down to the ground. He went upstairs, grabbed his trunk and Hedwig's cage.

"BOY, FIX HER!" Vernon roared as Harry was exited the house. Harry turned around and saw the large man running towards him.

Harry whipped out his wand and pointed at Vernon.

"Just give me one reason to curse you into oblivion and I will." Harry whispered coldly.

"You aren't allowed to." Vernon replied.

"I already told you that I will if you push me too far and I am more than tempted to curse you right now." Harry glared at him as he continued.

"Besides, that I probably am expelled anyways, why shouldn't I curse you before my wand is taken?"

Vernon paled and backed away.

"That's better." Harry nodded and left.

AN/ I changed my e-mail account. I am now at know the chapters are small, (Sorry) but I am trying to burn through a huge chunk of time here...



After Harry had left the house he cursed viciously. He had not intended to storm out again. Nevertheless, he had had enough. A moment later Harry dragged his trunk and went towards the park. He then saw; for the 'first' time Sirius Black in his dog form. Harry decided to meet him sooner than last time. He didn't care if Sirius found out about him going through life again.

"Hey boy." Harry called to the dog.

The large black dog padded over to him. Harry began to pet Sirius before he spoke.

"Or, should I say Sirius Black? You aren't going to fool me." Harry smiled at the black dog.

A second later Sirius appeared and stared at him questioningly for a moment.

"How did you know it was me?" Sirius asked in a rough whisper.

It was clear that Sirius hadn't used his voice in a long time. Harry smiled.

"Sorry, but this isn't the best place to talk about that. But, Sirius it is a major risk for you to appear out here. You're a 'mass murderer' after all."

Sirius winced.

"I know. But, I wanted to see you Harry."

"Don't take too many risks. No one trusts you right now."

"What about you?" Sirius asked.

Harry smiled slightly.

"I am an exception; as usual."

Sirius gave him a faint grin.

"Be careful, if I get back to school I'll try to meet you near the forbidden forest, even if Dementors are going to guard the grounds."

"You want to meet me again?" Sirius sounded amazed.

"You're my godfather aren't you? Besides that there is an issue that needs to be dealt with; Peter."

"You know about him?" Sirius asked in amazement.

Harry merely nodded.

"I do, but we have to get moving, we are bound to call attention to ourselves if we remain here any longer, take care."

Sirius nodded seriously before he changed back into his dog form and ran off. As soon as he left Harry lit the end of his wand and signaled for the knight bus.

A loud crack; and a moment later a bus was in front of him.

"Welcome to the knight bus. Who 're 'ou?"

"I'm David... David Grandlein." Harry made up a name on the spot.

"Well, where to David?"

"Diagon Alley." 'David' replied.

"That'll be three galleons for the ride, if you want 'ot chocolate an' a toofbrush it'll be four more sickles."

Harry paid him the three galleons and took a seat. Stan dragged Harry's trunk behind him and put it under the bed that Harry had selected.

" 'Hear 'bout that Sirius Black?" Stan asked Harry.

"Yeah, I just feel sorry for James and Lilly Potter. Betrayed like that." Harry was having trouble not announcing that Sirius was innocent.

However, he knew that they wouldn't believe him and it would serve no purpose but to draw potentially dangerous attention to himself.

It wasn't long before bus pulled up to the Leaky Cauldron.

Harry stepped off of the bus and found himself looking directly at the Minister of Magic.

"Hello Minister." Harry sighed.

"Harry Potter, this way please." Fudge ordered.

Harry sighed, grabbed his trunk and Hedwig's cage and followed the minister.

"See 'ou later David." Stan said cheerfully.

"Well, it seems Harry still has a bit of a temper." The gray clocked figure chuckled.

The gatekeeper concealed a slight smile.

"So it would seem." The Gatekeeper agreed.

"What do you plan to do?" the gray figure asked.

"Whatever I can do to increase Potter's odds of survival." The Gatekeeper replied.

"What ideas do you have?"

"Not sure yet, Harry Potter needs to make the moves, I will just aid him in those moves."

"Now Harry, your relatives are admittedly very angry. However, I hope we can come to an agreement about you staying there next summer. Sadly, as of now they are too angry to even think about that."

"I see." Harry replied indifferently.

"Is something the matter?" Fudge asked.

"I don't really want to go back anyways. They hate me, I don't really care about them. Being homeless is better than living with them."

"Now Harry I 'm sure you don't mean that. Deep down-err-very deep down, I'm sure that you love each other."

"They only care about themselves and Dudley. They never have cared about me, nor will they ever. I would rather forget about them."

"Right now I suppose that's a moot point. For the time being I would like you to not wander about, stay to Diagon Alley would you?"

"Sure. Thanks for not expelling me." Harry added gratefully.

"It isn't really a big deal, you lost your temper, accidental magic and all that. Happens all the time." Fudge smiled warmly.

"I still am grateful."

"In that case when you're old enough to vote would you mind voting for me if I still am in office?" Fudge winked slightly.

Harry chuckled slightly.

"I'll think about it."

"That's all I ask for."

The rest of his summer was the best he had had in his 'life'. He was able to do his homework in the sun, the 'ice cream man' gave him free ice cream. Harry made sure to thank him each time. Harry did

notice that when he was there business seemed to pick up. So Harry surmised that both of them were gaining something out of the deal. The Business got customers and Harry got ice cream.

Harry felt he got the better part of the bargain.

A few days before school started Hermione and Ron entered Diagon Alley.

"Welcome to Diagon Alley." Harry said cheerfully as they entered the alley.

"Harry!" Hermione exclaimed with delight, ran over and gave him an affectionate hug.

"Hey, mate." Ron smiled faintly.

"Did you-blow up you aunt?" Hermione asked after she let go of him.

Harry nodded slightly.

"I lost my temper." He admitted.

Ron and Hermione looked at him in shock.

"Harry Potter, lost his temper?" Ron asked in awe.

"Oh Harry, what happened."

"Its a long story but the short of it is that the Dursleys were taunting my parents. As was Marge."

"Marge?" Ron asked.

"My Aunt Marge." Harry replied.

"I see." Ron replied after a moment.

"Anyways, did you all get your stuff?" Harry asked.

"Not yet, what about you?"Hermione replied.

"I've got everything I need." Harry confirmed.

As they were walking around shopping for school supplies Ron warned Harry of Percy.

"Percy is now Head Boy and he now has an ego the size of London."

"When didn't he have an ego the size of London?" Harry asked.

Ron chuckled slightly.

"Never." Ron admitted.

Surprising to Ron but not to Harry; Hermione didn't defend Percy, she had seen many of Harry's memories.

It wasn't long before Hermione purchased Crookshanks and nearly killed 'Scabbers'.

It had been a long day. However, they day didn't end until after Harry saw the alterations on Percy's HeadBoy badge.

He sincerely laughed when he saw 'BigHeadBoy'.

AN/ This is one of those chapters I had to write but disliked writing. It didn't flow as well as they usually do and I had to force it along... Sorry about that. (I seem to have trouble with the summer chapters... )

"I have an idea." The gray cloaked figure suggested.

"What is it?" The Gatekeeper asked.

The Counselor of Wisdom stared at him for a long moment.

"You could let him see why he was 'betrayed'."

"I don't have that power." The Gatekeeper admitted.

"What really happened anyways?" The Counselor asked.

"Weasley fell head over heels in love for Granger; because of that he gained an obsession with protecting her. After their near fatal encounter with Voldemort for the millionth time he lost his nerve; and fearing for her he stunned her and then placed her into a deep slumber. Afterwards he magically forged her handwriting and gave Harry a letter saying that Hermione had had enough."

"That doesn't explain everything." The Counselor noted.

"Well, after that Weasley and Potter had continued for a while until that fateful cliff encounter. Weasley had programmed the wristwatch that he had gotten for his last birthday to include Granger. When he saw her hand on 'dying' Weasley panicked and left Potter hanging over the cliff edge."

"So Harry thought that Hermione had abandoned him and Ron just took off when he was needed most." The Counselor summed up.

"Naturally it was much more complicated than that but it is a good three second summary."

"Why did the hand say 'dying'?" The counselor asked.

"The irony is she was dying because her heart was breaking, she needed to be with Potter to be complete."

"But she was in a deep slumber." The counselor objected.

"It doesn't matter all that much when the witch or wizard that has been placed in the dreamless sleep has a great amount of love and magical power. She felt Potter's suffering."

"Is that possible for humans?" The Gatekeeper could almost see the frown.

"Rarely. But it is possible."

"Why rarely?"

"Usually their hearts have to be deeply connected."

HPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHP

Harry hopped onto the train before Arthur could warn him about Sirius. Harry selected a compartment and a moment later Hermione and Ron joined him. In the corner they saw Professor Remus Lupin resting. He looked utterly exhausted.

"Well, what do you think about that Sirius Black, Harry?" Ron asked suddenly.

Harry shrugged slightly.

"He's just my godfather."

Ron's eyes bulged.

"What? He's- he's your godfather?" Ron asked in shock.

"Yeah." Harry replied nonchalantly.

"Bloody Hell mate."

"Ron!" Hermione chastised.

"Sorry Hermione." Ron apologized.



"Anyways, moving on. Do you reckon that there any new security wards?" Harry pushed on.

"I suspect so." Hermione noted.

"I wonder what though." Ron mused.

"Hopefully not Dementors." Harry had a slight shudder when he thought of the billowing cloaks and rattling breathing of the dark creatures.

"Those things that suck out joy?" Hermione asked.

"They're the ones." Harry nodded slightly.

"You can talk about You Know Who as if talking about the weather but dementors send chills down your spine?" Ron asked.

"They are my greatest fear." Harry admitted.

"Why them?" Ron asked.

"Have you ever encountered one?" Harry asked.

"No, why?" Ron looked at him for a long moment.

"Trust me, you don't want to be near one."

A moment later Harry began to feel the effects of the dark creatures. His scar burned for the first time since when he had tried to tell his past to Hermione in his first year. Harry drew his wand, stood, faced the compartment door, and readied himself. He was not going to be drained by such hideous abominations.

Lupin's wand suddenly flared up.

Harry continued to hold his wand out in front of him.

"Dementors." Harry growled.

Lupin nodded slightly at him.

"Can you cast the Patronus charm?" Lupin asked seriously.

Harry gave him a quick nod without turning to look at him.

"If you get in trouble though I will take over."

Harry nodded slightly once more.

A few seconds later a dementor opened the door to the compartment.

"Sirius Black is not hiding under our cloaks, you can go." Lupin said quietly.

The Dementor ignored him and began to enter. Harry didn't pause, he said in a clear but quiet voice:

"Expeto Patronum." Harry's Patronus slammed into the Dementor and chased all of the dark creatures off of the train.

However, Harry had felt the effects of the Dementor for the short time it had been on the train. He was chilled. He was also shaking slightly from the effects of the Dementor.

"I really hate those things." Harry muttered.

"Here take this." Lupin was breaking off pieces of chocolate and handing them around.

"Thanks Professor." Harry said as he accepted a piece.

Lupin nodded slightly, told them he was going to talk to the conductor and left.

"Blimey Harry, I had no idea you could do that." Ron said in awe.

"I prefer to keep the fame as low as possible, it isn't every third year that can cast a Patronus Charm." Harry muttered to him as he munched on the chocolate.

"When did you pick that one up?" Ron asked.

"At the very end of last year. I just had gotten it right before we left. That was the first time I've used it on a real Dementor." Harry replied lowly.

"By the way your Patronus took an interesting shape." Lupin noted as he reentered the compartment.

"What do you mean?" Harry looked up at him.

Lupin's eyes widened slightly as he realized who had cast the Patronus.

"Your Patronus took the form of a stag Harry."

Harry knew that he had already pushed things too far and decided to 'act dumb'.

"So what Professor?"

"I just thought it was interesting." Lupin replied after a few moments.

"Is that all there is to this story?" Hermione asked Lupin.

"That's all there is to it." Lupin said without looking at her.

Hermione looked at Harry for a moment. She knew what he was thinking.

"Alright. I trust you Professor." Hermione said.

Fortunately the ride wasn't much longer so the awkward silence didn't last long. It seemed like mere seconds before he felt someone tap his shoulder as they were leaving the train. Harry turned and was surprised to see a much paler Draco Malfoy. Malfoy was shaking from the effects of the Dementors.

"What is it?" Harry asked.

"Its about the Dementors. I heard you kicked them off the train."  
Draco replied.

Harry nodded.

"Yes, what about it?"

"Thanks, I don't like them." Draco said and quickly strode over to Crabbe and Goyle.

Harry stared in awe for a few seconds before he caught up with his friends.

"Can I have your attention?" Dumbledore called to the school.

Instantly the great hall silenced.

"Thank you. Now to the matters at hand. As you might have noticed on last year's class sign up sheet Healing Arts was added. For those who are going to take it you will need to report to the hospital wing and the school nurse, or if she is occupied one of the new assistants will instruct the I told you before our care of magical creatures instructor retired. Rubus Hagrid has agreed to become the new instructor of care of magical creatures. He will also keep his old position as gamekeeper. I would also like to introduce Remus Lupin, our new Defense against the Dark Arts professor. "

The students clapped for a short time before Dumbledore continued.

"As you are aware we are playing host to a number of Dementors from Azkaban. I do not want any of you to approach them. Do not attempt to sneak out Dementors are not kind. They can see through magical illusions easily; including invisibility." Dumbledore added as he glanced at Harry for a moment.

"Do not go out at night. This is for your own safety. Sirius Black is on the loose and Dementors are attempting to apprehend him. Do not ignore this warning. I cannot stress how dangerous it is to go out." Dumbledore said seriously.

Dumbledore continued.

"With that being said I hope all of you have an excellent year and an excellent night as well." Dumbledore dismissed them to their dorms.

Harry, Ron and Hermione headed up to the common room.

"Well, at least if someone is stupid enough to approach one of those Dementors they can't say Dumbledore didn't warn them." Harry noted.

"Yeah, you were right; I did not want to meet one of them." Ron shuddered.

"I can see why they're your biggest fear." Hermione nodded slightly.

"Well, tomorrow classes are going to be announced." Harry started towards the stairs.

"What did you decide to take?" Hermione asked.

"Everything we had last year plus astrology, ancient runes, arithmancy, and divination. Muggle Studies didn't seem up my alley." Harry said dryly.

"You would get a good grade in there." Ron pointed out.

Harry shrugged.

"I have a full schedule as it is. I did not want to add Muggle Studies and Healing Arts to the workload."

Ron nodded before he grinned.

"At least I will get free time."

Harry shook his head slightly.

"Enjoy it whilst you may Ronald Weasley." Harry replied with mock seriousness.

"A-Anyways, I'm going to bed." Ron dashed up the stairs.

"He took that worse than I expected." Harry sighed as he ran his hand through his hair.

"Harry, he doesn't have your maturity. Banter and jokes have to be simple for him." Hermione told him.

Harry scratched his head for a moment.

"I'll explain when I go upstairs then."

"That's a good idea." Hermione smiled.

Harry's heart pounded as she smiled at him. What was the matter with him?

"Anyways Harry, I just wanted to warn you: you pushed it on the train." She said seriously.

"I know I did but I hate Dementors. I can't stand to be around them." Harry admitted.

"Why?" She asked hesitantly.

"I hear my parents deaths if they are given time to drain me." Harry replied in a dead voice.

Hermione's face turned pale.

"I'm sorry! I had no idea! Please forgive me!" Hermione looked like Harry had struck her.

"It's alright." Harry wrapped his arms around her comfortingly.

"I-I'm so sorry Harry-" She started again.

"-You didn't know." Harry interrupted her.

"I seem to remember a time where I asked if you did that frequently." Hermione said with a faint smile as her face began to regain some of its color.

Harry chuckled.

"Yeah. I remember that."

"Oh, I just remembered. You gave me that look on the train."

Harry nodded.

"Yeah, my Patronus takes after my Dad's animagus form." He explained.

Hermione smiled faintly.

"Its kinda weird but, it seems that we can tell what the other is thinking just by a single glance." Hermione mentioned.

"That didn't happen last time until after our seventh year." Harry noted.

"We were able to do that last time?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah, it freaked Ron out to no end." Harry chuckled slightly.

"What about-?"

"-The Betrayal?" Harry asked.

She winced and nodded.

"I think I've gotten over it." Harry told her.

She looked at him for a moment.

"Alright, I've gotten over most of it, maybe not all of the past I had with Ron, but for the most part I think I'll be O.K."

She stared at him for a moment.

"Its different with him, he actually turned his back on you and you saw it."

Harry nodded slightly.

"I'm sorry." Hermione apologized.

"Hey, its in the past. You haven't betrayed me, history is being rewritten."

She nodded. Harry sensed that she was tired.



"Hey, go on and get some rest." Harry reluctantly released her.

She smiled faintly at him and went up to her dorm room.

After she left he went to his own dorm room.

"Ron, you still awake?" Harry asked.

After a tense moment Ron's head poked out from his curtains.

"What is it Harry?" Ron asked nervously.

"Its about before; I wasn't trying to be threatening."

Ron nodded nervously.

"I'm sorry that it was misunderstood." Harry apologized.

Ron nodded again and the coloration returned to his face.

"Alright, then." Ron got out of his bed.

"Friends then?" Ron asked extending his hand.

Harry smiled faintly.

"Friends."

With that they went to their respective beds. However, Harry remembered his promise to Sirius and after he heard Ron's snores he quietly got out of bed, grabbed his invisibility cloak and went to the forest. If a Dementor drew near to him Harry wouldn't have any mercy for the dark creature.

Harry wished that he had the Marauder's map right then but he made do with what he had. After a while Harry saw the form of a great black dog.

"Hello Sirius." Harry whispered.

Instantly Sirius transformed into his human form and began looking around.

"I have my father's cloak." Harry explained as he took off the cloak.

"This is a huge risk for you Harry." Sirius warned.

Harry nodded.

"But, its a bigger risk for you." Harry pointed out.

"I know. Still, I need to avenge your parents. I must destroy that rat."

Harry shook his head.

"I don't like him either but to kill him is to seal your fate. We need him alive. Talk to Hermione's cat, Crookshanks is intelligent. Meanwhile I'll try to distract Ron so we can get a hold of Peter. Meet me here in a few weeks. That will give us both time to think of ideas to capture Pettigrew. We will also be able to catch up next time."

"Not a bad idea." Sirius agreed.

"Good luck. I better get back before the Dementors get close."

Sirius transformed into his dog form as Harry left.

When Harry returned to the Gryffindor tower he hastily went to his bed, put his cloak away and for a long while laid on his bed thinking. Harry felt hopeful; more so than ever before. Harry swore that Sirius was going to be cleared of all charges. His godfather deserved that.

AN/ Short Chapter; I know. Sorry, about that but to make it up to all of you. I'll try to update within the next couple of days (maybe even today-today is unlikely but I'll update ASAP)

The next morning Harry and Hermione sat next to each other at breakfast. He heard Ron sit on his left side.

"Morning Ron." Hermione and Harry said in unison.

Ron looked slightly unnerved when they spoke. Harry got a glint in his eyes and Hermione smiled broadly.

"So-" Harry began.

"-How was your night?" Hermione finished.

"Erm, it was good." Ron looked uncomfortable.

Harry glanced at Hermione with a 'I told you so' look.

"Alright so you were right-"

"-for once." Harry summed up.

"Um, guys that's really freaky." Ron said.

"What-" Hermione started.

"-ever do you mean?" Harry finished.

Ron shuddered.

"That. You are talking like Fred and George do."

"Is that supposed-" Fred said as he approached the table with his brother.

"-to be bad?" George finished.

"Can I stick my foot in my mouth any more than I already have?" Ron sighed.

"You can-" Harry started.

"-and most likely will." Hermione finished.

Ron stared at them for a moment before he spoke.

"I'm done eating, enjoy the meal guys. I uhhh...have some homework to do." Ron stood and left.

As soon as he left Harry, Hermione, Fred and George burst out laughing.

"I have no idea how you two did that but-"

"-that was awesome!" Fred laughed.

"It's a gift." Harry said normally.

Hermione's eyes danced with mischief.

"That was fun." She admitted.

Fred and George stared at her in awe.

"She said a prank was fun!" George said in shock.

"I must be hearing things." Fred shook his head.

"No dear brother, she said it was fun." George assured him.

Hermione shook her head slightly.

"I can enjoy things besides school work." She told them.

At this the twins mocked fainting.

"I wish we could reveal the truth to him." The gray cloaked figure sighed.

"You can try to reveal the truth but, my superiors have blocked all of my attempts to aid him since the sight restoration deal." The Gatekeeper replied sourly.

"Then it will be a worthy challenge."

Harry was surprised to find that he enjoyed the new courses he had signed up for.

Hermione on the other hand adored all of her classes that she had gone through.

"Harry, will you show me the way to the Divination room?" Hermione asked.

"Yes." Harry nodded.

"Thank you."

"My pleasure." Harry smiled as Ron came up to them.

"Hey, Divination is next right?" Ron asked.

"Yeah." Harry confirmed.

"Does anyone know where to go?" Ron asked.

"I do, just follow me." Harry told him as he began to walk towards the Divination room.

"Don't I always?" Ron asked.

(Flashback)

"Its over Harry, everything." Ron said as he turned away.

"Ron, please I can't do this alone!" Harry pleaded as he dangled off of the edge of the cliff.

Ron ignored him and a second later Harry heard the sound of Ron apparating away.

(End Flashback)

"Hey, you okay?" Ron asked in concern.

"Just fine." Harry replied coolly.

"What did I do?" Ron asked in a baffled voice.

"Nothing." Harry replied as he opened the trap door to the Divination room.

After a lesson where Harry's death had been predicted no less than twenty times they left for transfiguration.

Hermione was more than a little irritated at Trelawny's 'visions'.

"That was pointless." Hermione noted as calmly as she could.

"Yeah. I don't know how long I will be taking it. Maybe I could switch to Healing Arts." Harry mused.

"It isn't a bad idea Harry." Hermione agreed.

The rest of the day passed without was a few weeks later when Hermione stormed out of Divination, and the next morning Hermione approached him.

"Harry, I know that tomorrow you are going to see him. Can I come with you?" Hermione asked in a low whisper.

"Sure. Meet me here tonight around nine." Harry agreed.

"Thanks."

Harry grinned at her.

"What are friends for?" He asked rhetorically.

Most of the day passed without anything happening except in potions.

"Potter, you call this a proper potion?" Snape sneered.

Harry closed his eyes for a moment. He didn't want to become irritated.

"Professor, I hate to admit it but his is better than mine." Draco drew Snape's attention.

Harry was shocked. This was the second time that Draco had not been hostile towards him this year.

"Mr. Malfoy, are you suggesting that I don't know what I am talking about?" Snape asked coolly.

Draco glanced around at his fellow Slytherins and his head of house. He looked slightly nervous.

"No sir." Draco backed off.

"Very well then." Snape began to walk over to Harry when the bell rang.

Harry didn't waste time getting out of Snape's classroom.

He saw Draco and decided to talk to him.

"That was a brave thing to do." Harry muttered as he walked near him.

From a distance it looked like they were both just minding their own business.

"Thanks. I've been thinking about what you said in first year. I also have seen your actions since then and it has made me wonder, what is my purpose? Is my father's path the same one for me? How come Granger can best me in every way? It's made me wonder. Maybe, muggleborns are just as worthy as purebloods. I need answers and I hope you have them." Draco responded.

"I am willing to answer questions. Dumbledore also has answers, might I suggest that you talk to him first? If you still don't have your answers I'm here."

"Just make it discreet when you answer." Draco said dryly.

"But of course. If you need to talk to me just 'insult' me and I will propose that we go some where to settle our 'problem'. I'll act like I want to duel you or something to keep your life bearable. But, for now: take care." Harry walked away.

AN/ No I am not going to make Draco take Ron's place. As of now it looks like Draco is just going to be closer to Harry than as his 'Rival'.

Next Chapter: Hermione Meets Sirius. Draco will talk to Dumbledore but since this story is Harry's POV. You won't get to see that.(True the scenes with the gatekeeper aren't Harry POV but, they help a lot.)



That night Harry met up with Hermione in the common room.

"Ready?" Harry asked.

She nodded slightly.

"Yes I am." She confirmed.

Harry flung the cloak over them and they quietly left to find Sirius.

After a close encounter with Peeves they finally made it out to the forest.

"Hey Sirius." Harry called softly as he saw the large black dog.

Sirius appeared in his human form and Harry threw off the cloak.

Sirius looked at Hermione in confusion.

"This is Hermione, she knows the truth about you too." Harry explained.

"Hi." Hermione said hesitantly.

"Nice to meet you Hermione." Sirius replied.

Sirius then turned to Harry.

"I'm glad you waited for a while. It wouldn't have been a good thing if she heard my sore, and unused voice."

Harry nodded.

"It wasn't good." Harry agreed.

"Halloween is coming up soon. Hopefully you can get Crookshanks to scare Peter. I can't talk to him directly." Harry told him.

"Sure thing. If he panics he might make a run for it." Sirius nodded slightly.

Hermione looked at him for a long moment.

"What do you plan to do with him after you get hold of him?" Hermione asked.

"Simple, knock him out, drag him up to the castle and right to Dumbledore."

"You can't do that. You'd be attacked as soon as you appeared near the castle: no questions asked."

Harry and Sirius exchanged a look.

"I didn't think of that." Harry admitted sheepishly.

"Me either." Sirius conceded.

"What should I do then?" Sirius asked her.

Hermione frowned for a long moment.

"Let me think for a minute."

Her face was creased in a frown for a long moment.

"Alright, I would suggest that you get in contact with Harry immediately after getting Scabbers. He can then come down and take Pettigrew to Dumbledore."

"Wow, she finds a problem that we didn't see and then solves it for us in a heartbeat. No wonder why she's your girlfriend."

Hermione blushed furiously.

"It's not like that. She's just a really close friend." Harry explained.

"But, I bet you wouldn't object to being more than that." Sirius grinned cheekily.

"It's a little early to start wondering about dating isn't it? I'm only thirteen after all." Harry replied coolly.

"Harry, thank you for letting me meet him. Sure, he's weird but lovable." Hermione breathed into his ear as they walked back to the castle.

"You're more than welcome." Harry whispered quietly.

They trudged up the stairs and went to their respective dorms.

Harry quietly pulled off his cloak and laid down. What he wasn't expecting was Fred and George's voices.

"Why-" Fred began.

"Were you-" George added.

"-Up?" Fred concluded.

"Does it really matter?" Harry asked.

"We saw that you and Hermione-"

"-Left the castle and the grounds." George explained.

Harry looked at their faces and could tell that they were suggesting something.

"It isn't like that. I wasn't taking her outside to kiss her or something." Harry said in an icy voice.

"We trust that you weren't, but-"

"-You could easily get caught going on one of your dates without this." Fred finished.

"It's hard to give up but your need is greater than our own." George handed him a piece of parchment.

"What is it?" Harry asked.

"The Marauder's Map." Fred said reverently.

After they explained its workings Harry thanked them and then he was able to go to bed. Before he did however, Harry had carefully tucked the Marauder's Map and his cloak in his trunk.

The next morning he told Hermione about the map. He would have told Ron as well but then he would have asked why the twins had given it to him. He did not want to answer that question honestly. It would have been more than a little difficult.

After Harry had told Hermione about the map Ron neared them.

"Harry, can't you wait for me?" Ron complained.

Harry smiled slightly.

"No." Harry grinned.

"Figures." Ron smiled.

"Hey, scarhead! I have a bone to pick with you!" Malfoy shouted.

Ron looked enraged and Hermione looked angry as well.

Harry shook his head. He had been expecting Draco to 'insult' him.

"I will deal with this." He told them and walked over to Draco.

"Do you have a problem?" Harry asked coolly.

"Yeah I do, how come you're so ugly?" Draco sneered at him.

Pansy, and a large number of Slytherins laughed stupidly.

"You don't want to get on my bad side Slytherin." Harry warned.

"Oh, oh my! I'm so scared! Please forgive me!" Draco replied sarcastically.

"Perhaps we should settle this?" Harry said in a cold voice.

A moment later he spoke again.

"Meet me on the astronomy tower after class." Harry said so only Draco could hear him.

AN/ I hope that while the chapters are short they instead come in frequently enough to make up for it. (I will still expand the size of the chapters once I hit a certain event...)

You might have noticed that a number of people are teasing Harry about Hermione, its intentional to an extent (The way Harry got the Marauder's Map was a stroke of artistic creativity. I had no idea how I was going to get it into Harry's hands this time around. That is; until the idea suddenly struck me.)

Classes passed with Hermione, and Ron fuming about Malfoy and how he had insulted Harry.

"If I ever get my hands on him..." Hermione muttered angrily under her breath during potions with the Slytherins.

She glared at Malfoy at every chance she got.

It was with relief the bell rang that Harry left the classroom. Only Defense against the Dark Arts remained that day.

"Alright class come in." Lupin beckoned to a door near his office.

Within this room a familiar closet rested. Except when it was shaking. Unfortunately, for the battered and worn closet that was a constant occurrence.

"Do any of you know what is inside this?" Lupin asked.

To no one's surprise Hermione's hand shot up.

"Miss Granger what is inside this?" Lupin called on her.

"A Bogart; in other words a shape-shifter that takes on the form of the one thing that we fear most." Hermione explained.

"Excellent- ten points to Gryffindor. Five for the question and five for the explanation." Lupin beamed.

Most of the class backed away from the closet.

Harry on the other hand stepped forward. As he did he spoke quietly.

"The great aren't just great. They are great because they face their fears." Harry drew his wand.

"The charm is ridiculous." Lupin told him. He could sense that Lupin was worried that Voldemort would arise within the room.

Harry nodded slightly.

A moment later the doors of the closet opened and a black cloaked figure arose: a Dementor. Even after everything it was still the thing Harry feared most.

Harry imagined it tripping on its black robes.

"Ridiclus!" Harry said calmly.

The Dementor didn't just trip it fell on its face and as it fell the sound of ripping cloth was heard.

Harry chuckled slightly as he walked away.

"Excellent Harry! Who's next?"

The class saw a banshee, a severed hand, a massive spider, and much more.

However, not everyone got a chance to have a go at the Boggart. Hermione and Neville were two such people.

"Pity, I wanted a chance at the Boggart." Hermione said in a sad voice.

"What would it have been for you? A paper that got a nine out of ten?" Ron chuckled.

Hermione didn't answer, instead she looked thoughtful.

"I don't know." Hermione said quietly.

However, Harry sensed that she was hiding something. Still, he didn't want to humiliate her. Besides that Harry had a discussion with Malfoy.

"I'll see you two soon. I just have a few things to take care of."

"What kind of things?" Hermione asked.

"Nothing really important." Harry replied.

"Important for you is fighting you-know-who, killing Basilisks, and facing Dementors." Ron replied dryly.

"You have a point." Harry agreed.

"What are you going to do then?" Hermione pressed.

"Nothing dangerous. I can assure you that I won't be in any danger whatsoever."

"Alright." Hermione sighed and Harry left them.

A couple of minutes later he reached the astronomy tower. Draco was already there.

Harry shut the door leading back to the castle.

"Hey." Draco said hesitantly.

Harry smiled faintly.

"You don't have to worry about me biting off your head or something." Harry smiled.

"Thanks. I talked to Dumbledore. He rambled about 'love' and such. It didn't help to say the least." Draco said.

Harry sighed.

"I guess I'm not too surprised." Harry admitted tiredly.

"What did you want to talk about anyways?" Harry continued.

"Well for start why is Granger so much better than me?"

"If you didn't know that she was muggleborn and she said she was a pureblood would you have believed her?"



"Probably." Draco admitted.

"So we have established the fact that she looks like a pureblood. If we continue in this fashion we can easily establish that she is human."

"So what?" Draco asked in an annoyed voice.

"Let me tell a little story and it will be more clear. There was a time that a great civilization existed and it had enslaved others. These

people were treated as less than humans. Uprisings had happened but they ended in failure. There were just too many for them to

defeat. However, over time others felt compassion towards them. Eventually a war happened. This war split the mighty nation in two.

One half was determined to keep them enslaved and the other half was interested in freeing them. The enslaved also joined in. They

wanted to breathe free. Finally the old world was overturned and the very ones whom were enslaved gained power. As a matter of fact

in some parts of that nation they held more power than their former owners. It was a terrible war however, thousands died and why?

Just because a group was unwilling to acknowledge that the enslaved were as human and worthy of equality as them. History tells us

that eventually muggleborns will rise up and gain the power that is rightfully theirs."

"Where will that leave the Purebloods?" Draco asked nervously.

"Depends on a few factors. If Purebloods realize their errors and change the law for equality then they will keep much of their power,

mansions, and money. If a revolution happens then it is likely that Purebloods will lose their standing, their honor, and perhaps their

very lives. I can see the strain as well. It might happen soon."

"I see. Okay, you say that Granger is as equal as I am. I wanted to know why you were kind to me, a Slytherin."

"Are you human? If you are you should be treated with respect. All men are created equal. This might sound extremely American but all men are created equal with the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

"That just sounds like some revolutionary talk to me." Draco mentioned.

Harry hid a smile, the Declaration of Independence hadn't made its way into Wizarding Britain. Harry assumed it was because it might instigate opposition to the Pureblood Regime. In the law it was illegal to own a copy of such a manuscript. It was even more illegal to create copies of it and hand it out.

"That's most likely because the government fears what power it would have if it was widely published in England."

"I can understand that." Draco muttered.

"Any other questions?" Harry asked.

"You are self sacrificing. Why? What do you get out of it?" Draco asked.

"Why? Because I have a purpose. It's what I do. I might sound crazy but you get something by sacrifice that you can't get any other way. Besides that even after everything that's happened to me I still can love."

Draco shook his head slightly.

"What is so important about love?"

"It is the most powerful emotion in existence, and it has a magic of its own. You might say that the opposite and greater force against the

Dark Arts is love. Why? People are driven either by hatred or by love. Hatred gives immense power for a time but eventually it will burn you out. Love on the other hand doesn't drain. It only strengthens. It has the ability to heal emotional and spiritual wounds and if the love is great enough even able to protect others from death."

"Protect from death?" Draco looked baffled.

Harry smiled.

"It's sad that most people are driven by evil. Otherwise you'd hear more about this. I survived Voldemort because of my mother's love. That is an ancient, nearly forgotten magic, and the most powerful."

"Anyways, I have one other question; perhaps the most important. What should I do?" Draco finally asked after a long pause.

"I would have to say that following your heart would be the most important thing to do. Cut a path for yourself instead of having someone else place a path in front of you. Find someone you can trust and stand beside them." Harry said.

"Like you and Granger?" Draco asked.

Harry thought it odd that Draco didn't mention Ron. Nevertheless Harry nodded.

"I can't trust anyone in my house, they would turn me over to my father in a heartbeat. I've trusted you this much I might as well go all the way." Draco suddenly extended his hand and continued.

"I offer my hand in friendship again, and this time I'm not going to try to get you to join the Pureblood cause. I'll admit that I was wrong."

Harry shook his hand.

That day, a new friendship was born, and a new loyalty forged. The tides of fate had been altered forever.

AN/ A new friend has joined the cause.(If you are wondering what's taken me so long to update I'm sorry, I had some issues to deal with and couldn't write much)

The months passed with few issues. Harry had filled Hermione and Ron in about Draco (in private). Harry and Draco had agreed that if they needed to speak they would trade insults and then go off to 'settle' their issues.

Christmas came and while Scabbers looked more and more threadbare Harry sensed that Pettigrew would hold out for a while more. Ron was increasingly worried about Scabbers. The rat wasn't eating right and Harry began to speculate that maybe this time Wormtail would die before he fled. Harry only hoped he would be able to clear Sirius' name if Wormtail did die.

Harry sighed, rolled out of bed and dressed. He wanted to be ready for today.

"Happy Christmas Harry!" Hermione said happily after he descended from the Boy's staircase.

"Happy Christmas to you too." Harry smiled at her enthusiasm.

"Where's Ron?" She asked.

"Still sleeping." Harry grinned with a mischievous look in his eyes.

"I know that look." She grinned back at him.

"So-" Harry started.

"-Should we-"

"-Scare him?" Harry finished.

She smiled faintly and they laughed at the idea.

"I think-" Hermione started.

"-that we should." Harry agreed.

"Morning Harry, Hermione." Ron yawned.

"Merry-" Hermione said.

"-Christmas."

Ron looked at them in horror.

"Not again!" He said in a mournful voice.

"Whatever-"

"Do you mean?" Hermione asked innocently.

"Could you not finish each other's sentences, at least today? It's Christmas." Ron whined.

Harry and Hermione exchanged a look.

'We might as well be nice today.' Harry caught the message from Hermione's glance.

She nodded at the look on Harry's face.

"Alright Ron. We'll play nice today." Hermione said.

Ron instantly cheered up.

"I wonder what we got." Ron said happily.

Soon Harry's Firebolt was unveiled. True, he still had the Nimbus 2000 but Sirius had mentioned that he felt that Harry; as seeker should have a high quality broom. Harry had mentioned that the 2000 was a high quality broom. "All brooms grow old Harry." Sirius winked slightly.

Along with the Firebolt Hermione had given him a book called 'A Master Guide to Defense Against Darkness from Around the

World'. Harry hadn't even heard of the book before however, he saw spells and potions that he hadn't even heard of. For example he

found a spell that allowed one to 'hunt' dark objects. Harry instantly saw the potential in learning such a spell. Ron had given him a

foe-glass- a simple but usable one , and from a 'friend' he became the owner of a book on anti-dark arts. This was different than the

one he had gotten from Hermione. This one taught one how to deliver crushing blows to dark magic. It was considered to be near

dark arts itself. Mainly due to the fact that the book didn't teach defense, instead it was focused on attacking and striking back.

Destroying the Dark Arts: A Guide to the Destruction of Evil. It showed methods to cause severe harm to those who were

affiliated with darkness. The introduction was simple and to the point.

This book is not intended for those who merely wish to survive an attack from the Dark Arts. Instead, its intentions are to

educate the reader how to strike back, and destroy darkness. There is the potential danger of the one whom implements and

uses these abilities will in fact go dark themselves. Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. However, if the

reader is of pure heart and does not use these method out of hatred but out of his or her sense of justice (or necessity) then

these methods will have no harm upon the individual. Do not read if you have any doubts within your own heart. Otherwise,

you will not have the strength to withstand the tempting darkness.

Harry's eyes widened. The letter that had been with the book fell out. Harry quickly picked it up.

I know that by this time you will have read at the very least the introduction. Yes, there is a danger of corruption. I

also know that Dumbledore wouldn't use these in the fight against evil. I have overheard the meetings between my father

and other servants of your oldest foe. They themselves have mentioned that they have much more room to cause havoc

because the light is unable to strike back. (With any real force) These abilities and spells ARE NOT related to the Dark Arts.

Instead they just give great amounts of power. The abilities in this book can be used for either light or dark purposes. I trust

you can use them to steer the future in the right direction.

After reading this destroy it.

Harry nodded slightly and tossed the letter into the flames. Within seconds it had been burnt to nothing.

"Harry!" Hermione said in shock.

"He doesn't want the letter to be discovered." Harry explained.

"Who sent it?" Hermione asked.

"Our undercover ally." Harry said quietly.

Ron and Hermione instantly knew whom he meant: Draco.

"Oh." Ron said simply.

"Hey, you still haven't opened everything." Harry mentioned to the two of them.

Ron looked sheepish.

"Right, well, we kinda got distracted when you got that book." Ron said quietly.

Hermione nodded and opened the last of her gifts.



It was from Harry.

It was a medallion on a necklace that had a phoenix engraved on it.

Harry had also included a letter that explained its properties.

He remembered when he had entered the shop that summer.

"What is this?" Harry had asked the owner.

"This? It's called the 'Tears of Friendship'. This is not a mere necklace. No, it symbolizes that a friendship between the one whom

gives it and the one it is given to survive any hardship. If you and the friend whom receives it get into an argument this symbolizes that

you believe that your friendship will rise from the ashes- just like the phoenix. It also has a restorative property. If the one who wears

this is wounded in a physical way the wound will heal much quicker. However, this depends on the strength of the friendship. In

theory it is possible to heal the effects of the unforgivable torture curse itself instantly if the friendship is strong enough. On the other

hand however, if the friendship is suffering it will take longer to heal. This is something you want to really think about before giving to

someone though. It is an object that also effects the one whom gives it away. For better or for worse. Should the friendship fall

permanently so will the very life of the one who gives this away. On the other hand should the friendship flourish the life of the one

who gave it will flourish and be blessed. Rarely is it given away. People don't trust or care as deeply as they once did. Therefore it is

used less and less."

"I'll take it." Harry said without hesitating.

"Harry, how can you trust me so much?" Hermione's voice called him back to the present.

She she was on the verge of tears.

"Because I know you. I am willing to trust my life in your hands." Harry said quietly.

At that point she did begin to cry.

"Oh Harry." She ran over to him and hugged him.

Harry wrapped his arms around her.

Ron on the other hand looked furious at Harry.

"How dare you hurt her feelings?" Ron demanded.

"I'm crying because he gave me something so precious." She said as she continued to hug Harry.

Her tears began to soak through the his robes and he felt the moisture on his shoulder.

"Hermione..." Harry tried to speak but found he couldn't.

AN/ The 'Tears of Friendship'...

I'll probably pick up from here next chapter. I felt like I better stop here though for now...

AN/ One quote (or near quote) it's neatly rather hidden. Maybe you can Find it? Hint: It's on a PS1 Video game.

Hermione clung to him. Her hot tears splashed onto his robes.

"Harry, why?" She cried into his right shoulder.

"I believe in you Hermione." Harry replied.

Ron looked at them after he had read to note that Harry had added to the box which held the Tears of Friendship.

"I haven't ever heard of someone giving away the Tears of Friendship." He whispered in a reverent tone.

After Hermione regained control of herself. (She still looked like she was ready to cry at the drop of a hat.) Ron opened his last gift. The one from Harry was a pair of dragon hide boots and a dragon hide jacket.

"I thought you would like it." Harry smiled at him.

"Wow, thanks Harry." Ron stared at the gift.

His eyes betrayed the shock Ron was experiencing.

"Just be sure to wear them from time to time." Harry grinned at him.

"I will." Ron promised.

A moment later Ron spoke.

"I bet you two need to talk about the Tears of Friendship thing. I'll give you some privacy." Ron said as he left the common room and headed out of the portrait hole.

Immediately after Ron left Hermione turned to him.

"Why me? There are others that are more deserving of such a priceless and precious gift." Hermione's eyes were filled with tears.

"Not so Hermione. I trust you. You've been there for me all the way. You see past the fame, and the legends surrounding me and see who I truly am. No one else has ever done that."

He hadn't intended to make her break down and cry again. Immediately after he had spoken Hermione was sobbing on his shoulder again.

"But, this could kill you." She wept into the rapidly soaking left shoulder of his robes.

"I know. It's worth it though." Harry smiled and caressed her shoulder.

"I'm not worth it Harry." She cried.

"You are worth it and much more. I'll be there for you. If you come here you'll find me. I promise." Harry gently held her.

She looked into his eyes. Her brown eyes were filled with emotion.

"Harry?"

"I'll be your knight." He promised her.

She buried her head into his chest.

"Thank you Harry." She whispered.

The gatekeeper stared at Harry and Hermione from his position. The gate to reality allowed him to watch the events as they played out.

"I never saw this coming." He mumbled.

Perhaps allowing Harry to forge his own path was for the best after all.

"He gave her the Tears of Friendship?" His gray cloaked companion asked in shock.

"Yes."

"Do they have a clue about how symbolic, or how powerful that is?"

"To an extent, but no they don't know all of it."

"I'm shocked that he would give her that after all it has some unique : It is an object to unites two souls. Two: It is an ultimate symbol. Three: With the friendship they share Hermione could be hit with an Avadara Kadavera curse and live on. 'Two lives become one'..." The counselor quoted the opening to the legend of Tears.

"I myself don't know all that much about the Tears of Friendship." The Gatekeeper admitted.

"Few do Gatekeeper, even in this realm. It is a carefully guarded secret. To the Wizing world it is powerful but not one knows all that it does. Only here, there are those that know all about it. I know more than most because I am the Counselor of Wisdom but, only the Emperor and his Lord know the everything about it. From what I understand even the Second Reality doesn't even have full knowledge about it."

"Such a carefully guarded secret."

"Because it is a treasure of legend."

Harry and Hermione had become inseparable. Ron still was their friend but the friendship they shared ran deeper than any other. They had overheard Professors Flitwick and McGonagall talk about their friendship in passing.

"Those two share something that even most married couples don't." Flitwick had noted.

"Yes, Harry and Hermione truly are something else. However, it is not seemly to talk about our students like this." McGonagall replied quietly.

Harry and Hermione had looked at each other; blushed and left the area quickly.

Christmas passed quickly and the school year continued. Eventually Scabber's made a run for it. Just a few hours later Crookshanks bit down on Harry's robe and tugged at him. Hermione looked at him and they knew that Sirius had caught Scabbers. Harry smiled faintly, pulled out his invisibility cloak, covered Hermione and himself, and followed after Crookshanks.

A short while later Harry found Sirius and took the unconscious rat out of Sirius' hands.

As he covered himself and Hermione back up with the cloak he said; "Your name will be cleared shortly Sirius. I'm sure of it."

"Thanks Harry." Sirius smiled at the spot they had been before they had put the cloak back on.

Harry had barely heard him. He had begun to walk away as soon as the two of them had vanished. He didn't want to waste time.

Moments later Harry and Hermione stopped in front of Dumbledore's office.

Soon, Sirius would be free.

An/ Enjoy. One part of this story has a set of quotes. Maybe just maybe this time it will be found...

After Harry figured out Professor Dumbledore's password they entered and met with him.

"Professor Dumbledore, We found something interesting." Harry said as way of greetings.

"What is it Harry?" Dumbledore asked.

Harry walked over to Dumbledore's desk and placed the rat on it.

"It may look like an ordinary rat but this is actually Peter Pettigrew. He's an animagus." Harry explained.

Dumbledore looked at the limp form of Peter.

"Peter wouldn't have been able to turn into a rat Harry. It takes intelligence and magical prowess to become an animagus."

"He was helped by my father and Sirius when they were still in school. But, I don't think you'll believe me until you see for yourself."

Harry took the rat, placed him on the floor while the Headmasters' Portraits muttered in irritation. After Scabbers was placed on the floor Harry muttered a spell and a moment later Scabbers was replaced by a little man. Peter had many of the traits of his rat form.

"I'm, sorry I didn't trust you Harry." Dumbledore sighed as he walked over to the sleeping Pettigrew.

Harry quickly explained what had happened. Dumbledore looked a hundred years older when he realized that an innocent man spent thirteen years in Azkaban for a crime he didn't commit.

"Evenso." Dumbledore muttered.

Wormtail's eyes opened tiredly.

"Headmaster Dumbledore." Peter squeaked nervously.

"Why did you betray James and Lily Potter?" Dumbledore asked coolly.

"I didn't have a choice! You-Know-Who was taking over everything." Peter said in a panicked voice.

Dumbledore looked at him sadly before he bound Peter with ropes that shot from his wand.

"Watch him. I'm going to get the Minister of Magic. I'll be but a second."

"Yes sir." Harry said as he aimed his wand at Peter.

The Headmaster called Fawks and a second later the pair of them vanished.

"Harry, you look so much like your parents they wouldn't want me to be kissed by a Dementor." Peter pleaded with Harry.

"Shut up." Harry said coldly.

Peter moaned and then spoke to Hermione.

"Little girl, sweet girl, please don't let them kill me." He pleaded with her.

Hermione's eyes were hard, and cold.

"You betrayed Harry's parents." She said with enough venom that it sent a shiver down Harry's spine.

"What choice did I have?" Peter wailed.

Harry had had enough.

"Silencio." Harry muttered and silenced Wormtail.

A second later Cornelius Fudge and Dumbledore walked out of the Headmaster's fireplace.



"Is this him?" Fudge asked.

The Headmaster nodded slightly.

A second later two Aurors emerged from the Fireplace.

Harry recognized one as Kingsly Shacklebolt. The other he hadn't ever seen before.

"In the name of the Ministry of Magic, Peter Pettigrew you are under arrest for the betrayal of Lily and James Potter." Fudge said.

Peter tried to speak but the silencing charm was still in effect.

"I silenced him because he was getting on our nerves." Harry said sheepishly.

The two Aurors ignored his remark and quietly grabbed hold of Wormtail.

"Watch out he's an animagus." Harry warned.

"What's his form?" Kingsly asked.

"A rat." Harry replied.

"Fitting." Kingsly chuckled slightly.

Moments later the Aurors left with Peter. (They went directly to Azkaban.)

"Tomorrow I will order that the Black Case be reopened." Fudge said to Harry.

"Now that we have got the true traitor would you mind pulling your Dementor's out?" Dumbledore asked quietly.

Fudge nodded.

"I'll send them back to Azkaban tomorrow morning. This will be the last night that they are stationed at Hogwarts." Fudge promised.

"Thank you Minister." Dumbledore nodded.

With that Fudge left for the Ministry. After the Ministry officials left Dumbledore turned to Harry and Hermione.

"How did you find out about Peter?" Dumbledore asked.

Harry smiled faintly.

"I met Sirius." Harry explained.

Dumbledore's eyes widened.

"You met him?"

Harry nodded.

"I had a feeling that he was innocent. Over time I figured out that Peter was the traitor." Harry explained.

"I see, Harry as Headmaster I probably don't want to know how you figured it out so I won't have to give out detentions or dock

points. Therefore I give you two one hundred points apiece and each of you will be given an award to of the school for services for

bringing a criminal to justice and for proving Sirius Black's innocence."

"Thank you sir." Harry and Hermione said in unison.

Dumbledore looked at Hermione closely.

"Did Harry give you that?" Dumbledore asked of her necklace.

Hermione nodded.

"That was an amazing thing you did Harry. The Tears of Friendship is one of the Ancient Treasures. A 'Treasure of Legend' if you

are three Treasures of Legend. The Tears of Friendship symbolizes Friendship and Life. The second of the three treasures

symbolizes Birth and Love while the third symbolizes Peace and Death. I'm sorry to say that I don't know much more about the Tears

of Friendship than that it unites two souls. However, I do know that these three treasures have existed since well before Atlantis was a

mere village."

"You don't have full knowledge of the Tears of Friendship either?" Harry asked with some surprise.

"Sadly, no I do not." Dumbledore admitted.

Hermione's eyes were filled with shock.

"Take care of each other." Dumbledore advised.

Harry nodded.

"We already do." They said in unison.

"Very good then. Harry, Hermione you may go." Dumbledore dismissed them.

After they left Harry whispered to Hermione.

"I'm going to let Sirius know." Harry muttered.

"I'll come along." Hermione said quietly.

"Thanks." Harry smiled at her.

He threw the invisibility cloak over them once again and they headed for Sirius.

"Hey boy." Harry said as they saw Sirius.

Harry pulled off the cloak.

"Its getting late." Sirius noted as he looked towards the setting sun.

Harry nodded.

"The Ministry has Peter and they are reopening your case."

Sirius gave Harry his first real smile.

"You know, I was made your godfather." Sirius said a few seconds later.

Harry nodded.

"I was thinking that maybe if you wanted you could, you know, live with me instead of your current guardians."

"Do you have a house? When can I move in?" Harry asked.

Sirius beamed.

"As soon as my name is cleared you can move in. Although I bet there is a foot of dust there."

"That's okay." Harry waved off the dust as a minor detail.

Hermione's eyes were shining brightly and her smile was wider than any Harry had seen on her face before.

"That's wonderful Harry!" She exclaimed happily and wrapped him in a hug.

Sirius pretended to be hurt.

"I don't get a hug?" He said with sad puppy dog eyes.

Harry laughed.

"Get over here." Harry ordered.

Sirius approached and for the first time since he had returned Harry was surrounded by his the three of them hugged and Harry knew that this was the dawn of a new future. After their hug they spoke for a time. They covered a great deal, including the fact that Harry was reliving his life. They didn't have time to cover everything but Harry knew that soon they would have all the time in the world to catch up.

After a time Harry and Hermione headed back.

"You won't have to live with the Dursley's after this!" Hermione whispered excitedly as they neared the castle.

Harry smiled broadly at the thought. When they reached the common room it was getting extremely late and so they parted and went to bed.

A couple of days passed before Harry saw the response of the Ministry in the Daily Prophet.

## MINISTRY REOPENS TRAITOR'S CASE!

Yesterday at 8:00 P.M. the Minister of Magic announced that the ministry was reopening Sirius Black's case. Sirius Black,

notorious mass murderer (Killed thirteen people with a single curse) and betrayer of Aurors Lily and James Potter (The

parents of the Boy who lived), had recently broken free of Azkaban and had been on the run...

Harry quickly read the rest of the article. His heart became heavier as he read. Rita Skeeter was tampering in things she shouldn't

have.

Harry quietly swore. Thanks to her the people would be outraged at the reopening of the case. She made the ministry look bad by

reopening the case and she made his godfather look bad by saying that Sirius had indeed done those things. Rita did not mention Peter

and therefore made it appear even worse. Thanks to her, the people would never reelect any of the leaders if they supported this.

As Harry predicted the next day's paper had the headlines of: MINISTRY CLOSES BLACK CASE: BLACK STILL GUILTY.

Harry had given the paper to Sirius so he knew what was going on.

"Sorry Harry, I wanted to take you in instead of you having to live with the Dursley's." Sirius said sadly.

"I understand. Sirius, be careful. I'll manage until we clear your name."

"We will find a way to clear your name." Hermione vowed.

"Thanks you two."

The rest of the year passed. Harry and Hermione never found an alternative to clearing Sirius' name. On the last day of school Draco

appeared ashen faced.

"Hey scarhead." Draco 'sneered'.

"What do you want?" Harry acted as if he hated Draco.

"Just to remind you that you are an idiot." Draco smirked.

"I hate messing with words, let's let our wands do the talking." Harry replied.

"Good, I'll get to beat you in another way than just verbally."

"You certainly can't beat me in Quidditch." Harry smirked.

The students around them said phrases like 'ouch', 'he got you good', 'burn!', and 'can't argue with that'.

Draco acted as if he was furious.

"Let's settle this. That classroom should work."

Harry nodded and the two entered the classroom.

After he entered Harry locked the door with the flick of his wand.

"What is it Draco?" Harry asked.

Draco pulled out a letter and handed it to Harry.

"I don't know how but father found out that we are friends. I can't go back home." Draco said quietly.

Harry scanned the letter.

"No, you can't go back." Harry agreed heavily.

"What should I do?" Draco asked.

Harry pondered a moment.

"Perhaps it's time to find out what properties I own." Harry mused.

"Huh?"

"Would you mind bunking with a 'scarhead' this summer?" Harry asked.

"I wouldn't mind. Better than living on the streets."

"So when you get to London go to the leaky cauldron and wait for me there. I will go to the bank, take care of the required details and meet you there."

"Just as a note, the Potter line had; to my knowledge at least five different properties."

"Then I guess I have a little bit of choice of living space." Harry grinned.

"Yeah." Draco nodded.

A few minutes later they left the classroom, went their separate ways and boarded the train. Harry and Hermione boarded together.

"Maybe this summer I can invite you over." Harry grinned.

"What do you mean?" Hermione asked.

"You'll see." Harry promised.

A second later Ron caught up to them.

"Hey."

Harry smiled at Ron.

"Exploding snap anyone?" Harry asked with a wide grin.

Harry wasn't surprised when Ron joined in but when Hermione agreed to play Ron looked gobsmacked.

"I do things beside read, and help Harry in difficult situations Ron." Hermione chided as she sat beside Harry.

"Oh." Ron replied intelligently.

When the train reached the station Harry looked to make sure that the Dursley's hadn't decided to take him back after all. (They hadn't; fortunately.)

"Bye Harry." Hermione hugged him before she went over to her parents.



"See you later mate." Ron said as way of farewell.

Harry then carried his trunk and went towards the Leaky Cauldron. (Fortunately it wasn't far from the station.)

When he arrived he paid Tom to hold onto his trunk while he conducted business at the bank.

Immediately after he paid the owner of the Leaky Cauldron he walked into Gringott's.

"Hello, I'm Harry Potter and I need to see someone about my finances." He said to a goblin.

"I can do that sir." The goblin told Harry.

"Thank you. Can I see a summary of properties and finances that are entitled to the Potter name?" Harry asked.

"I need verification sir." The goblin said.

Harry handed him his keys.

"This is in order, however, I will also need blood to confirm that you are indeed the heir of the Potter line."

"Alright."

After the goblin drew some blood and confirmed he was indeed Harry Potter the goblin nodded and pulled out a file.

"Properties." The goblin explained and then pulled out another folder.

"Finances."

Harry looked into the two folders .

After he sorted through the two folders and had a grasp on his assets he asked about his properties.

"The Potter line has obtained five different mansions, and Potter Castle is the largest property in the Potter line."

"I have a castle?" Harry asked in shock.

"Yes indeed. The enchantments rival that of Hogwarts itself."

"How do I enter it and my other properties?" Harry asked.

"All you have to do is memorize their locations and go into them. Then you can invite whomever you want to into the building."

Harry quickly memorized the addresses of each of his properties.

"I also need some money. Both Muggle and Wizarding. may I withdraw some?" Harry asked the goblin.

"Yes, Sardin will take you to any of the vaults you own. When you return I can transact some of the money and convert it into pounds."

"Thank you."

Harry entered his first vault and scooped his money into a large pouch. Afterwards, Harry returned and exchanged some galleons for pounds. He then carried over five hundred pounds. It would be enough should he need to enter the muggle world. After thanking the helpful goblin Harry went back to the Leaky Cauldron.

In the crowded bar it was hard to locate Draco. It didn't help that he was in the darkest corner of the room.

"What took you?" Draco muttered as Harry sat across from him.

"I found out a great deal. I need to go to my properties first and then I can invite other to enter. I'll be back within half an hour and then you can pick a room." Harry replied quietly.

"Alright, be quick about it." Draco sighed.

Harry stood and walked to the upstairs of the Leaky Cauldron where he apparated to his castle.

Thanks to one of the house elves he quickly found out how to invite someone and added Draco, Hermione, Sirius, and Ron to the invite list.

After doing so he went to back to the Leaky Cauldron, picked up his luggage and Draco and returned to the castle.

Draco's eyes were wide when he realized that Harry had apparated and his eyes further widened when he saw the castle.

"You own a castle?" Draco asked with a strangled whisper.

"I do, but I didn't know about it until now."

"The Potters were well off after all." Draco whispered as they entered the castle.

After they had explored they picked a couple of rooms. Upon Draco's insistence Harry took the Master Chamber.

Draco had chosen a room near Harry's.

"Wow, you were living with muggles when you could have lived in a castle?" Draco asked.

"I didn't know I had one." Harry defended himself.

It was true, last time he never had time to take a look at what he owned. So he was honestly shocked from the fact that he owned so much.

"So, should we eat? It's getting late after all." Draco asked.

"Sure." Harry replied.

As they walked through the corridors Harry looked around, suits of armor lined the corridors and hallways while tapestries adorned the

walls. The gray stones of the walls were almost always covered by paintings, tapestries or other objects. The doors were solid oak.

Except when the doors led to important chambers or halls. Then instead massive doors usually were golden. Harry wasn't sure if they

were just gold plated or if they were actually made of gold. They had seen the banquet hall when they had explored but they had gotten

lost, and not because of moving staircases. It was from the fact that that the castle was just so large.

"I'll admit, I have no idea where we are." Draco sighed as he sat next to a suit of armor.

"Neither do I, maybe one of the house elves will be able to help."

Instantly, five free house elves appeared. Harry knew that they were free because of the clothes they were wearing.

"How can we help master Harry Potter?"

Harry winced at the title master.

"Can you guide us to the banquet hall and prepare something to eat?" Harry asked.

The house elves looked excited.

"We get to make a meal for the Potter line once again!" Harry heard one say quietly.

"Yes master Harry Potter. I will guide you to the Banquet Hall." One bowed slightly.

As they walked Harry conversed with the house elf.

"You are a free elf judging by your clothes."

"Yes, master Potter all the house elves that serve Potter Castle are free and are paid as well."

"How did this occur?" Harry asked curiously.

"Back in the early 1400's The Potter line decided that a free, paid elf was a better worker. Therefore, they offered freedom to the

elves. By the 1700's all of the House elves that the Potter line had were free and paid. In the 1800's the Potter line decided to educate

their house elves. All house elves that are in service have an education and are free."

"Thats different." Draco noted.

"Yeah, by the way, what is your name?" Harry asked.

"Solomon, master Harry."

"Please don't call me master. Harry is fine. " Harry winced.

"As you wish Harry." Solomon nodded in approval.

AN/ I am going to change my name in a couple of chapters to Defenderpaladin. I just thought I should let everyone know. If you have noticed the House elves in Potter Castle speak English well. They are educated and therefore able to speak fluently and also have a larger vocabulary. (I bet Hermione will be pleased.) Wow this is three times larger than any of the other chapters...

(Note I had to resubmit this chapter, sorry)

After they ate Harry and Draco made their way to their respective rooms.

"You know, its kinda nice not having adults watch over us." Draco noted as they ascended a staircase.

"Yeah. Hey, Would you mind if I invited some others over?"

"It's your castle." Draco shrugged.

"Thanks."

Draco shrugged his shoulders slightly before he walked into his room.

Harry then made his way into the Master Chamber. He walked over to the huge bed, pulled back the curtains and quickly prepared

for the night. Moments later Harry's eyes shut and he fell into slumber. Undeniably, Harry slept better than even he had at Hogwarts.

"Why can't we just file a lawsuit?" Harry asked Hermione in exasperation.

"The Ministry passed a law in 1322 that said you must be of age to file a lawsuit."

"So we have to be 17 to do that."

"Yes, and Dumbledore can't file the lawsuit either because of a law passed in 1022."

"What about if we write to the paper?" Harry asked.

Hermione looked at him sadly.

"A media law passed in 995 says that you have to be a reporter to write an article and the Prophet wouldn't print anything that would

paint Sirius in a good light. The public hates him too much"

Harry swore quietly.

"The Wizarding Radio?" Harry asked hopefully.

"They are considered media too Harry and the 995 A.D. law covers them too, we can't go to them either."

"Could I make a statement on the Ministry of Magic's front steps?"

"Not without a permit, and they most certainly will not issue it to you if it is on the topic of Sirius Black."

When she said that Harry turned away from her and started cursing violently.

"Harry James Potter!" Hermione said angrily.

"Er, sorry. Its a bad habit." Harry flushed slightly.

"Don't swear anymore please?" Hermione asked.

"I'll try."

"Thank you." Hermione smiled.

Harry opened his eyes and groaned. At least it wasn't a nightmare. He rolled over, looked through the large window and saw the sun

rising. He sighed and pulled himself out of the warm and comfortable bed.

After getting dressed Harry spoke.

"Solomon." Harry called.

"What is it Harry?" Solomon asked.

"Does this castle have owls?"

Hedwig looked at Harry sharply.

"Potter Castle has an owlery. There are currently fifty-five owls within Potter Castle."

"Thank you. by the way, is breakfast ready?"

"Yes it is, your friend is already waiting to start in the banquet hall."

"Tell him to go ahead and start eating, I will be down in a minute or two."

"I shall do so, do you want me to guide you down to the banquet hall after notifying him?"

"Yes."

Solomon vanished with a small crack.

"Hedwig, I'm planning to send a lot of letters, you are amazing but I don't want to exhaust you. You are too important to me to let you get hurt." Harry said to his owl.

Hedwig looked like she was contemplating Harry's words. Hedwig flew over to Harry and nipped his ear affectionately.

Solomon appeared.

"Harry, are you ready for me to guide you?" Solomon asked.

Harry nodded.

Solomon walked ahead of him and guided him to breakfast.

He saw Draco at one of the tables.

"Hey Harry, I think your house elves cooking is even better than Hogwarts." Draco took a bite of his scrambled eggs and his face

took on a distant look.



Harry chuckled.

"I bet they will be pleased." Harry agreed as he sat down near Draco.

As soon as he sat a plate appeared. Harry quickly selected his breakfast and began to eat.

"It is better than Hogwarts food." Harry's face took on the same distant quality as Draco's for a second.

They ate and afterwards Draco said that he was going to get started on his potions homework. Harry decided to write the letters and

went up to his room.

Dear Snuffles,

How are you? Its been an interesting year. Anyways, I was thinking that you could talk to your dear old mum. Maybe you

two could get past any bitterness. I have always found a midnight discussion over a nice cup of hot chocolate in front of a

roaring fire to be a great way to get past problems. Maybe I can catch up with you in two weeks. A lot has happened.

Wish I could say more but I have other letters to write.

Sincerely, Harry Potter.

Harry nodded an satisfaction. Sirius should get the hints. He would meet him at midnight in two weeks and discuss important issues.

Dear Hermione,

Remember when I said that I might invite you over? If you can manage it could you get to the grim old place that we talked

about? I hope to see Snuffles and you. Don't worry. Snuffles should be able to fill in the details. I must admit that life has

been interesting. I'm bunking with a young snake. He got kicked out of his old home. What can I say? I felt sorry for

him. Its a terrible experience being kicked out your home. I know. When he's ready he will be able to leave.

Hope to see you soon,

Harry Potter

Harry smiled and began to write the third letter.

Ron,

How are you? In case you're worried, I am okay. The Dursley's weren't happy when I blew up my aunt Marge. They decided

to let me fend for myself. Anyways, it will be impossible to find me. Only Hedwig can deliver me messages. I'd tell you where

I am staying but, if the letter was intercepted I would have more headaches than I want to think about. Sorry about that. I'll

figure out a way to reveal my location so please be patient. Every couple of weeks I'll send Hedwig over so if you want to tell

me something you can. Hope to see you soon.

Harry Potter.

Without pausing Harry wrote a fourth letter.

Professor Dumbledore,

If I know you you're probably panicking right about now over my disappearance. Don't worry. I'm safe. I also can assure you

that no one knows where I am. I cannot reveal where I am, otherwise others could figure where I am staying as well.

Also, Professor Dumbledore I know this is odd but I would like to shift my Divination class to Healing Arts. I will admit that I

am more interested in hearing about how to heal injuries than to have my death predicted. True she made a prophecy that

was true. However, she does not have complete control over her 'inner eye'. I'm not trying to be rude to Professor Trelawny.

I am merely stating facts. Her prophecy said that: 'The Dark Lord's servant would flee from his current location, only to be

caught. However, over time he would break free and go to his master.'

Sincerely, Harry Potter.

Harry sighed, called Hedwig to him and handed her Hermione's and Ron's letters.

"Hedwig, I need you to take these to Hermione and Ron."

Hedwig looked at him and allowed him to tie the letters to her leg. A moment later Hedwig flew out the window of his chambers.

Harry watched her retreating form until it was merely a black speck before he called for Solomon.

"What is it Harry?"

"Could you show me to the Owlery?"

"Yes Harry."

Solomon showed him to the Owlery and Harry quickly chose two different owls.

He gave Dumbledore's letter to one and the other he gave Sirius'.

The two screech owls flew out and Harry then returned to his quarters to do his homework.

Two days passed before Harry had gotten a response from everyone.

Mr. Harry Potter,

What are you doing? I nearly had a heart attack when I found out that you did not return to the Dursley's. I must insist; for

your safety that you return there as soon as possible. As to your request to switching to the Healing Arts Class I will allow

you to do so. The class size is still small and your grades have proven that you are willing to work to keep up, or in this case

catch up. This will mean that you will have to learn the spells and potions of two years. However, I trust you will be able to

handle the increased workload.

Sincerely,

Headmaster Albus Dumbledore

Harry shook his head slightly. Dumbledore wanted to keep him safe but Harry knew that was impossible.

Harry,

Hello mate, You have no idea how much mum has been worried about you. She has been panicking since you vanished. I was

worried as well. Until your letter came. Thanks. Anyways, I'll be able to handle not knowing where you are for now. Just let

me know as soon as you can. You thought Ginny was annoying during second year? Its nothing compared to her this

summer. It's Harry this and Harry that. Its gotten on my nerves. Too bad no one here will play a game of chess. They have all

learned not to mess with my chess skills!

Ron Weasley

Harry smiled slightly. Ron was an excellent chess player. Only the foolish played him and hoped to win. Harry then opened the next

letter and saw Hermione's tiny but neat handwriting.

Dear Harry,

You renegade! I had no idea that that was your plan. Hopefully the serpent hasn't been to much of a handful. I talked to

my parents and they surprisingly agreed to let me go to the old, grim place. They seemed to have a change of heart over the

school maybe it was from the fact that I asked them and when they said no I asked them again until they said that it

was alright. I never have done that before. I honestly have no idea what came over me. Have you gotten your homework

done?

Sincerely, Hermione Granger.

Harry chuckled as he read her letter.

Harry, I'll go see mum and talk to her as you suggested; at midnight, over a cup of hot chocolate in front of the fire. Hope to

see you soon.

Snuffles.

The letter was characteristically short. But, it told him that Sirius knew. Harry hoped to see them both shortly.

An/ On chapter 30 (Pt: 3 Chapter 9) I asked if anyone could find the PS1 game reference. cfraggle found it. Congrats, I just forgot to mention it until now. 'If you come here you'll find me. I promise' and the 'I'll be your knight.' From Final Fantasy 8. Great Job.

I also got mentions last chapter how it was impossible for the evidence to be covered up. Sadly, it did happen. The old laws don't help either. (That's why I added the dream).

"Draco, I need you not to panic." Harry said seriously.

"Why would I panic?" Draco asked curiously.

"Do you know about Sirius Black?"

"Oh, the guy who was framed for..." Draco looked like he was unsure how to say the next words.

"My parents deaths?" Harry finished.

"Yeah." Draco muttered.

"How'd you know about that?"

"Lucius Malfoy talked about it on occasion with some of his buddies from the old days. They want the innocent to suffer so they kept their mouths shut about Pettigrew."

"Whoa." Harry blinked.

"Why did you ask anyways?"

"I plan on inviting him over."

"Go ahead."

"Thanks."

"I'm guessing that you are going to invite as well."

"Yeah. Why did you call her anyways?" Harry asked.

"I think I need to earn the right to call her by her first name. After all I have called those who came from muggles 'Mudblood' on more

than a few occasions. If it wasn't for the fact that I was scared that you, , or both of you would curse me I might have

called her that too."

Harry chuckled.

"You will find that Hermione is pretty forgiving." Harry assured him.

"When they come over could I be there?"

"If you want to be awake at midnight tonight."

"I can manage that." Draco nodded.

Over the rest of the day Harry read the ancient black covered book that Draco had given him for Christmas. The gold letters:

Destroying the Dark Arts: A Guide to the Destruction of Evil looked as if they weren't a day old. Harry was slightly curious about

that however, he opened it up and went into Chapter 1.

## Chapter 1

### The Dark Arts

To destroy the Dark Arts one must understand what they are, and what their essence is. Dark Magic draws its power from

hatred and despair. For Example, Crucio's strength is determined by two factors, the first is obvious, the magical power of

the individual, and two, from the darkness within the caster's heart. The greater the darkness and the stronger the caster the

more painful the torture. Dark Arts can be roughly divided into two major categories. Potions and Spells. These two

categories can be divided further. To determine if a spell is a Dark Art it must have key factors. 1: Does it cause severe

mental pain? 2: Does it cause extreme physical pain? 3: Does the spell cause or nearly cause death? 4: Is the spell power



drastically increased when cast with hatred? If the spell has any of these factors it is most likely a Dark Art. To detect Dark

Arts it takes experience. To begin to gather this experience the spells in chapter 2 will prove useful.

Dark Spells and their counters are listed below.

Avadavra Kadavra: Cannot be blocked and instantly kills the victim.

Crucio: Cannot be blocked and causes severe pain. If used on a victim for an extended period of time it can cause insanity or

even death.

Imperio: Cannot be blocked, however can be thrown off if the will is strong enough. The mind control curse.

Harry rubbed his eyes and continued down the list. Curses like burning all of the internal organs, severing all four limbs, and a

particularly nasty curse of forcing a victim to see terrible images which would eventually cause insanity were listed.

By the time he got through Chapter 1 Draco was warning him that it was 11:50

Harry instantly got up and rushed to the fireplace, grabbed some floo powder and waited for 12:00.

When the clock struck midnight Harry tossed the powder into the fireplace and stuck his head into the flames after calling out his

destination.

Harry looked around and saw ancient two red chairs sitting near the fire. In one Harry's exhausted godfather sat, his bloodshot eyes

were threatening to close at any second and in the other a bushy haired girl with closed eyes rested.

"Padfoot, Hermione?" Harry called.

"Harry!" Hermione's eyes snapped open and instantly she got on her knees in front of the fire.

Padfoot chuckled and sat beside her.

"Hey." Sirius grinned.

"I thought you might want a place to crash Sirius." Harry grinned back.

"That might be nice. Where am I crashing?"

"Get some floo powder and call out 'Potter Castle'." Harry instructed.

"Sure thing, wait Potter Castle?" Sirius looked surprised.

"Yeah."

"The Potter's never really lived in the castle. James' father always said that the castle was too big for three people to live in. I got to

go there once."

"Well, congratulations, you get to live there now." Harry smiled and continued.

"I'll pull my head out so you two can get over here."

Harry pulled out his head and before he could get any farther Hermione spilled out of the fireplace, and on top of him. His arms wrapped around her instinctively.

"Harry, its so good to see you!" Hermione said happily as she hugged him.

"What is this?" Sirius asked as he stepped over them.

"Erm..." Harry blushed.

Apparently Draco decided to save him.

"Hello and ."

"Hello and who are you?" Sirius asked.

"I'm Draco Malfoy. I recently got kicked out of the Malfoy residence."

"Lucius' son?" Sirius asked.

Draco nodded slightly.

"Although I don't think he will call me his son anymore." Draco added quietly.

"I was disowned." Sirius told Draco in a quiet voice.

"I bet that will be my fate as well." Draco replied.

"C'mon." Harry whispered to Hermione as they stood.

Hermione looked at him curiously.

"Draco should talk to Sirius. We will just be in the way." Harry explained.

She nodded slightly and they quietly retreated from the room. After they left the large room and silently shut the door behind them

Hermione instantly wrapped her arms around Harry once again.

"I've missed you, so very much." Hermione breathed into his ear.

"I missed you too." Harry replied as he returned the hug.

After Harry uttered these words Hermione tilted her head and lightly kissed his left cheek. She was blushing faintly as they

separated.

Harry smiled at her shyly as he spoke. He suddenly felt as if he was only eleven years old again.

"Would you like a tour of the castle?"

Still blushing, Hermione nodded.

AN/ I am changing my name to Defenderpaladin in two more chapters. I feel that I should provide sufficient notice of such a change.

Harry showed Hermione around the massive castle. Naturally when they reached the library Hermione's brown eyes lit up and immediately nothing else mattered to her.

"Hey! I think you need to see your...Never mind, she isn't listening." Harry sighed and sat on one of the oaken chairs.

It was three hours later when Hermione finally settled down enough to be interested in anything else.

"You interested in picking out a room now? Or do you want to sleep in here?" Harry asked dryly after she approached him.

She blushed furiously and bowed her head slightly.

"I'll pick a room." She said faintly.

"Note to self, next time I show Hermione around somewhere wait until it is a decent hour to reveal the library." Harry said dryly as they exited the large oaken doors.

"I'm not that bad, I didn't spend all that much time in there." Hermione retorted.

"Three hours isn't a long time to you?" Harry asked.

"I was in there for that long?" Hermione asked in a shocked voice.

"Yes, you were."

"Sorry Harry."

She quickly picked a room. It was also near the master chambers.

They bid each other a good night and Harry quickly went to find Sirius. He was still talking to Draco.

"Hey, Sirius, I don't want to interrupt but when you are done talking to Draco feel free to pick a room." Harry told him.

Sirius smiled faintly.

"Sure thing."

"Night." Harry yawned and left for his chambers.

The next morning Harry went to the spacious dining hall. He knew that Sirius and Hermione would have questions. Plus Harry had a great deal to tell his godfather.

"Morning Harry." Solomon smiled at him.

"Good morning Solomon."

"Do you need my assistance this fine morning?" the house elf asked.

"Not yet, however, I could use some breakfast."

"Very well Harry."

He heard Sirius approach behind him.

"Good Morning Sirius."

"How do you do that?" Sirius asked in surprise.

"Experience has taught me how to detect people." Harry replied as he turned to face Sirius.

"I see." Sirius said slowly.

"I thought we could talk over breakfast." Harry added.

"Sounds good." Sirius smiled at him.

As they set down a banquet appeared in front of them; Sirius, who was unused to this fell off his chair.

"Whoa. Excellent service." Sirius remarked as he sat beside Harry.

"Solomon will be pleased to hear that." Harry remarked.

"Solomon? Who's-" However, Sirius' question was answered as Solomon appeared.

"Can I help you sir?"

Sirius recovered quickly.

"I just wanted to remark that this is excellent service."

"Thank you sir, I hope you enjoy your meal." Solomon bowed slightly.

"I am certain that I will. Thank you."

Solomon popped away and Sirius turned to Harry.

"That answered my question, but he had clothes. What is that about?"

"My father never told you about that?" Harry asked in some surprise.

"No, never." Sirius admitted.

Harry was explaining as Hermione entered the Banquet Hall.

"Good morning Hermione." Harry said cheerfully as she neared them.

"You are awfully cheerful this morning." Hermione looked at him appraisingly.

"Why wouldn't I be? My best friend, my godfather, a new friend are all with me, and to top it all off I'm not stuck at Privet drive." Harry said happily.

She smiled at him as she sat on his right side.

"Yes I can see why you are so happy."

"Ahem, I think you should start over about the house elves." Sirius said gently.

Harry nodded.

"Good idea, Hermione will want to hear about it too."

Harry then started over and explained the situation with the house elves.

"Most are enslaved?" Hermione asked; she was barely containing her anger.

"Most house elves like to be slaves. Why? I'm not sure, however, there is little we can do about them right now." Harry noted.

She nodded and as she did the pale faced Draco Malfoy entered the room.

When he sat across from Harry they began to eat.

"Wow, this is great." Hermione said after she finished her first bite.

"I agree wholeheartedly." Sirius looked as though he had died and gone to heaven.

Draco smirked as Harry chuckled slightly.

Once they had finished their respective meals the plates and food disappeared. Once that had happened they began to talk. Harry didn't waste any time revealing his past to Sirius.

"Last time in my third year you were forced to flee so that the Dementors didn't preform the kiss." Harry explained what had happened up to that point.

"What happened next?" Sirius asked, Hermione and Draco were paying total attention to him.

Apparently he wasn't a bad storyteller.



He ran through his years at Hogwarts, Sirius had cringed as Harry told him about his death.

"I died?" Sirius asked in a surprised voice.

"Because of my foolishness." Harry said bitterly.

"Hey, I'm not dead, and I won't for a long time." Sirius said hurriedly.

Hermione grasped his hand slightly.

"Can you continue?" She asked concernedly.

Harry nodded and continued.

Once he had passed through his Hogwarts years and moved onto his hunt against Voldemort they all were completely absorbed in his tale.

"A week after I turned twenty-one we were attacked by a large group of Death Eaters and Voldemort himself. We almost died. I

had lost a lot of blood, because I had jumped in front of a spell that had been aimed at Ron and it cut deep into my flesh. Because

of that I didn't see how the battle ended, I passed out a few moments later. When I awoke Ron mechanically handed me a letter,

and it was in Hermione's handwriting. It said that she had had enough and that she was leaving. It tore me apart, and I think that's

why it took so long to recover from the wounds I had gained from that ambush. Once I had recovered I decided to continue,

although I wasn't sure anymore why I should. It was merely a few weeks later when Ron turned against me. We were attacked by

another group of Death Eaters and I managed to get knocked off the side of the cliff. I was barely able to grab onto something so I

didn't fall to my death. Ron made the last Death Eaters flee and that's when it happened. I called for him to help pull me up, and he

just told me that it was over. He left me hanging over the cliff side and apparated away. I finally managed to pull myself up.

However, my heart died completely on that day, all I had left was vengeance. I would kill Voldemort, no matter what it took. I

secretly hoped that the next encounter I would die. What did I have to lose? Nothing. Everyone I loved had either died or turned

against me. Anyways, I eventually confronted Voldemort and we ended up in a stalemate. So I turned the tides by firing off every

ounce of magical energy I had. It killed him instantly. However, I died too. That's when I was given another chance at life."

AN/ Name change to Defenderpaladin after next chapter. Note: You will have to change your author alerts to the new name, I'm sorry about that. However, I'll try to think of a way that it is easier for you to do so. (Maybe put 2 chapters up at once, 1 as current name and then 1 as new name)

Draco and Sirius looked at him in awe.

"Wow, I knew that you were different but, I had no idea..." Draco said quietly.

Harry smiled wryly.

"It isn't something I go around advertising." Harry said dryly.

Sirius nodded slightly.

"I can see why. I must warn you to never reveal this to anyone, even Dumbledore. If someone found out about it..." Sirius shuddered.

Harry wondered what Sirius meant.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

"If the ministry finds out then you will be executed. It's magical policy. Article 3,989 section 22, subsection 332: 'All time travelers,

whether by Time Turners, or any other means will be subjected to the Dementor's Kiss. Only those authorized to go throughout

time may do so.' So using a time turner for studying is alright however, for any most other purpose is a very dangerous thing to do."

Sirius said grimly.

Harry's eyes widened.

"That's bad." Draco said grimly.

Harry nodded.

"The Ministry already got on my nerves from last time, then the Pettigrew issue, and now this... Is there any reason for me to save

it? Perhaps I should change it all. We need a revolution. Freedom has been trampled for far too long. The innocents could have

been saved if the Ministry had been up to the task. Because of this we need to take action. Too long has honor been forgotten, too

long have we had an incompetent Ministry. I must alter the course of history...Forever."

Hermione nodded, her brown eyes had taken a fierce gleam to them.

"We can do it Harry. I believe in you." She said seriously.

"Thanks Hermione. But-" Harry began to protest her joining him.

"Does this mean that you are going to lead us to a new era? If that's the case I'm behind you." Sirius interrupted.

Harry started to object. However Draco spoke.

"I never expected this to happen. Well, you saved my life, I owe you. I will aid you as well." Draco nodded slightly.

"You guys... Thanks. Still, taking action will be difficult. Looking at this rationally we are a pathetic group to challenge the Ministry.

One runaway, one muggleborn, a 'mass murderer', and not to be rude, but as they see it a 'spoiled brat'. Plus we don't have much in

the way of wizarding military armament."

"You have a plan?" Hermione knew what he was thinking.

"We prepare, create a paper that begins to raise awareness of the Ministry's foolishness, and arm ourselves and this castle better. I

can't really leave here right now either. Mainly because if I do Dumbledore will try to force me back to the Dursleys, and if the

Ministry catches me I'll be forced into an magical orphanage and my assets would be divided up among the pureblooded families.

Either way that's not a good thing. To try to stem the wound I'll attempt to gain emancipation. Although technically I am an adult.

However, making that argument would be a way to have my soul removed in less than thirty seconds. This means in the meantime

we will have to rely on Hermione. She is the only one that isn't currently under fire. Hermione, if you would be willing to pick up

certain supplies that I will order we can move ahead in our plans."

"Anything you need Harry, I'll pick it up." She promised with a faint smile.

Harry's heart fluttered when she smiled. Again, he was effected by her. It should have been impossible for him to be fazed.

Harry quickly checked his watch. When he did his eyes widened.

"Anyone interested in our final meal today?" Harry asked curiously.

Sirius quickly checked his own watch.

"It's already 6:30?" Sirius asked in amazement.

"I guess my story took longer than any of us realized." Harry said sheepishly.

"Seems that way." Hermione agreed after glancing at her own watch.

Seconds later the table was laden with food once more.

After a delicious meal they parted and Harry went to write another letter. This letter discussed the idea of him gaining his emancipation. After writing the letter he glanced over it, nodded in approval and gave it to Hedwig.

The white owl spread her wings, and soared out of his window.

"Good luck." Harry whispered.

"If he does this history can never be repaired." The Gatekeeper noted clinically.

"Indeed. Perhaps..." The Counselor muttered.

"What is it?" The Gatekeeper wondered.

"He may be the one."

"The one?" The black cloaked Gatekeeper asked.

"He has already fulfilled the first part. He gave the Tears of Friendship, his blood is true, and if he does this too..."

"Could you explain already?" The Gatekeeper demanded.

"The time of the reformation may be near."

The words visibly shook the Gatekeeper.

"What...? It can't be! Why that would cause such disturbance that..."

"I know what it would cause. However, the signs are pointing towards it. He has traveled through time, the required two times, in order to save life. As per the requirements, he has destroyed a darkness at the cost of his own life, he has altered history, most importantly; he has given the Tears of Friendship, and he might change a nation's government. The signs point to it."

"I hope not." The Gatekeeper shivered.

"The counsel will be shattered if it is the time, you know this. The Emperor will return to assume his seat of our reality..."

"Our freedom will leave us?"

"No, but be reestablished."

"I don't understand."

"Few do."

Dear Mr. Potter,

The emancipation process is simple as you seem to be aware. As the head of the House of Potter you have the ability to claim this. It is inadvisable but, because you are set on this it is acceptable that you take the reigns of the House of Potter.

I sincerely hope you know what you have gotten into.

With Regards,

Darin Kelsin

Head of Magical Adoption and Emancipation

Harry laughed happily. The letter had his papers of emancipation within it. He was now able to travel freely without worry of having the ministry take him to an orphanage. However, Harry had no idea what Dumbledore might try. Still, he had the legal protection of being an adult according to the law.

AN/ I would have sent a PM to all my Author Alerts and Story alerts however, I have so many... (For every review I seem to have 30 different alerts.)

This makes it difficult for me to send notification to all of you. You guys are awesome but with so many that I would have to send alerts to, it just isn't feasible. Sorry. Therefore I'll just update 2 in a row, and hope that you brilliant people will take it from there.

Defenderromance, soon Defender Paladin

The rest of the Summer Hermione gathered supplies and thanks to Ron, Harry, Hermione, and surprisingly, Draco got to go to the World Cup.

When they arrived they enjoyed themselves fully.

Harry had given Hermione and Draco a tent of their own. He also had his own. Draco obviously needed to keep separate because

of the fact that he was still in dangerous territory and if anyone knew that Draco was not sympathetic towards Voldemort anymore

he would be in peril. Once they set up their tents Harry and Hermione went to the box. Draco, came a little later. However, when

Draco finally went into the box Lucius Malfoy appeared.

"Mr. Malfoy." Draco said coolly.

"How did you manage to scrounge enough money to get up here?" Lucius sneered.

"I've made powerful friends in high places Mr. Malfoy." Draco replied with his trademark sneer.

"So it would seem. Perhaps that powerful friend would be the recently emancipated Potter?" Lucius looked at Draco coldly.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Draco sneered again.

"Just to let you know Draco you will need to find a new last name."

"I expected as much." Draco replied indifferently as he took his seat.

"Now, now Lucius, it would be foolish to attack someone who 'has allies in high places' without knowing who those allies are." Harry smirked confidently.

"Mr. Potter." Lucius said stiffly.



"Mr. Malfoy is here as my guest. He donated a great deal to St. Mungo's recently." The minister said as he entered the box.

"Minister Fudge." Harry said with a barely masked hostility.

As the minister sat Ludo Bagman announced the mascots. First, the Irish mascots were up which when they dropped the gold Ron began to grab for it greedily. Harry, Hermione and Draco on the other hand ignored the fake gold and waited for Bulgaria's mascots.

The Veela began their dance and while they were tempting to chase after Harry merely leaned back and watched them with a disinterested look on his face.

Mr. Weasley was struggling to hold Ron back. Meanwhile, Percy was busy trying to stop the twins from singing and jumping down

in unison. Hermione and Harry desperately grabbed onto the back of Draco's black robes as Draco suddenly started to sprint to the

edge of the box.

"Lemme go!" Ron cried and made another futile attempt to jump down to the fair Veela.

Once the Veela stopped dancing Harry smirked at Draco.

"What happened?" Draco asked in confusion.

"Simple, you saw Veela." Harry chuckled.

"I'm surprised that Harry didn't react to them." Mr. Weasley panted as he released Ron.

"I guess I just am able to see past a pretty face." Harry replied.

Fred and George looked at Harry who had just saved Draco.

"Why-"

"did you-"

"save him?" They asked.

"I may not like Malfoy but, he is still a person. I can hope that he doesn't follow in the footsteps of a certain someone I know." Harry looked meaningfully at Lucius.

Lucius frowned at him.

"Got a problem Mr. Malfoy?" Harry asked in a quiet, chilling voice that promised only one thing: a quick but very painful death.

Lucius shuddered and shook his head faintly.

The game began.

In the end the Irish won even though Krum caught the snitch.

On their way back to the tents Ron raved about the game while the twins looked at the money that they had just won from Ludo Bagman. Draco trailed behind all of them.

Hermione fell in on Harry right side and while they walked Harry could catch the gleam of the Tears of Friendship every few steps.

"It looks good on you." Harry whispered so only she could hear him.

Hermione blushed furiously.

"I'm glad it's dark. If it wasn't everyone would be able to tell that I'm blushing." She said quietly.

"I haven't seen you take it off ever." Harry noted.

"It's my most treasured possession. I never take the Tears of Friendship off."

Harry stared at her in some surprise.

She smiled sheepishly.

"It's really important to me." She explained.

Harry smiled in return.

When they reached their tents Hermione closed the distance between them, wrapped her arms around him and kissed his cheek.

"Good night." She breathed into his ear.

"I'll probably see you in a couple of hours." Harry whispered.

She nodded slightly. She remembered the memories that he had shown her.

They quickly parted and went into their own tents.

What seemed to be moments later screams began to occur.

Without hesitating Harry rolled out of bed, grabbed his wand and prepared for combat. He rushed out of his tent and dashed towards the chaos.

"Stupefy!" Harry shouted at the nearest death eater.

The other death eaters turned and looked at him in surprise before a voice shouted out orders.

"It's Potter! Kill him!"

Harry smiled coolly.

"You can't beat me." Harry said in an icy voice.

"Avadava Kedavra!"

Harry summoned a death eater in front of him so the spell killed the death eater instead of him.

"Want to try that again?" Harry asked dryly.

The death eaters cursed and vanished with a pop.

"That was too easy..."

Harry then sensed that a dark spell was shooting into the sky.

"Mosmordre!"

The sign of the Dark Lord glowed an eerie green above the tree tops.

"How did he get a wand?" Harry muttered and fired off a stunner into the trees.

He heard a body topple within the trees. Harry sprinted over to the trees, and shot a symbol that he had been working on before he had returned to life.

A Mighty Dragon shot out from the tip of his wand and soared into the sky, it then ate the Dark Mark. Afterwards the Dragon exploded into a great flash of light and became a Phoenix. The phoenix let out a trill of joyous music and floated where the Dark Mark had once been.

"Perfect." Harry muttered in satisfaction. The symbol of light that he had been working on was effective.

Little did Harry know then but it would become a symbol that would cause terror among Death Eaters.

Harry then searched for Crouch jr. However, to his shock he couldn't find him.

He heard a familiar whisper in his ear.

"I know you want to find him and turn him in but this is an event you must let happen. Sorry, the Counsel has ordered this."

Harry looked around but didn't see the Black cloaked figure anywhere.

The Ministry was shocked to see Harry Potter standing in the clearing where the Dark Mark had once been.

"What is that symbol in the skies?" Mr. Weasley asked nervously.

Harry smiled.

"Hope." Harry replied simply.

"Who sent it up?" Amos Diggory asked.

"A hero." Harry said.

"A hero?" Mr. Weasley asked.

Harry merely nodded.

Mr. Crouch senior searched the area and found his house elf. Harry assumed he also found his son.

Harry finally was able to escape the ministry, find Hermione and Draco and return to his Castle.

## TERROR AT THE WORLD CUP

Last night there was a major uproar at the Quidditch world cup. The Dark Mark was seen once again. However, no sooner had the

Dark Mark shoot into the sky did another terror emerge. A massive dragon appeared and swallowed the Dark Mark, further

terrorizing everyone the Dragon exploded and a massive bird arose. It's scream was enough to cause some to break down into tears

of fear. Sadly, the ministry was unable to quell any fears as rumors stated that bodies were taken out of the forest later that evening.

Some have speculated that it was the symbol of a new Dark Lord that is rising and seeing how easily that the Dark Mark was

eliminated by the new symbol it is easy to believe that the new Dark Lord is even more terrible than...

Harry shook his head in annoyance. Rita Skeeter needed to be dealt with, and quickly...

I am now Defender Paladin... Thanks for transitioning so well.

Harry quietly wrote letters to foreign printing presses. (In particular nations that were English speaking.) One of the largest ones he

wrote to was Wizarding Liberty Presses which was located in Chicago. (The largest city in the United States' midwest.)

To whom it may concern,

I would like to request the aid of your printing presses to combat many unjust laws here in Wizarding Britain. One of the

largest problems is that not all are treated equally. The United States was formed on the basis of both religious freedom

and equality. Because of this I sincerely hope that WLP would be willing to help bring a reformation to wizards here in

England. For many years the United States has seen itself as keepers of freedom. I plea that you would aid us in gaining

equality. However, I do not expect you to go uncompensated. I am willing to provide money to finance this venture.

Sincerely,

Harry Potter.

He sent one of his nondescript owls to make the long journey. However, he also enchanted the letter so it would be able to evade

the ministry's interference. After he wrote the letter he went to talk to Hermione.

"Hey." Harry smiled.

"You need me to get something?" She cut to the chase.

Harry nodded. They had become so attuned to each other it was easy to know what the other was thinking.

"What do you need?" She asked.

Harry handed her a list.

"Wow, some of these things are nearly illegal." She said with wide eyes.

"Yeah, I know. But you won't have to enter any places like Knockturn Alley. I contacted them before hand. All you need to do is go

to the Leaky Cauldron and talk to a man named Snaps. He'll then give you everything on the list. Here, take this so you can pay for

the supplies."

"Where is this 'Snaps' from?" Hermione asked curiously as she took the money.

"He's from the United States, and all the products are legal there so he doesn't have qualms about selling them. If you are concerned

that he'll try something you don't really need to be. He's part of a large magical corporation in the U.S. and if he tried anything he

would be in more than a little trouble."

"Why would they ignore the law here?" She asked.

"They hate our ministry intensely. They are all about personal freedom and they feel that our Ministry is too controlling. Plus, most of

them prefer limited government, and our Ministry is anything but that. Coupled with other aspects they are just begging for an

opportunity to counter our current government."

"And you gave them the chance."

"Exactly."



"I'll go pick up the items then." Hermione smiled at him.

His heart fluttered once again as she smiled.

"Thanks." Harry said.

"I'll go by the old grim place and use it to floo out. That way security is increased." Hermione said as they began to walk to the

fireplace.

"Good idea." Harry nodded.

After she left Harry sat down and stared at the fireplace for a long moment. He still hadn't gotten over using the Death Eater as a

shield.

"It was necessary if I was to drive them away but, my heart aches." Harry muttered.

He didn't even know who he had used as a shield. The paper hadn't mentioned it and Harry didn't look. Therefore he had absolutely

no idea who had died.

"Harry, don't hate yourself, you did what was necessary. Death Eaters only fear those who strike back at them. The light doesn't

have very many of those types. Just don't use the Dark Arts and you will be alright." Draco told him.

"Thanks Draco."

"Remember what I said about Lucius and the others? They only fear those who are willing to strike back. You proved that you are

willing to strike back to protect innocents. This makes you a threat to them, but it gives others hope. Evil fears light that has power.

Light without strength is easily destroyed. But the light you are shedding is strong and penetrates the darkness. It will fight back.

Accept the power that you have been bestowed with and use all of it to destroy those who would harm all good things."

Harry thought for a long moment.

"What would have happened if you hadn't been there? Simple, all muggleborns would have been in danger. Magical and Muggle

alike. You have changed the course of my life, and for the better. What would I have become if you weren't around to urge me to

see reason? A Death Eater, just like my father. You changed Miss. Granger's, if you hadn't been there she would have been killed by

the troll, if you hadn't been there she would have never enjoyed her magical life. She might have left the magical world forever. Look

at Ron's life, you changed it. He's more mature than he used to be. Why? Because you took action. You took action and changed

everything. Why? Because you cared. That's why you fought that night. Remember that Harry." Draco told him.

"Thank you Draco, I needed someone to remind me why I fight." Harry stood and looked at Draco.

Draco smiled.

"That's more like it. The fierce fire in your eyes is much better than the depressed look."

"I can agree with that." Sirius said as he entered the room.

"Were you listening in?" Harry asked.

Sirius looked sheepish.

"Yeah, sorry."

"Marauder habit?" Harry asked dryly.

Sirius nodded faintly.

"I'm back." Hermione said as she exited the fire with a small bag.

"That's what you sent Hermione out to get?" Sirius asked in shock.

"It's been magically expanded." Hermione replied as she set the bag on the large center table.

"What is all in it?" Draco asked.

"Supplies for Healing Potions, wand making material, dragon hide, a fragment of Excalibur, and a bunch of other things." Harry said quietly.

"A fragment of Excalibur?" Sirius asked in surprise.

"Yes, I plan to look at the sword, eventually reforge it and use the knowledge I have gained from it to make other swords."

"Why do you want to become a blacksmith?" Draco asked.

"Horrocruxes can be destroyed by powerful magical blades. Excalibur was one of them. I think using a magical sword to destroy

those evils will be better than sacrificing my hand like Dumbledore did last time."

"Why not just use the Founder's sword?" Sirius asked.

"Because I don't have access to it is the number one reason." Harry replied dryly.

They spoke for a long while about their future plans and later headed to their respective beds.

A few days later the owl Harry had sent finally returned.

Mr. Harry Potter,

WLP is interested in your proposition and will accept. As to finances you do not need to invest in this undertaking, for we

feel that this noble cause should be at our own expense. All we request is that you get a system to disperse these writings

effectively. We will begin production as soon as you are able to distribute them.

Sincerely, Wizarding Liberty Presses

Mikael Serin

President and CEO of WLP

"Excellent. This means that we have a chance to counter the Ministry. Now all we need to do is find a way to distribute the writings." Harry said happily.

AN/ I wonder if everyone likes the way this story is heading. If you are wondering about the H/Hr relationship I have a 'feeling' that we will see them get closer soon.

Enjoy

Next chapter: Harry, Hermione, and Draco get their school supplies from the Castle (House Elves keep it well stocked with most things) and head for the Train Station. Plus other pieces fall into place...

Harry, Hermione, and Draco trudged to the castle's storage supplies.

"Do you have everything?" Draco asked dryly when they looked into the large storage rooms that were filled almost to overflowing.

"In items it seems like I do-" Harry started.

"-But, there's more important things." Hermione finished for him.

"Do you do that a lot?" Draco asked.

Hermione and Harry just exchanged a sheepish look.

"Yeah it happens quite a bit. We like to freak Ron out doing it too." Hermione and Harry said in unison.

Draco nodded his head.

"I can see why it would freak him two are practically twins due to the fact that you talk like that."

They blushed, smiled and nodded in agreement.

"Just do me a favor, could I see you two 'freak Ron out'?" Draco asked, his blue eyes were sparkling with mischief.

Hermione and Harry grinned in reply as they gathered up the last of the required supplies.

"Hey you three! Its getting late! If you want to get to the train station on time you'll want to get some rest so you can get up on time." Sirius called to them.

Harry looked at his gold banded watch and nodded.

"Sirius has a point." Harry said.

The three of them walked up the countless staircases and neared the area where they were all sleeping.

"You know, I'm going to miss this place. Sure, there aren't a lot of people but this castle has become more of a home to me than Malfoy manor ever was." Draco told them as they stopped in front of his room.

"If you want you can come back next summer." Harry assured him.

Draco gave him a genuine smile.

"Thanks Harry." Draco said.

"Your welcome, anyways, goodnight Draco."

"Rest well scar head."

Harry grinned.

"You're just lucky that you turned to the light before Moody turned you to a ferret, if you hadn't I'd be calling you ferret boy in a couple days."

"Ouch low blow from Mr. Potter, and the referee calls that as a foul." Draco grinned in reply.

"Good night ferret boy." Harry laughed as he walked into his room.

"I will have revenge tomorrow." Draco said in a mock serious tone.

Harry, and Hermione laughed as they left.

"He's kinda funny." Hermione admitted.

"I agree." Harry chuckled slightly.

When they reached Hermione's room she wrapped her arms around him and her lips brushed his cheek.

"Sleep well Harry." She breathed.

Harry held her for a long moment. This is what heaven must be like Harry thought. Harry desperately tried to crush the idea.

"You too." Harry's voice sounded odd even to him.

She released him and gave him a smile that caused his heart to flutter strangely.

Hermione opened the door to her room, entered and silently shut it behind her.

Harry stared at the oak door for a long moment before he went to his room.

That night Harry had trouble sleeping. Thoughts of Hermione filled his head. Near Midnight Harry; with a sigh opened the curtains to his bed and walked down to the kitchens. Harry figured that a cup of hot chocolate might help him rest.

When he arrived he saw Sirius nursing a mug of Butterbeer at a table.

"What are you doing up Harry?" Sirius asked as he noticed his godson.

"Couldn't sleep. So I thought I'd get some hot chocolate."

Instantly a cup of hot chocolate appeared on the table near Sirius. Harry took a seat next to his godfather and accepted the hot chocolate.

"Is it about Hermione?" Sirius asked suddenly.

Harry nodded before the question fully registered. Once it had Harry blushed furiously.

Sirius smiled.

"I guess you like her a lot if you blush when you think about her."

Harry's blush grew.

"What are you going to do?" Sirius asked.

Harry pondered Sirius' question.

"I dunno, I guess I'll just ignore it." Harry finally said.

"Wrong answer." Sirius replied.

"What?" Harry looked at him in confusion.

"That was the wrong answer. Try again."

"Leave her alone?" Harry asked.

Sirius shook his head.

"Still wrong. She is too important to just suddenly drop. Plus just imagine what it would do to her."

Harry shuddered once he realized the full implications of that idea.

"I can't tell her though." Harry whispered.

"Why not?" Sirius asked.

"She deserves better."

"Don't give me that. She's your friend. You need to tell her how you feel. Before someone else takes her."

Harry sighed and rubbed his temples.

"Trust your godfather Harry. It will work out, you'll see." Sirius promised him.

"Alright. I'll try." Harry whispered.

"Do or do not do, there is no try." Sirius said in an odd voice.

"What?" Harry looked at him in confusion.



Sirius shook his head for a moment and spoke.

"There is no try, just tell her." Sirius explained.

"I see."

Sirius put his hand on Harry's shoulder.

"You have a lot on your shoulders Harry. Hermione has been there to help you, now its your turn. Let her know how much you love her. I promise you won't regret it."

"Thanks Sirius."

Sirius grinned.

"Just don't make me a grandgodfather before you hit sixteen."

Harry blushed furiously.

"Sirius! That's not very nice!" Harry admonished.

"Well, just don't." Sirius said seriously.

"Technically I should be twenty five." Harry added slyly.

Sirius' eyes widened.

"Harry-" Sirius looked panicked.

Harry laughed at him. After a moment Sirius realized he had been had.

"That wasn't very nice either Harry." Sirius chided.

"I wasn't planning on becoming a father anytime soon Sirius." Harry assured him.

"Thanks."

"Anyways, in case you're wondering feel free to stay here over the summer. Just don't make too much of a mess for the house elves." Harry said.

Sirius nodded slightly.

"Sure thing."

"Goodnight Sirius." Harry yawned and went to bed.

The next morning Harry, Draco and Hermione used the floo, boarded the Buss (Harry and Hermione together, Draco went a little later.)

They finally made it to the train station and they passed through the barrier and headed for their compartments.

Once they had settled in Harry looked at Hermione.

"Hermione, I talked to Sirius last night and about something important and he told me that you needed to know this." Harry temporarily lost his nerve and stopped speaking.

"What is it Harry?"

"I love you Hermione. You've been there since the beginning for me." Harry whispered.

Hermione's eyes filled with tears and Harry was terrified that he had hurt her.

"I'm sorry. I knew that I shouldn't have said anything." Harry's sight fell to the floor.

Suddenly he saw movement out of the corner of his eyes and Hermione's arms wrapped around him.

"You stupid, wonderful man." Hermione wept as she held him.

"You don't hate me?" Harry asked hopefully.

"No, I don't hate you. As a matter of fact I love you too."

"Hermione..." Harry whispered.

She pulled back slightly so she could look deeply into his eyes. Harry suddenly noticed that she was just milimeters away from him. She smiled and leaned forward. Her lips lightly touched his own.

In Harry's mind it was as if the sun exploded in a super nova. If a small brush of the lips did this to him then he could only imagine what a full blown kiss would have done to him.

"Harry, Hermione there you are- oops! Sorry!" Ron was blushing madly at the sight of seeing his two best friends kissing.

Ron's loud words barely registered in his mind and apparently they did little to effect Hermione either as she continued the kiss.

Tentatively, Harry put some pressure on her lips and she responded eagerly.

"Umm...Guys? Harry! Hermione!" Ron shouted.

They broke apart after another long moment. It took them some time to register the fact that their friend had witnessed them kissing.

"Sorry Ron." Hermione mumbled.

"Why did you have to interrupt our first kiss?" Harry grumbled.

"So are you two together now?" Ron asked.

Harry and Hermione exchanged a glance and they said in unison.

"Yes."

Ron shuddered.

"Its probably good that you two are together since your minds seem to be joined together already." Ron muttered.

Hermione left her seat opposite of Harry and snuggled into his right side.

Harry smiled fondly at her.

"Hey, I'm glad for you two but I'll admit that I'm scared that you two will forget me." Ron admitted worriedly.

"Ron, you are still my friend. I won't leave you high and dry." Harry assured him.

Ron smiled.

"Then we're cool." Ron smiled as he sat opposite of them.

"So how'd you two figure that out?" Ron asked.

Harry began to explain last night's conversation with his godfather.

When the train finally pulled up to Hogwarts they entered the Thestral drawn carriages and went up to the school.

When they arrived they sat at their usual spots. However, Hermione was a little closer to Harry than usual.

The sorting concluded quickly and Dumbledore stood.

"Welcome to another year at Hogwarts." Dumbledore began.

An/ Well, I wasn't expecting to have them get together so soon. Oh well, The story is pulling me along (Again...) It seems the characters are just dragging me along for the ride! You reviewers are awesome.

P.S. Lucinda, hopefully it is working right for you now.

An/ Note; I got my first flame. However, after 147 positive or constructive reviews it just annoyed me. I can walk through a fiery furnace so a single flame doesn't hurt at all. Don't like the story? Say so but at least be polite. Plus there is that special button above that will take you back to the Harry Potter section. It has great power to liberate you if this story causes you agony. Use it.

On a much better note however, Chapter 37 restored itself. Weird, but good! I had felt extremely ill when it had vanished. This makes me feel much, much better.

Finally I wonder if anyone caught the Star Wars Reference last chapter...

Now onto the show!

"I am sorry to announce that the quidditch tournament will not be held this year; instead we will be holding the first Tri-Wizard tournament in almost a thousand years. We will select participants on two factors, one is they must be of age, or seventeen years old, and two they will be selected by a neutral judge. I would introduce you to our new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher if he was here, however-" Dumbledore ground to a halt as the doors to the great hall flew open and a man hobbled into the area.

"Sorry, Professor I was held up." The strange man who Harry knew claimed to be Mad Eye said.

"Welcome Professor Moody. Everyone Please greet the new professor for Defense Against the Dark Arts, many call him 'Mad Eye Moody'. He is a retired Auror; a Dark Wizard catcher."

"Thank you for the introduction Professor." Moody nodded and took his seat.

"You are welcome Professor Moody. Now, I believe that there are comfortable beds for all of you in your dorms. Enjoy your evening." Dumbledore dismissed them.

As they went up the stairs Harry heard the Weasley Twins grumbling about the loss of the quidditch tournament however, Harry who was holding Hermione's hand was ignoring them.

"So Harry, you planning to enter?" Ron asked.

Harry shook his head.

"Not a chance, I have money and I have fame. I don't need more. Thank you very much. Plus I have my hands full with Voldermort's apparent obsession with me. I don't need another challenge." Harry answered.

"You scared?" Colin asked Harry.

"Scared? Not a chance. I just don't feel like fighting through all sorts of challenges just to get a stupid cup." Harry replied.

"That makes sense." Colin admitted.

They entered the common rooms and as most of them headed up Harry beckoned for Hermione to wait with him for a minute. She nodded slightly and they beside each other on the couch.

Ron looked curiously at them before he neared them.

"What are you two doing?" Ron muttered.

"I think the two of us need to talk." Harry indicated himself and Hermione.

Ron nodded.

"Sure, just don't do anything stupid." Ron replied as he left them.

After everyone had left the common room Harry turned and faced Hermione.

"Hermione I was thinking about us. I think we need to set a line before we get in too deep." Harry explained.

"Let's hold off on..." Hermione blushed furiously.

Harry also blushed.

"Ahh...I...I agree about that." Harry blushed deeply.

She nodded faintly.

"How about we wait for sometime before we get to intimate touching?" Hermione suggested tentatively.

Harry nodded. Whatever line she wanted he would agree with.

"That's fine." Harry agreed.

She seemed to sigh in relief.

"Thanks. Though I'm okay with kissing and such." Hermione whispered.

"So am I." Harry smiled at her and continued.

"I know that the Yule Ball hasn't even been announced but, would you go with me?" Harry asked hurriedly.

She nodded happily.

"Great!" She whispered excitedly.

After they talked for a while more the two of them agreed that they should head up to their respective dorms.

"Goodnight beautiful." Harry whispered.

She smiled and launched herself onto him a second later her lips lightly touched his.

Again, it was as if the sun had exploded in a supernova.

"I love you Harry." She said after she broke the kiss.

Harry was so dazed that he was barely able to stutter his reply.

"I...I...I...love...you...too."

Hermione giggled faintly and headed up the staircase.

When Harry reached his own dorm he saw Ron waiting for him.

"Well?" Ron asked.

"Wow..." Harry replied intelligently.

"What's wow?" Ron asked.

"Wow..." Harry repeated.

"Harry? Harry, what's wow?"

"She kissed me." Harry finally registered Ron's question.

"The way you're acting it must have been some kiss." Ron smirked.

Harry shook his head.

"It's not that it was passionate. It still was amazing though. A soft kiss and I'm having trouble registering things." Harry's head began to clear.

Ron's eyes widened.

"Then what would have a full out snog done?" Ron asked.

"Knocked me out?" Harry suggested.

Ron nodded.

"Yeah, looks like that would happen." Ron agreed as he slipped into bed.



Harry yawned and got ready for the night. Afterwards, Harry slipped under the sheets and prepared for tomorrow's classes.

Almost instantly he fell asleep and dreams of Hermione filled his mind. Her smile made his heart pound even while he slept. He dreamed that he was holding her, talking to her and hearing her fair voice. Her amazing laugh filled his heart each time she laughed.

He slowly awoke as he felt a light pressure on his mouth. He opened his eyes and saw Hermione kissing him.

Once she was certain that she had woke him up she broke the kiss; much to Harry's sorrow.

"Good Morning Harry." Hermione said brightly.

"You made it a good morning." Harry said happily.

She blushed as she smiled at him.

"I thought it might." She whispered.

Once they had woke Ron up (not the same way as Hermione had woke Harry) they quickly dressed and headed down for breakfast.

Once they had eaten the Professors handed them their schedules.

Harry looked down the list.

His first class would be Healing Arts with Hermione. Ron had divination.

As they began to head to their respective classes Harry wondered what Healing Arts would be like. He hadn't taken it last year however, if it meant that he didn't spend time with Trelawny it was a very good thing indeed.

"Welcome to Healing Arts. Hopefully, all of you will enjoy the curriculum. If you are unaware as to whom I am I am Madame Pomfrey. Unfortunately, some know me too well." Pomfrey looked at Harry while she said those words.

Harry flushed slightly. He had spent a lot of time in the infirmary.

"Anyways, I hope that this class is helpful to all of you. Now, let's begin. If you will open your A Guide to Healing Magical Maladies we will begin immediately."

After class Harry and Hermione wandered over to the next hand in hand.

They went to every class in the same fashion; holding hands. Harry knew that Snape would insult them when the day came that they had potions. However, Harry didn't care. After all, who would care about the potions master when one had someone as stunning as Hermione at their arm? Harry wondered.

Weeks passed and overtime everyone knew that Harry and Hermione were dating. To put it mildly, Ginny; was absolutely furious at the brown haired girl. Each time Hermione and Harry passed by the red headed girl she would glare at Hermione as if she was some type of abomination. It only took Ron three days to get frustrated with his little sister's anger and snap at her.

Ginny hadn't spoken to any of them since.

However, before Harry knew it the other schools arrived for the Tri-Wizard ignored the Goblet of Fire and decided that the night that the results were to announced he would stay in the common room. He was not going to participate if he could manage it.

"Harry, you coming?" Ron asked.

Harry shook his head at his friend.

"Why not?" Ron asked.

"I don't feel hungry. Plus, I've got a ton of work in Healing Arts to do. I suppose I'll find out who the champions are soon enough anyways." Harry said as he opened his Guide to Healing Magical Maladies.

"Alright then. Suit yourself." Ron shrugged and left Harry to his own devices.

A second later Hermione emerged from the girl's staircase and headed over to Harry.

"You not interested in being at the announcement of the Champions?" Hermione asked 'innocently'.

"Obviously." Harry replied dryly.

She grinned at him and kissed his left temple lightly.

"I didn't think so. Should we head out to the Room of Requirements?" Hermione suggested.

"Why?" Harry asked curiously.

"I want to learn from the best defense instructor in the school." Hermione smiled at him.

"Alright then." Harry stood, grasped her left hand gently and led her to the Room of Requirement.

Once they were inside Harry spoke about various defenses he had learned over his life and had Hermione try to cast the spells.

After spending almost four hours in the Room Harry glanced at his watch and with widened eyes he spoke.

"We are out after hours." Harry said in a strangled voice.

Hermione looked panicked.

"Oh no! What should we do?" She moaned.

"This is just great...Fortunately I grabbed my cloak and map." Harry smiled at her as he pulled out his invisibility cloak from his robes.

She looked at him in relief.

"Thanks Harry." She gave him a light kiss that instantly left him light headed.

It took a few minutes of Hermione calling him to regain his senses, but once he did Harry threw the cloak over them and they crept back to the common room.

As soon as they entered and they knew they were alone Hermione threw off the cloak; bade Harry goodnight and headed for her bed. Harry pulled the cloak off of him a minute later, tucked it back into his robes and went up to his bed.

As soon as he entered the dormitory he saw Ron staring at him with narrowed eyes.

Ron was angry; no Ron was furious.

"You weren't going to enter the tournament huh?" He demanded.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

"Your name came out of the Cup!" Ron roared.

"It did? I wouldn't know I wasn't there after all."

"Yeah, you were probably doing things to Hermione." Ron glared at him.

"What are you talking about?" Harry demanded, with narrowed eyes.

"Don't act innocent with me! You two were probably-" Ron shouted.

At this Harry lost all patience with Ron and backhanded him. Ron looked surprised as he fell to the floor.

"I didn't enter that stupid tournament, and I most certainly wasn't doing that with her." Harry shouted with fury.

Angrily Ron got off of the floor, rubbed his now red cheek and went into his bed.

Harry got into his own bed fuming.

"How dare he accuse Hermione of something like that?" Harry whispered in rage.

Ron had betrayed him; yet again. He wouldn't allow it to happen ever again.

It was a long time before Harry could get to sleep. Sadly, the next morning wasn't much better. As soon as he had finished breakfast he was chewed out by Dumbledore, scorned by Snape, and informed by an exhausted Crouch that he would have to compete in the Tri-Wizard tournament. During classes that he had with Ron he would glare at him in absolute fury. Harry just returned the glare with an icy one of his own that made Ron's pale in comparison.

However, that day did give him a couple ideas.

1: The name to the pamphlets and items that would spread information about the ministry. His 'paper' would be known as The Phoenix. It would have the motto 'Truth will always arise from the ashes of Deception', or something along those lines.

2: The Room of Requirements could work as a way to distribute the writings with ease... If it was configured for him to use it as a distribution center. Which meant that he could have WLP send him the writings to him at the Potter castle and Hogwarts and he could then send them all over Magical Britain.

3: The Room would also allow him to learn about the fragment of Excalibur.

4: He needed to buy more fragments of the fabled sword to gather a better understanding of the blade.

Harry fortunately didn't have to suffer from Draco insulting him and Hermione was; as always supporting him one hundred percent of the way.

An/ I wasn't expecting to make Ron get quite so angry...But... For those 'Ron lovers' He won't stop being Harry's friend. However, he will be very angry with Harry and this will awaken those memories of the betrayal to Harry and make it harder on Harry... It will be a long time before this wound is patched up...

Anyways, I hope you enjoy this chapter of the story.

Any suggestions on how the Phoenix's Motto should be?

## THE PHOENIX

### Only Truth is Immortal

Everyone knows history, but is it the truth? Sometimes history is covered up just to strengthen a cause and the true story is forgotten, generations pass and the truth while covered up is still there. Even after it has been forgotten it has a tendency to reveal itself. This makes evil men fear the truth for it arises when they are at their weakest. It has the ability to shatter misconceptions and eliminate illusions that were so cunningly wrought by the darkness. Embark on a journey to discover the truths that have been covered up for countless generations. At the end of this journey the lies will be shattered and all illusions surrounding you will no longer exist. Living in reality is hard but it is better than living a lie.

Harry read the rest of the paper; his smile grew the longer he read.

"Indeed, Only Truth is Immortal." Harry whispered as he finished reading the project.

He lifted the medium sized box and carried it to the room of requirement. As he exited the staircase he bumped into Hermione.

"They came?" She asked in an excited whisper.

Harry nodded.

"Can I read it?" She begged quietly.

Harry grinned.

"Follow me fair maiden." Harry said cheekily.

Hermione blushed at the compliment but followed him as he left. After they arrived at the Room of Requirement; converted to be a secure and unknown distribution center- The Phoenix's distribution center. Harry handed Hermione the paper that he had stored in his cloak and then began to unpack the box. After pulling out around ten thousand

papers Harry realized that the box had been magically altered to hold much more than he had first imagined.

With a shrug, Harry began sending them to various locations using some of the Room's abilities. Just to be cheeky Harry sent a copy to the Minister of Magic's desk. Harry chuckled at the image of a blustering Fudge trying to counter the Phoenix. He would have given all his galleons to see Fudge after reading the paper.

After Hermione had finished reading the Phoenix she let out an excited squeal and flung herself into Harry's arms.

"Oh Harry! This is wonderful! WLP outdid itself!" She said excitedly.

WLP had in fact outdone itself. It had hammered the Ministry of Magic for corruption, revealed the fact that Black had never had a proper trial, revealed that Voldemort was Tom Riddle, brought into the light the countless biased laws, and it continued relentlessly against the lies and terrible judgments of both the ministry and Voldemort. It also suggested many things to fix the current situation.

Almost immediately after Harry had finished distributing the writings (with Hermione's help) and left the room the castle was in an uproar. Purebloods were on the warpath and the more fiery halfbloods and muggleborns weren't backing down. It took the teachers only a few minutes to realize that something drastic had happened; something that they had not expected.

After the teachers had gathered the houses Dumbledore spoke.

"I can assume that this outrage is from the same paper that mysteriously made its way onto my desk?" Dumbledore asked.

A few of the angry Slytherins nodded slightly.

"I see. The Phoenix is not a legal paper here in Wizarding England. While I cannot say whether I agree with it or not I will say that it is not allowed here at Hogwarts. According to the law only Ministry leased papers may print here. Therefore I will be forced to take any Phoenix I see. It is also true that I will have to expel any student caught



carrying this paper. This paper does answer some questions that I had; not that it will matter to any of you seeing as you will naturally do the right thing and turn it over to a professor or our caretaker." Dumbledore said cheerfully.

A large number of students grinned at this; they could tell that Dumbledore wasn't going to allow his teachers look for the paper very seriously.

"Now if any of you somehow got this paper you can bring it to the head table and leave it here. You will not be in trouble if you do so." Dumbledore continued.

When only the Slytherins got up and handed the papers into Dumbledore he spoke again.

"Well, I am honored that all of you are so honorable. Thank you students for doing the right thing and turning this paper in. I will assume that we have most; if not all the papers. I see no reason to randomly stop students to search for the Phoenix." Dumbledore said cheerfully once again.

Hermione's eyes were sparkling in mirth.

"Well, then, I will be forced to take fifty points from every student that started the riot. Now, onto class everyone." Dumbledore said.

The Green hourglass suddenly lost all of its points and a negative number arose inside the hourglass. Some points drained out of the other four houses but not nearly as much as the ones out of Slytherin's hourglass.

The headlines in the next issue of the Daily Prophet held the response of the Ministry.

## THE PHOENIX: DANGEROUS AND ILLEGAL

Yesterday a paper was released. It has been dubbed 'The Phoenix'. This paper is terroristic in nature and profanes honorable names. The Ministry of Magic has in concern of it people passed a law that makes

this paper highly illegal to posses. A person can be fined up to ten thousand Galleons and up to twenty years in Azkaban if caught in possession of this highly dangerous paper...

The WLP sent him a letter after the Prophet issue was released.

Mr. Potter,

We at WLP are pleased with your distribution. We have also agreed to send a new issue to you on a daily basis if you are agreeable to this. By using our new international magical transportation systems (IMTS) we can release a new issue daily if you distribute them. We are more than able to continue funding this noble project through our other projects taking place here in the United States.

Sincerely, WLP

Needless to say Harry accepted instantly.

It quickly became common to see people huddling over a paper and ever frequently teachers would pass the students and not even raise an eyebrow.

Harry also sent a letter to the Wizarding bank requesting their aid in finding all of Excalibur. He hoped he would get a reply shortly. However, Goblins were notorious when it came to prices. They would likely take a while before deciding on the finder's fee.

However, Before Harry knew it the first challenge of the Tri Wizard Tournament was fast approaching.

An/ I seriously though about all of the suggestions. However, in the end I decided that this would probably be most effective. I liked hoazin's suggestions quite a bit. I also thought about doing the truth quote search idea but I felt that reusing someone else's words in this case wouldn't be as effective. Still, it was a great idea. Thanks SmmrMagic!

Harry entered the tent of the Champions and watched with a calculating look on his face as the other champions paced around.

"Ow can you be 'zo calm?" Fleur asked in frustration as Harry looked at them clinically.

Harry gave the Veela a slight smile.

"Because I already know that I've won this stupid tournament." Harry replied simply.

"Vhat? Vhat do you mean?" Krum demanded.

"You'll see soon enough I'd imagine." Harry said cryptically.

Krum cursed in his native language at him.

Harry shook his finger slightly.

"Just because I'm confident doesn't mean you have to get upset Victor." Harry chided.

Harry didn't know what Krum said at that but he was pretty sure it wasn't an agreement to Harry's statement. Cedric just gave him a faint grin.

Harry neared the edge of the tent where he suspected Hermione would be.

"Harry? Is that you?" She whispered quietly.

"Yeah." Harry said quietly.

"Are you alright?" She asked.

"I'll be facing a Hungarian Horntail soon. Still, I've faced enough dragons that this should be simple enough. I don't know if they are intelligent or not but their eyesight seems to suffer so a disillusionment charm and a distraction, plus an simple accio should get me through." Harry whispered.

"Harry! Be careful." She whispered and came into the tent and wrapped her arms around him.

Harry smiled.

"I promise."

She looked into his green eyes as she spoke.

"This is for luck." She said and kissed his lips.

He felt the sun explode in his mind once again.

A second later a light flashed and a camera's shutter closed, Hermione broke away from Harry blushing furiously and the two of them turned to face Rita Skeeter.

Harry casually flicked his wand and stunned Rita. After he did so he took her camera, emptied it's film, pocketed said film, and dropped the camera on Rita's head.

"I hope none of you object to me stunning Ms. Skeeter." Harry said looking at everyone except Hermione with a challenging look.

When he looked at Krum he sensed that the seeker was trying to stop his laughter.

"Do you find something funny?" Harry asked innocently.

Krum laughed for a moment before he spoke.

"That vos very funny. Very nice Harry." Krum chuckled as he spoke.

Harry gave him a faint grin. They agreed on one thing: they both hated reporters.

A few minutes later Dumbledore entered the tent and they drew their dragons.

"Horntail." Harry looked at the replica sitting in his hand.

Hermione looked ill.

"I'll be fine beautiful." Harry whispered.

She blushed furiously, hugged him and left the tent to go to the stands.

A thirty minutes later Harry was standing in front of a terrible dragon. Harry walked closer to it with a faint smile, his hand reaching towards the Horntail. Harry stared into the mother's eyes as he drew closer.

When he was merely a short distance away he disillusioned himself, cast a charm to create a dog to distract the Horntail and and waited for her reaction.

The horntail roared and strode powerfully off towards the dog instantly. After she had gone to deal with the dog Harry summoned the golden egg to himself.

After he did so he walked away from the nest and neared the judge's booth. When was in front of it did he reappeared and smiled at the judges.

"Does that work?" Harry asked.

They looked at him in shock and Bagman was happily announcing the results.

"The youngest champion manages to get his egg in under Thirty Seconds!" Bagman roared excitedly.

Harry watched the judges.

10, 10,10, 6 Harry read the numbers from that the judges shot up. This put him in first place even though a certain judge was acting in a biased manner.

He had 36. Cedric had 32, While Krum had 35, and Fleur had 30.

When Harry reached the castle he hear Ron call out to him. Harry burned with rage. How did he expect Harry to just forget what he had said about Hermione?

"Harry, I reckon that you, well, didn't put your name into the cup." Ron whispered.

"Took you long enough to figure out." Harry replied viciously.

"Look, I'm sorry I've been acting like a git." Ron tried to ask for forgiveness.

Harry spun and glared at him.

"Why should I? The moment anything happens that throws me into a position where attention is drawn to me you go off the deep end! I am loyal to my friends and I expect the same from them. You Ron, were not loyal. You didn't support me when I needed it!" Harry drew in a calming breath.

"You might be able to become my friend again but it will not be easy. The price of betrayal is high and you are going to have to pay for it. Redeem yourself first and then we will talk more about this." Harry spun and walked away.

"Please Harry! I'm sorry!" Ron called to him.

Harry ignored the youngest Weasley male.

"Harry! Wait up!" His girlfriend called to him.

Harry instantly slowed down and allowed her to catch up to him. They were near the Room of Requirements.

"Harry, I promise; I will always be here for you." She wrapped her arms around Harry and pulled him to her.

Harry sighed, closed his eyes and laid his head on her shoulder. He believed her. She had become everything to him. She was the anchor to his life.

"Thank you Hermione. I promise, I'll always be there for you too." He whispered.

"I'll be your knight." They said in unison.

When they separated Harry noticed a faint glow near Hermione's throat. He looked at it for a long moment.

"Look down Hermione." Harry said.

She did and gasped in surprise. The faint glow intensified. After giving each other a single look they headed into the Room of Requirements to see what was happening.

As they walked the glow slowly became brighter. Once they entered the Room Hermione quickly pulled out the Tears of Friendship. The silver medallion was shining brightly. The engraved Phoenix suddenly flickered and flared. The Phoenix looked as though it was on fire and it was surrounded by a brilliant bright light. The room was filled with the brilliant light and Harry was forced to shield his healed eyes. When the light dimmed an amulet rested in Hermione's hand.

A soft voice began to speak from the medallion around Hermione's neck.

"Two lives become one, two hearts connect and become united. Starting with friendship; becoming something more. Their love; immortal; truth flooding their hearts. Life, Friendship, Birth, Love, Peace and Death. All interconnected..."

A second later the amulet spoke,

"Three wounded souls touch and healed. Two magics become one. Three complete a cycle, hope eternally restored. Time immortal..." The amulet voice faded away.

Hermione and Harry stared at each other in shock. Suddenly the amulet floated over to Hermione's Medallion; touched it briefly, and the two flickered. A second later it floated over to Harry and waited expectantly in front of his face.

"What should I do?" Harry asked.

Hermione pondered.

"Remember that Dumbledore said that there were three 'treasures of legend'? I think that this is one of them."

Harry inspected the Amulet closely. What looked like a dragon was deeply engraved on the front of it. Harry felt drawn to it. Harry hesitantly reached out and wrapped his hand around the silver amulet. His fist glowed brightly and suddenly in his heart he knew that this was the symbol of Birth and Love.

"It's the symbol of Birth and Love." Harry whispered.

"Are you certain?" Hermione asked anxiously.

He nodded and spoke.

"We need to-" Harry began.

"-See Dumbledore." Hermione finished.

The two of them quickly rushed out of the room and hurriedly went towards the Headmaster's office.

An/ Were you expecting that? I was just typing away and suddenly I was dragged into this part. (Again before I was planning for the second Symbol to appear...) Oh well, I've gotten used to the story dragging me along instead of me writing it.

By the way, I feel that I need to mention that I recently got a reviewer that really has brought up some important points. Like for examples why not invite Remus Lupin to the castle? Does Draco take the Black name? Is Harry paying for his Tuition? etc...



I feel that I need to answer the Tuition question outside the plot because it isn't really a major point and I didn't cover it when I should have. (Mainly because I sometimes forget points) Draco's tuition has been paid in full. His father paid everything before Draco even entered Hogwarts. Harry's Parents did the same thing before they died so Harry never needs to worry about tuition either. Hermione on the other hand pays hers yearly because the tuition is rather steep and even though her parents are dentists it is still a burden that was unexpected for them. If Hermione would ever whisper a sentence about that Harry would pay for all of her Tuition on the spot. So, because she cares and doesn't want to be a burden to Harry she keeps it to herself. That's why you never hear her bring up the Tuition issue. She doesn't WANT Harry to find out and become a 'burden' to him.

Q: Why not use the college funds?

A: Her parents want to keep that option available to her if she wants to go to a school after Hogwarts. (She takes correspondence classes during the summer to keep up with her 'Muggle class')

The other questions will be answered in time...(If I remember to answer them!)

"It's the Soul of Unity." Dumbledore said in an awed and reverent tone.

"Huh?" Harry asked in confusion.

"It was thought to be merely legend. This is truly an amazing day. Alas, I do not know all about this either. However, legend has it that it only can appear to the holder if he or she is with the one their soul has totally and absolutely bound to. It can be a friendly love but the fact remains that their souls have touched in a way that no other has in countless generations and it can only appear when the Tears of Friendship is involved. I assume that you two had been connecting in some form when this object appeared."

Harry nodded slightly. He hadn't anticipated the "Soul of Unity".

As he started to leave with his girlfriend Dumbldore called to him.

With a sigh Harry turned and faced him.

"What is it professor?"

"I recently found that you are now emancipated. I need to discuss this in private with you."

"Sir, I feel that Hermione should stay since I share everything with her anyways." Harry gave him a serious look.

Dumbledore sighed and nodded.

"Very well." Dumbledore agreed.

"What about my emancipation do you have questions over professor?" Harry asked lightly.

"Well, quite simply, why?"

"The Dursley's were angry for me blowing up Marge and I was more than happy to leave them."

Dumbledore sighed sorrowfully. He looked two hundred years older.

"I would request you to return to the Dursley's-" Harry opened his mouth to interrupt however Dumbledore held up a hand.

"-however, I do not have the authority nor the ability to have you return. Although it would be safer for you to return under the protection of the blood wards."

Harry nodded slightly.

"I don't need the blood wards Professor, nor do I need to have the truth hidden from me. I have forged my own path thus far. I will continue to do so." Harry replied.

"I see. Listen carefully Harry. If you are under an attack the Soul of Unity can aid you. Learn how it works and it will help you."

"I understand professor. I'll try to find out more about it." Harry turned and started to leave.

"And Harry." Dumbledore called him again.

Harry turned and faced him.

Dumbledore smiled sadly.

"You are no child, not anymore. I had hoped..." Dumbledore shook off the thought and continued.

"You see Harry there was a prophesy made; it concerned Voldemort and one that he would mark as his equal."

"All that remains from the legend from coming to pass is the final treasure of legend. If it falls into the right hands a cycle will end and war will come. One far greater than Mr. Potter could ever imagine." The Counselor of Wisdom whispered.

"But, I thought you said that the government needed to be overthrown." The Gatekeeper protested.

The gray cloaked Counselor shook his head.

"It is just a matter of time now before it crumbles." He said.

The black robed Gatekeeper bowed his head and sighed. Time was running out for the counsel.

"What do we do?" The Gatekeeper asked.

"We have to choose our side, before the war encroaches in this dimension. Sure, Mr. Potter may never arrive here nor even Voldemort however, the Second Reality will strike once the third treasure appears and then he will arrive..."

"He? But..." The Gatekeeper was visibly shaken.

"It's your choice will you side with him or the counsel?" The Counselor asked.

"I don't know..." He whispered.

"The Reformation will happen one way or another. Will you serve our current political body or will he become your king? I know about him, the true Emperor. His name has been smeared and tarnished by our system, and why? They fear him. We might be the 'realm of light' but there is corruption here; this means that on Earth; and in particular Britain corruption is constant."

"I never knew that."

"Few do and most that do either don't care or they hide it because they want to keep their power."

"I never expected that." Harry whispered to Hermione as they left the office.

She nodded in shock.

"He kept that hidden until next year last time right?" She asked.

Harry nodded.

"And only until after Sirius died did he tell me." Harry added.

"What are you going to do about the amulet?" Hermione asked seriously.

Harry frowned at the object in his hand thoughtfully.

"I guess I'll wear it." Harry decided and slipped the Soul of Unity around his neck.

She smiled and hugged him.

"I'll always be here. I promise." She whispered.

Harry smiled and nodded.

"I believe you." Harry did something he never had done before; initiated a kiss.

She responded eagerly and passionately.

When they broke apart they both had a slightly dazed look on their faces.

"Wow." They said in unison and headed for the common room.

When the tired duo arrived they bid each other good night and headed for bed.

The next days were as normal as Harry had ever had; in other words some kind of chaos was taking place every minute.

The Phoenix spread like wildfire; Slytherins rioted and attacked other students and mini battles happened frequently.

Harry and Hermione were paying close attention to Professor McGonagall as she announced the Yule ball. As she did Harry looked at Hermione and gave her a questioning look. She smiled and nodded in confirmation.

Harry had already asked her before however, he wanted to be sure that she hadn't changed her mind.

"Mr. Potter, a word with you." McGonagall called him back as the bell rang.

Hermione looked at the professor; silently pleading to stay with Harry. The transfiguration teacher smiled faintly at her and without saying a single word granted her permission to stay.

"Mr. Potter, the champions will start the ball off with the beginning dance." She said.

"I understand professor. I have an idea who I'll ask." Harry added and smiled at Hermione.

Hermione looked at him happily and McGonagall looked moved from their actions.

"Hermione, I know I kinda asked nonverbally a moment before but, would you come to the ball with me?" Harry asked.

"I would be stupid to say no. Yes, I will come with you." Hermione replied and jumped into his arms.

McGonagall looked at the two of them fondly.

"I haven't seen two so close ever before." She said.

"She's everything to me." Harry said.

Hermione blushed and buried her head in his shoulder but added in an faint voice.

"He's everything to me too."

"Love certainly is wonderful." McGonnagal said quietly as she left the room.

They looked at each other lovingly before their lips connected. Harry had been a fool, she had been beside him originally and he had never even thought of her as someone he could love and be loved by. She was loyal, kind, honest, passionate, and they connected in a way that he could never connect with another. She was his other half. He couldn't and hadn't been complete without her. She would be the only one he could ever love.

"Hermione I love you with my entire being." Harry gasped as they broke apart for air.

"I love you too." She smiled then and added.

"You stupid, wonderful man, I'll always love you."

Harry rubbed the back of his neck as her words reminded him of when they first kissed.

An/ I'll admit, last chapter was a little weak. Hopefully this one is better.

The Yule Ball rapidly approached. Harry was asked by about every female in the school to go to the ball with him. Each time Harry would gently reply that he had already asked someone.

When the ball was a few weeks away Harry prepared for the night by calling for his house elf.

"Solomon." Harry called.

"How can I help you Harry?" Solomon asked.

"I need to get dress robes for the Yule Ball. Would you be willing to bring me a set of Black robes with an emerald trim in my size?" Harry asked.

"I will bring the selections of Black robes with emerald trim immediately." Solomon replied as he popped away.

A few seconds later the well dress house elf reappeared with a rack of black robes. Harry looked at them in shock. Each one of the black robes had an emerald trim. After further investigation Harry realized that each one was in his size.

"Wow." Harry said in awe.

Solomon gave Harry a rare smile.

"Yes, there are a large number of dress robes at Potter Castle." Solomon said.

"Could you help me select one?" Harry asked.

Solomon thought for a long moment before approaching a set of robes and handing them to Harry.

"These are not only for dress Harry but they also have basilisk and Dragon hide armor protection. Externally they are made of many rare silks blended together. These should only be used in the most formal and/or potentially dangerous situations."



Harry slowly ran his finger across the robes. He instantly knew that these were the ones he was going to wear to the Yule Ball. He wasn't sure how he knew but he did. Unbeknownst to both Harry and Solomon the Soul of Unity glowed faintly as Harry selected his dress robes.

"Thank you Solomon." Harry smiled at his house elf.

"It was my pleasure to aid you Harry." Solomon bowed slightly.

"Hey, would you go and ask Hermione if she would like to select something for the ball from the castle? I doubt she had time to look for a dress over the summer." Harry requested.

Solomon nodded and popped away.

When the ball finally arrived Harry waited for Hermione in the common room.

When she finally came down from the Girl's dormitory Harry's jaw dropped. He had thought she looked stunning last time but this time there was no comparison. The light silver dress; while modest quietly enhanced her. It revealed that she was a young woman but at the same time did not expose her. The Tears of Friendship was exposed and reflected the light in a way that made Hermione appear to be a goddess. Her hair framed her face and she was smiling at Harry nervously.

"W...W...Wow..." Harry finally managed to say in awe.

Her smile grew and Harry was again floored.

"Thanks Harry." She whispered as she wrapped an arm around his shoulders.

The contact shook Harry out of his stupor and Harry spoke.

"Shall we allow them to bask in our presence fair maiden?" Harry spoke in a formal voice.

Hermione giggled and spoke.

"Indeed, it would be most unfortunate to deprave them of such an honor." Hermione said in the same formal voice.

The two of them laughed and exited the tower. When they arrived every eye was on them. Harry heard some whisper as they passed.

"Is that Hermione Granger?"

"Lucky girl, she got to go with Harry Potter."

"She looks amazing!"

"I knew that I should have tried again to get him to go with me."

"I should have asked her to the ball."

Harry smiled at Hermione lovingly and a second later Professor Dumbledore announced the start of the Yule Ball.

The two of them danced around the floor and Harry had absolutely zero complaints. He had the most amazing girl in his arms and she was being showcased in a way she had never been. She deserved it.

The night continued and the two of them danced through it all. Harry hated dancing but, holding her in his arms more than made up for it. Harry and Hermione never noticed Ron looking at them with a plea on his face, a plea for forgiveness. Nor, did they see Victor looking regretfully at Hermione.

When the Ball ended Harry felt that it ended far too soon even though it was three in the morning when it ended. The two of them slowly went up the stairs and back to the common room.

"I had a wonderful night Harry." Hermione said as she cuddled on the sofa.

"So did I Hermione." Harry agreed.

She smiled at him and slowly leaned closer to him. A second later her lips were on his.

After a passionate kiss they pulled apart for air.

"You've made this a night to remember Hermione." Harry said.

"You made it a night to remember for me too Harry." She agreed and kissed him again.

"Harry? Hermione? Can I talk to you?" Ron asked nervously from in front of them after the two of them broke apart for air again.

"I already told you what you needed to do Ron." Harry replied simply.

Ron looked at him sadly and nodded.

"I understand Harry. I promise I'll make it up to you somehow." Ron replied.

Harry gave him a slight nod as Ron went into the Boy's dorm in defeat.

"I almost-" Harry started

"-Feel-" Hermione continued

"-Sorry-" Harry added.

"-For him." Hermione finished.

The two of them gave each other a sad smile before holding each other close.

"I think-" Hermione stated.

"-that he will grow from this." Harry finished.

The two of them spent the rest of the night just holding each other. They didn't sleep. They didn't need it. As the clock neared five A.M.

the two of them leaned closer and held each other comfortably. The two treasures touched and began to glow once again.

"Two souls as one; eternal in life and truth." The two treasures whispered in unison.

Hermione and Harry pulled back in surprise and looked at their respective treasures of legend.

"Only united can two intertwined souls triumph over darkness." The Soul of Unity spoke.

"Birth, Friendship, Love, Peace, and Death. Thus, the immortal cycle moves." The Tears of Friendship whispered.

"What are you saying?" Harry whispered.

"United two souls; immortal. Divided death comes." The Soul of Unity spoke once more.

"What is our purpose?" Hermione asked.

The two treasures spoke together.

"Love. Only together may you stand. Only knowing the truth may to stay united."

The Gatekeeper's eyes widened as the two treasures of legend communicated with their holders.

"What is happening?"

"Gatekeeper! Open the door! Only now can the truth be revealed! The two treasures of legend have made an opening for us!" The Counselor of Wisdom shouted.

The Gatekeeper opened the door and the Gray cloaked Counselor of Wisdom flung something through the door. A second later the door shut on its own accord.

"What will happen now?" The Gatekeeper asked.

"They will slumber and dream together. Their minds are too interconnected for anything else to happen."

"What was that you threw through the gate?"

"The truth of what happened. About the betrayal." The Counselor replied.

After the voices of the two treasures faded Hermione and Harry's eyes drooped.

"Why did I become so tired?" Harry asked as the light faded.

"I dunno..." Hermione whispered in exhaustion.

The two of them placed their heads together and fell into a deep sleep.

He sensed Hermione. It was as if they were in the same body.

"Harry?" His lips asked.

"Hermione?" The same lips questioned.

"What's happening?" The lips asked in two different voices.

The darkness faded and they saw the inside of a tent. Harry realized that it was the tent that the three of them had stayed in before Hermione had left him.

Hermione appeared in front of them. She was in her twenties and looked completely exhausted.

"Why do I see myself?" Harry's and Hermione's lips asked.

The Hermione in front of them sighed and rubbed her temples. A second later she spoke.

"Harry...Please wake up soon..." She whispered in a sad voice.

A second later a twenty year old Ronald Weasley entered the room.

"How is he?" Hermione asked Ron worriedly.

Older Ron shook his head.

"Not good. He's lost a lot of blood. If we could I would take him to the Hospital. He needs more blood."

"I'll begin my shift of watching him then."

"Wait." Ron said as she started to stand.

"What is it?" Hermione asked.

"This is getting too dangerous Hermione. Harry and I can't focus with you in danger." Ron said.

The Hermione in front of them narrowed her eyes and she looked furious. Internally Harry cringed.

Harry's girlfriend spoke.

"When I get mad do I scare you that much?" She asked.

Harry just nodded their head.

"Ronald Weasley! I am not abandoning my friends!" Hermione roared.

Ronald flinched before he spoke.

"But, I need to know that your are safe so I can focus." Ron replied.

Twenties Hermione stood strode over to Ron and smacked him.

"I am not leaving and that's-" Hermione was placed in a full body bind in mid rant.

"Sorry love but I can't stand to see you hurt."

Hermione's eyes glared at him in total and lethal rage. The fury was further increased at the word 'love'.

A few seconds later Ron pulled out a vial and forced Hermione to drink its contents. A few minutes later Hermione's struggling stopped and she was in a deep sleep. After Ron was certain that she was out he walked over to the parchment and began writing a letter. When he had finished he drew his wand again and the words changed into Hermione's handwriting.

Ron pocketed the letter and picked Hermione up. With a pop the two of them were gone.

"Hermione...I...I never...I never had any idea that..." Harry stuttered in horror and shock.

"It's okay." Hermione whispered consolingly.

Their body was shaking from Harry's reaction as scene shifted.

An/ I hope everyone will enjoy this chapter. Next chapter will continue where I left off. Bit of a cliffhanger isn't it? There's also a movie title in here...wonder if it will be found...

As the darkness lifted Harry and Hermione's joined minds saw an unconscious and deathly pale twenty year old Harry Potter in front of them. His head was heavily bandaged as was his torso. The bandages were crimson. He was shirtless and Harry sensed Hermione's shock at the condition the older Harry was in.

Suddenly Harry's eyes snapped open and he drunkenly stood. As soon as he did he groaned in pain and collapsed to one knee.

"Harry! You shouldn't be moving around yet!" Ron chided as he pushed Harry back onto the cot.

"You...You're alright..." Harry said in relief.

"Yeah, but Harry, I have one thing to say to you."

"What's that?"

"YOU IDIOT! YOU ALMOST GOT YOURSELF KILLED BY DOING THAT!" Ron roared.

"Sorry."

However, Harry didn't sound repentant.

Ron took in a few calming breaths before he spoke.

"I hate to tell you this while you are still recovering but since I know you are going to ask soon enough anyways I'll just get it over with. Hermione's gone."

Harry stared at Ron in total shock.

"I...I failed her?" Harry asked in a totally broken voice.

"Not exactly." Ron replied.

"What happened?" Harry whispered.

Ron simply handed the older Harry a letter.



Harry and Hermione's joint mind instantly knew that it was the forged letter.

"She...she said that?" Harry asked brokenly.

The scene shifted from a now devastated Harry Potter and shifted to a room Harry had never seen before. An unconscious Hermione was laying in the center of the room.

"Ha...rry..." She moaned in her sleep.

"Hermione, I'm so sorry that I didn't believe in you." Harry wept at the scene.

"It's okay. I understand."

"But..." Harry trailed off while he tried to explain himself.

"You were betrayed, injured and I wasn't there. You had no reason not to trust him."

"Except from what I had already known. You had never turned against me. I didn't believe in you when you had always believed in me." Harry said in self loathing.

Harry felt her touch him gently.

"It's okay." She repeated gently.

The older Hermione was growing pale in front of them.

Suddenly Ron popped into the room. His eyes were wild and his wand drawn. He saw Hermione in front of him and Ron dropped to his knees.

"Strange, the watch said that she was dying." Ron murmured.

Ron then accio'ed a small potion kit over to him. Ron pulled out a small vial and gently poured its contents down her throat.

"There, that should take care of things." He said in a confident voice.

Ron looked at his watch and smiled. Harry and Hermione leaned closer and read on the watch that Hermione was now in deep sleep.

A few moments later Ron left.

Hermione moaned again and spoke in her subconscious state.

"Harry...I'm sorry..." She whispered.

The scene wavered and reappeared. Hermione looked worse than she had a moment before. Harry and Hermione guessed that time had passed.

Hermione moaned and spoke one last time.

"I'll...be...with...you...Harry..."

Her breathing stopped.

Almost instantly Ron appeared.

"No! She was in a potioned sleep!" Ron cried and attempted to revive her.

His attempts ended in failure. A few seconds later Ron picked her up and vanished.

The scene shifted once again.

They were in the hospital wing.

"Can you save her?" Ron begged of Madame Pomfrey.

The school nurse shook her head.

"Her heart has broken, she lost the will to live."

"What?" Ron asked.

"She loved someone completely and totally and she was violently pulled away from that someone. I'm assuming that she loved Harry and from what I understand your attempts to 'keep her safe' broke her. I have never seen such a depth of love ever before."

"I killed her?" Ron asked in horror.

"To an extent; yes."

"I found him." Lupin rushed into the room holding a very dead Harry Potter.

"What happened?" Ron asked quietly.

"Harry confronted Voldermort and by sacrificing his life Voldermort is no more."

Madame Pomfrey looked at the now deceased young man.

"When did he pass away?"

"About three hours ago." Lupin whispered.

"That's about when Miss. Granger passed away." Pomfrey noted as she made a note on her board.

Suddenly the scene froze and what looked to be a tunnel appeared. They saw an eleven year old Hermione sitting on the couch reading a large book. An owl flew through the open window and dropped a letter onto her book.

Harry's and Hermione's eyes shot open.

"That was not normal dream." Hermione said.

Harry was pale; his body shaking.

"I...I'm sorry..." Harry whispered miserably.



"Hail!" Fred bowed to Harry as he and Hermione walked down the Charms corridor.

George dropped to one knee in front of Harry.

"Mighty heir of Slytherin, we two humbly request that you do not destroy those within the house which you are within." George added.

"I'm never going to live down the dress robes am I?" Harry asked of them.

The twins' evil grins answered Harry's question.

"I heard you wore Slytherin colors." Draco said as he approached.

To keep his cover Draco had a vicious look on his face.

"I just wanted to prove that I don't hate Slytherins. Just Bigots and idiots that can't figure out blood just exists to keep you alive. It doesn't give you any superior gifts."

"Are you saying that purebloods are inferior?" Draco asked in mock fury.

"No. I am merely stating that your life is what you make of it. Who does more good for the world? The one who sits back and has everyone wait on him hand and foot or the one who has to make a name for himself? An excellent example of this is Sara Grabrins; she was a muggleborn witch that developed the Wizarding Wireless Network. She was also the one who made the first Wizard Radio."

"Whatever Scarhead." Draco said as he passed.

A few seconds later a bunch of Slytherins passed in disappointment. Harry instantly figured out that they had been planning to give him a hard time but thanks to the short 'argument' between him and Draco they had lost some key point. Harry wasn't sure what it was and he didn't have the inclination to find out either.

Days passed with them growing ever closer. Finally, the day before the second challenge arrived.

The two of them were studying in the library.

"So what if you were to alter the runes on the second side?" Harry asked Hermione.

"Well it could unbalance the entire structure, unless you changed the third rune as well."

"Miss. Granger!" Professor McGonagall called to her as she neared them.

"What is it Professor?" Hermione turned toward her.

"I need to speak to you. In private." She added.

Hermione looked at Harry from the corner of her eyes and she saw Harry nod.

"I understand professor." Hermione replied and followed Professor McGonagall.

Harry sighed; picked up his books and left. He had no reason to stay there any longer. He decided to turn in early so he would be able to focus tomorrow morning.

Harry awoke at five the next morning.

"Solomon?" Harry called.

"What is it Harry?" Solomon asked.

"Can you get me some gillyweed?" Harry asked.

Solomon nodded, vanished, and returned in the space of a few seconds. When the house elf returned he was holding a small jar of gillyweed.

"Excellent. Thank you Solomon."

"It is an honor to aid you Harry." Solomon replied and vanished once again.

Harry thought for a long moment before he decided on his plan. With his decision made Harry went down to the Great Hall and ate.

When the time finally came Harry walked down to the lake with Cedric.

"Looking forward to this?" Cedric asked.

Harry scoffed.

"Not really. This is a waste of my time. I don't need the money, and I most certainly don't need fame. Putting my life on the line is too commonplace and quite frankly has gotten old. If I could I would drop out of this stupid tournament. Still, since someone has put me in I might as well finish this as number one."

"So you going to try to win this?" Cedric asked.

Harry nodded slightly.

"Still, there isn't anything saying that I can't bid you good luck." Harry turned and faced Cedric.

"Thanks Harry, good luck to you too."

"Thanks." Harry replied as they neared the lake.

A few minutes later Dumbledore announced the task and the Champions dived in.

Harry casually walked into the lake, swallowed the gillyweed and as soon as he was underwater Harry disillusioned himself.

Harry quickly dove deep into the lake, quietly passed by some Grindylows, and found the hostages. Hermione was tied to a pole

beside Fleur's sister, a student from Dumstrang, and Cho Chang. Harry aimed his wand at the ropes binding Hermione and muttered a spell.

"Diffindo."

Hermione's ropes were slashed to ribbons and as soon as she was free Harry swam to the top of the lake gently pushed Hermione out of the lake so everyone knew that he had finished and dove back to the bottom of the lake.

Cedric was swimming up to the surface as Harry neared the remaining Hostages. Harry gave him a thumbs up as Cedric passed. Cedric gave him a slight nod as he swam to the surface. Harry touched the sea-floor and waited patiently. Krum arrived and Harry used Diffindo on the bonds of Victor's hostage.

When Harry knew that Fleur wasn't going to make it Harry cut apart the bonds of her sister and before the merpeople could react Harry swam away with the final hostage. He broke the surface just as the effects of the gillyweed wore off.

"Eh? 'At Happened?" The young girl asked in confusion.

"Gabrielle! Are you alright?" Fleur asked worriedly.

"Oui." Gabrielle replied.

"Its good to see that you are alright as well." Harry noted as he exited the water.

"Merci." Fleur hurried over to him and lightly kissed his cheek.

Harry was unfazed by her kiss.

"You're welcome. Please excuse me though I need to find Hermione. I hope that is alright."

Fleur nodded and Gabrielle ran over to Harry as he began to leave.



"Thank you Mr. Potter." She said as she hugged him tightly.

Harry rubbed the back of his neck uncomfortably after she let him go.

"You're welcome." Harry said and afterwards found Hermione.

At first Harry was worried that Hermione would be angry that Fleur kissed him. But when she smiled Harry knew that his fears were misplaced.

"Don't worry Harry. The French greet each other with a kiss amongst friends so it isn't uncommon in France to see a kiss on the cheek." Hermione explained.

"She considers me a friend now? We barely know each other." Harry murmured.

"You just saved her little sister. What do you expect?" Hermione smiled.

"Good point." Harry agreed as the scores were tallied up.

Ludo Bagman stood and spoke under the effects of a sonorus charm.

"We have decided the standings. In first place with an accumulated with seventy two points is...Harry Potter! In second place with an accumulated 68 points is Cedric Diggory followed by Victor Krum with 67 points and in last place is Fleur Delacor with 50 points!" Ludo Bagman announced.

Hermione wrapped her arms around him in excitement when it was announced that Harry had gotten first place.

After the crowd cleared Harry and Hermione were intercepted by Ms. Skeeter.

"Would you be willing to speak to the press?" Skeeter asked Harry.

Harry ignored her and continued to walk up to the castle.

"Mr. Potter!" She called.

Harry sighed in exasperation but continued to ignore her.

"Good job Harry." Hermione whispered as they walked up to the school.

"Thanks." Harry whispered.

When they reached the castle Dumbledore was waiting for him.

"Mr. Potter, would you mind coming with me?" Dumbledore asked.

Harry looked at Hermione for a long moment and finally Dumbledore smiled.

"Ah, that is what is making you hesitate. Ms. Granger feel free to join us."

"Thank you professor." Harry smiled.

The two of them reached the Headmaster's office and as soon as the door shut Dumbledore began to speak.

"Harry, I know I have made more than my fair share of mistakes concerning you. However, I feel that I should try to aid you in your future struggle. Alas, I have little time to personally train you right now. However, this should come in handy."

Dumbledore handed Harry an ancient tome.

"This book was written by the forger of Excalibur himself. I found out you were interested in weapon smithing and while I am not certain where you plan to use these skills in your fight against Tom Riddle I felt that if it might help then I should give it to you."

Harry stared at the ancient book in awe. He was holding an ancient treasure thought lost for all time! 'The Art of Forming the Blade' had been believed to have been destroyed during Nazi Germany's bombing of Britain during World War II.

"Wow, thanks Professor." Harry whispered in awe.

"Might I inquire why you wish to forge a magical blade Harry?" Dumbledore asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"You remember that Diary in my second year? Something about it is bothering me. No normal magic could have done that. I think that it was some terribly evil dark artifact and I also get the feeling that it wasn't the only one that Voldermort made. Since it's not likely that I am going to have a basilisk fang handy I might as well use something that has great power and protection."

Dumbledore nodded slowly.

"Yes, that does make sense." Dumbledore said with a thoughtful look on his face.

"Sir? Was there something you wanted to share with us?" Hermione asked catching his look instantly.

"I have a theory and while it is plausible I want to investigate a little further before I divulge any speculations." the Headmaster replied.

"I understand Headmaster."

"Thank you Miss. Granger." Dumbledore said.

With the legendary book resting against his chest Harry and Hermione left after thanking their Headmaster. As soon as they did they exchanged a look that said one thing: 'Room of Requirements. Now.'

An/ Thanks to pstibbons for mentioning the Slytherin Colors. I completely overlooked that when I wrote last chapter. However, it will give me something to torment Harry with for a while. (Evil Grin). On to the more serious point about the revolution, yes there will be struggles and I will work hard to portray each important character as human; meaning that while there are good and bad people they still will do things that are against what they seem to be. (Voldermort is

the only one that has eliminated too much of his soul to really be called human after all so don't expect good actions from him) However, if you remember that much of the corruption is taking place thanks to the alternate dimension's corruption. While I can't say much I can say that thanks to Harry's actions there will be much upheaval.

Monnbeam, yes I am a 'naughty author' for the cliffhanger last chapter. Don't worry though, I try to stay away from cliff hangers most of the time.

Harry entered the room of Requirement with Hermione at his side. Harry looked the northern wall a mighty forge waited. The flames were flickering from within the furnace. On the other side a table waited for them. Harry took a seat opposite of Hermione. As soon as they sat a letter appeared on the table.

Harry curiously opened the letter.

Dear Mr. Potter,

The Goblin Nation has agreed to search for the pieces of Excalibur on the one condition that you yield the Goblin Blade in the third Potter Vault. It is a national treasure that needs to be returned to its rightful place. Garinshaft was the sword of our first Goblin King and we desire to have it in our hands once again. While Garinshaft has no magical properties except for being unbreakable and never rusting it has so much in historical contents that we wish to hold it once more.

Gringotts

Harry reread the letter a couple of times.

"Well?" She asked.

"In exchange for Garinshaft we will get the fragments of Excalibur." Harry replied.

"Not a bad deal." Hermione agreed.

"Do you know about Garinshaft?" Harry asked.

"Yes. The blade was forged in 2,000 B.C. by an ancient goblin blacksmith. It was given to their first king Greatfist. The blade was then passed down generation to generation until 998 A.D. when the blade was lost their king had been slain on the battlefield and the goblin army was decimated. Most assume that it was taken by those who raid the field of battle after it is over. Later it was found in 1898 by the Malfoy patriarch. In 1900 the Potter Line gained control over the blade when Draconis Malfoy challenged Alexander Potter and lost the duel."

"Wow." Harry said in awe.

"Thank you." Hermione replied.

Instantly the room provided parchment and a quill after Harry decided that he agreed.

Harry began writing.

To Whom it may concern,

I have carefully considered the proposal and agree. The Potter Line hereby returns the Goblin blade Garinshaft. You may enter the third Potter Vault and reclaim your national treasure. Please send the fragments of Excalibur as quickly as possible. Thank you.

Sincerely, Harry Potter

An owl appeared and Harry tied the letter to the owl. The owl took off through a window that hadn't been there a second before.

A few seconds later Harry smiled at Hermione.

After a few seconds Harry opened the book that Dumbledore had given him. Harry began to read aloud.

Opening

Swords are not made for war. They are used for war yes, however, this is not their true purpose. A sword is a piece of art that must be treated with reverence. For example, Excalibur was not made to destroy. It was created to heal and unite a broken land. When the time comes Excalibur will fall into the hands of the one destined to wield it. Any weapon you attempt to forge must be made with the proper mindset. The sword in your hand is not a weapon but a powerful object for justice, peace, freedom, and art. Treat any sword as such. War is not glorious, nor is it beautiful. The harsh reality is that it is terrible. It is the worst type of insanity. Insanity's very definition is doing the same thing over and over and always getting

the same results. War is the cruelest insanity of all. The sword that you wield can alter the course of history. Wield it with wisdom and compassion. Hopefully one day will come where you no longer need to raise your sword in battle.

## Chapter 1

### Magicks

Magicks are akin to magic but yet immensely different. Magicks are an ancient and mostly forgotten breed of magic. This very book has been filled with Magicks.

Magicks are essential to the forging of a powerful sword. Magicks also cannot lost their power when placed into a sword. This means that swords like Excalibur will never lose their Magickal properties. It is nearly impossible to remove a sword's potent Magicks. Also, no dark Magick has ever been made. This is mostly due to the fact that Magicks are a secret art that will likely be completely forgotten when I die. This is why I have created this book. Only certain people will be able to read it for what it truly is. It contains a memory of me. Not my soul, nor any form of dark magic. My memory can sense where a person stands: in the light or shrouded in darkness. While reading this chapter my memory will sense whether you are worthy of learning the ancient Magicks. If you are worthy you may read the segment of the book that appears blank to others.

Harry flipped the page and suddenly words started to appear.

Magicks are forged from the heart. This is the first and most important lesson. Those who 'wear their heart on their sleeves' will have the easiest time in creating Magicks. Remember, like people no two Magicks are exactly the same. This is because each person's heart is different. The most powerful of Magicks can only be created by a couple who love and trust each other completely. To create a Magick you must first look deep into your heart. Why do you want to create a Magick? What kind of Magick do you want to create? What fills you heart? Love or Hatred? Hope or despair? You must first know yourself before you can understand the complex and powerful arts known as Magicks. Look deep into yourself.

Harry placed a bookmark into the book, reached over the table, grabbed Hermione's hand, and closed his eyes. He began to search himself. With only a little surprise he sensed Hermione and they began this as they had everything else; together.

"Why does it seem that everything is picking up in speed?" The Gatekeeper asked.

"That is how history is. There are generations of peace before a short but chaotic session of war. And every time that happens the time of peace in between is shortened. Until something large happens and then the cycle continues once again. However, we are drawing near a critical point. Have you sensed that the Counsel is weakening?" The Counselor asked.

The Gatekeeper nodded.

"It is a sign of the times." The Counselor whispered.

"What's with Excalibur anyways?" The Gatekeeper asked.

"...'I was wielded by the hands of freedom. I was shattered and made no more, however, I will arise from the ashes, be reforged by an inferno and announce freedom once more. I will be healed by a united soul and by tears. I will once again fall into the hands of a champion.' This is a prophesy that I thought impossible but seeing what is going on now I am beginning to wonder. 'healed by a united soul'... I think it refers to the Soul of Unity 'and by tears': the Tears of Friendship. I wonder if Mr. Potter is that 'champion' that the prophesy mentions..."

Time passed and every few days Harry would get another fragment of Excalibur in the mail. Each time he and Hermione would go to the Room of Requirements and research the fragment. Slowly, Harry was able to piece the sword together into an echo of what it once was.



"It must have been amazing to see it in one piece." Hermione whispered reverently as Harry placed another shard of the sword near the others.

"I agree." Harry replied and a few seconds later Harry sat on a seat and began to read from the book.

Magicks are difficult to control. This because there is no spell to create or awaken a Magick. It is all from the heart. This means that it can take hundreds of years to learn the Magickal Arts.

Harry paled at the thought of never learning how to make Magicks. It had become obvious why there weren't any new swords. Magicks were required to make them 'magical'. The wizarding world didn't know how to forge a proper sword any more. It was just that simple. No one alive knew how to create a Magick. Suddenly Harry's resolve intensified as he looked at Hermione. He had to learn; for her sake. He had to destroy the Horrorcruxes and keep himself whole for her.

The days passed and before Harry knew it the final challenge was just ahead. Voldemort was waiting...

An/ We are almost at the end of Book 4... Someone suggested that I create another story here so that it was easier to manage or something... Should I just continue or divide it after I finish book 4?

Also 2 chapters ago I asked if anyone was able to identify the movie title... Since it was not found here is the answer...

It's an old movie called 'A Night to Remember'. It is about the R.M.S. Titanic. (Not the best movie but not bad either.)

With Harry being in the lead it meant that he could make it through the maze without having to worry so much about the other champions.

Running through the maze he passed the Sphinx with little difficulty before he reached a Dementor. This one seemed more vicious than the ones he had faced previously.

"Expeto Patronum." Harry said thinking of when he and Hermione first kissed.

The stag exploded outward from his wand and smashed into the Dementor. However, the Dementor merely stumbled and moved towards him.

"A boggart eh? Riddiculus!" Harry roared.

The Dementor tripped over his robes before exploding.

"I wonder what happened there?" Harry murmured before he continued to sprint through the maze.

A short time later Harry saw a large spider guarding the cup.

Harry summoned the cup to him and after it connected with him he felt the familiar sensation of a portkey.

A few seconds later he was standing in a graveyard far too familiar for Harry's liking. A voice suddenly hissed.

"Bring him here..."

Harry turned and saw Pettigrew coming towards him.

"There is no way that I am allowing you to revive your master." Harry growled and began firing curses at Wormtail.

As he fought he felt his scar begin to burn. It wasn't a total surprise. However, Harry continued to fight even as the pain began to sap his strength and blind him.

Slowly the tables turned against Harry. Even though Harry was far better than Peter the pain and loss of eyesight was giving Wormtail a very distinct advantage. Eventually Harry was totally blinded by pain and could only toss curses and hexes randomly. A few moments later Pettigrew was able to catch Harry with a stunner. Darkness welcomed Harry into its arms.

When he awoke again he was tied to a statue and his wand had been pulled from his hands. Harry tried to free himself but he had expended too much energy before hand to break his was about to utter a few choice swear words before remembering Hermione's request. With a frustrated groan Harry became silent.

"Bone taken unknowingly taken from the father will renew your son." Peter began.

"How did you escape the ministry?" Harry demanded.

Peter didn't respond but continued by dropping the bone into the cauldron.

"F-flesh of a s-servant w-willingly g-given will renew your master." Peter said and slashed off his left hand.

The hand fell into the cauldron as well.

Whimpering in pain Wormtail neared Harry.

"Blood of a foe unwillingly taken" Wormtail gasped in pain as he slashed Harry's left arm. A few seconds later he gathered some of the blood in a vial.

Wormtail dumped the contents into the cauldron and after an explosion of darkness Harry was able to see the Dark Lord.

Voldemort had risen again.

Harry watched the scene unfold once again. Voldemort summoned his servants as he did before and then gave Wormtail the silver hand.

"Now Harry we duel." Voldemort smirked at Harry before he was untied and given his wand.

"I assume you have been taught how to duel."

Harry nodded.

"Then let us bow. Bow to death Harry."

"It's only proper to bow in a duel. Don't get the idea that I'm bowing to death." Harry replied as they bowed.

Using his fast reflexes Harry fired a barrage of Reducto's at Voldemort; thus forcing him to spend his time blocking.

Harry then followed up by attempting to disarm the now surprised Dark Lord. At the same time however Voldemort had fired the death curse at Harry. The two lights connected and formed a strand that connected the two of them.

Harry just smirked at the completely shocked Voldemort.

"Apparently our wands share the same core." Harry said casually as the two of them rose into the air.

Voldemort's eyes narrowed.

Without wasting time Harry focused on sending the beads of light back into Voldemort's wand.

One by one shadows of people began to emerge. An old man, Bertha Jorkins, Lily and James Potter, and an Auror that Harry had never even heard of. After twenty shadows emerged Harry smiled at his parents.

"I love both of you but I'm not quite ready to meet you yet."

His parents smiled.

"Don't you even dare think about meeting us for a couple hundred years at least." Lily ordered.

"I agree with Lily here." Harry's father agreed.

"Don't worry. I'm not planning to leave for quite some time." Harry promised.

"You ready son?" James asked.

"Yeah." Harry nodded and then broke the connection.

Harry dropped to the ground and rushed towards the portkey. As he did he shouted.

"Accio Tri-Wizard cup! Accio Peter Pettigrew!" Harry ducked under a curse intended for him and caught the cup right after Peter rammed into his back.

"I'm coming back to you Hermione." Harry whispered as he was whisked away.

While Harry was exhausted he instantly turned and stunned a very shocked Peter Pettigrew. Staggering Harry began to slowly lift the evil rat.

Ron and Hermione ran up to him.

"I'll carry him." Ron offered.

Harry nodded tiredly.

Suddenly Ron shoved Harry. He was knocked over. Turning angrily towards Ron he heard a sickening noise. When he saw Ron he saw a silvery blade piercing him. Ron slowly fell backwards.

"Stupefy!" Hermione shouted and 'Moody' was down.

Harry dropped to his knees next to Ron.

"Ha...rry..." Ron coughed.

Harry had tears in his eyes as he spoke to Ron.

"Why? Why did you do that?"

"I...I'm so...rry...Please...forgive...me..." Ron coughed and blood dribbled down his chin.

"I understand. You've proven yourself to me." Harry whispered.

Ron, while growing pale smiled at him.

"Hermione, make sure no one comes near here. There's just one way to save him." Harry said.

Hermione nodded and watched to make sure no one drew near.

"This will hurt Ron." Harry warned before pulling the blade from his chest.

Ron gasped in agony before passing out.

Harry focused and tears began to fall from his face. The tears dropped into the wound and slowly the injury sealed itself. After the injury was healed He faced an awestruck Hermione.

"How'd you manage that?" Hermione asked in shock.

"I'm an animagus. To be precise I am a cross of Dragon and Phoenix. I just tapped into the Phoenix properties, that's all."

"A cross?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah, Because of this I can change between the crossed form of Dragon/Phoenix, to just phoenix or just dragon. It also has the unusual traits of me being able to heal wounds while still in my human form. However, I can't use it on myself. It just doesn't work." Harry explained.

Suddenly they heard voices drawing near.

Harry hastily transfigured a rock into a vial and dripped a couple of tears into it. Harry then woke Ron.

"Just agree to what I say okay Ron?" Harry whispered.

Ron nodded tiredly.

Dumbledore rushed into the center of the Maze and saw Peter and Moody stunned, Harry injured and tired, Ron laying on his back, and Hermione standing protectively over them.

"Professor Dumbledore." Hermione greeted him.

"Miss Granger, what happened?" Dumbledore asked as others entered the center.

Hermione looked at Harry and spoke.

"He would be able to tell you better than I could." Hermione replied.

Harry nodded and began to tell his tale.

When they reached the part about Ron Harry lied. He did not want anyone to know about his Animagus form.

"Well, it's quite simple. I found a phoenix who needed help and so I did. In return he gave me some phoenix tears. I used some of them to save Ron."

"Needed help?" Dumbledore asked curiously.

"That is my business professor." Harry replied shortly.

"I see. Very well then, I'm just glad none of my students were killed." Dumbledore surprisingly dropped the subject.

Moments later 'Moody' changed into Crouch Jr.

A few minutes later more people entered the clearing and they gathered everyone and took them into the Castle.

AN/ I bet no one was expecting that. Ron was willing to die for forgiveness (Honestly the only reason I didn't let him go was because I needed a valid way to introduce Harry's Animagus form, that and the fact I really hate killing off people I might need later) ... Not only that they have both Crouch Jr. and Wormtail. Next chapter the questioning begins...

Q: Why didn't Hermione know about his form?

A: Harry never really needed it last time. So he didn't think about mentioning it. Plus he had just mastered it before he had faced Voldemort for the last time so that's why it didn't appear in his narrative. Voldemort also had forced a burning day for Fawkes with Avada Kadavera. Plus Voldemort had shown an aptitude for destroying dragons (It's not really a major point, I don't know if it will even play a part this time around). This meant that his two forms were worthless or near worthless against Voldemort.

Q: What is going to happen to Ron?

A: I honestly am not a hundred percent sure. I have argued with myself on either him dying nobly, him being a jerk after this last forgiveness, him just drifting away, or having him become a great person who sticks with them through it all.

All of them are viable options.

Feel free to give me input. Ron's life is in the balance. You might just decide what happens to him.

Q: Am I going to separate this into 2 or more parts?

A: An overwhelming number disagreed with this or warned against it, etc. I don't think this will be separated after all.

Q: Is there going to be any related works to Harry Potter and the Light of Honor?



A: I've thought about it and if I do I have one really big idea; 'Hermione and the Light of Honor' I also have a couple of ideas for spin off sequels etc... The only problem is that about mid June I'm not going to be able to write for a while. It will be most likely that I won't be able to post anything until at least late September.

Q: Why won't you be able to write?

A: I signed up with the military. I leave for basic/boot camp in Mid June. The good news though is that I will have free time once graduation is over in may until boot camp.

Harry, Hermione, and Dumbledore walked into the room that now held Wormtail, and Crouch Jr. Ron, on the otherhand was sent to the hospital wing because he was suffering from exhaustion. As they waited for the incompetent Minister of Magic Harry, and Hermione quietly drew their wands. If he came with a Dementor Harry wouldn't show any mercy to the dark creature, and Harry would strike the Dementor with the Patronus.

"Harry, we both know that you are hiding something. Yes, Study wise you seem to be excellent but not perfect. However, a number of my professors have mentioned that you catch on far too quickly. I was wondering if you would be willing to divulge this information."

"Why don't you just break into my mind and take it?" Harry asked 'innocently'.

"For a number of reasons. First and foremost that would be a major breach of integrity, and secondly you have excellent shields."

"So you have tried to break into my mind." Harry said sharply.

"No, merely tested your defenses. If you did not have them I would have already suggested that you study with Professor Snape."

"Uh huh." Harry replied indifferently.

"Why won't you give me a chance to help? I can't aid you if I don't know you."

"That's just it Professor Dumbledore. I have always forged my own path. That isn't about to change."

Hermione nodded fiercely beside him.

Dumbledore gave them a small smile.

"Ahh. You share something that I never experienced. Harry, since I cannot seem to aid you might I make a suggestion? Never let her go."

"I had planned on that." Harry smiled at his headmaster.

"And even if he did try to let me go I wouldn't let go." Hermione added.

Dumbledore smiled faintly.

"Wha...? Where I am I...?" Wormtail asked tiredly.

"Wormtail, you are just lucky that I need you alive to save my godfather." Harry growled furiously.

Peter flinched when he heard Harry's voice. Harry then continued ruthlessly.

"I don't like traitors. My parents were killed by one after all. I lost far too much thanks to betrayal." Harry said icily.

"Please...Harry." Peter pleaded.

"Shut...Up." Harry ground out fiercely.

Wormtail paled and became silent.

As Crouch Jr. was waking up the minister arrived. He was flanked by two Dementors.

"Get your Dementors out of here. Now." Harry growled as he stepped in front of the prisoners.

"How dare you? I am the minister of magic and I felt that my safety was threatened!" Fudge blustered.

Without missing a beat Harry fired off his patronus. The stag charged and forced the Dementors to flee.

"Dementors are too dangerous to be around these prisoners." Harry growled.

"I am the-"

"-minister of magic." Harry interrupted with a frown before he continued.

"But that is beside the point. These two are confirmed Death Eaters. You know this. Crouch Jr. was sentenced to life in Azkaban and Wormtail should have been in Azkaban as well. Now we are going to use a truth serum on them and we are going to find out why they tried to abduct me tonight." Harry said forcefully.

A second later Snape entered the room and handed the Headmaster two vials.

As soon as the minister had taken a seat Dumbledore forced the contents of the vial down Wormtail's throat.

"Who are you?" Harry demanded.

"Peter Pettigrew, also known as Wormtail." Peter said in his dazed state.

Dumbledore took over.

"Are you a Death Eater?"

"Yes."

"How did you escape from Ministry confinement?" Harry interrupted.

"I was able to steal a wand and I used it to stun a guard. Afterwards I turned into a rat and ran out of my cell. The holding cell was infested with the creatures so I was able to blend in and finally escape."

Fudge looked flustered and angrier than Harry had ever seen.

After they had finished questioning Wormtail and revealing that Voldemort had indeed been resurrected they switched their attention to Crouch Jr.

Crouch Jr's story reflected Wormtail's almost exactly.

Afterwards they left the prisoners and began to walk to Dumbledore's office. As they did Harry began to feel the exhaustion begin to overtake him at long last. It wasn't easy for him to heal someone in his human form. It demanded tremendous energy and focus. Plus he was still drained from the pain that had knocked him out before Voldemort had been resurrected.

Harry swayed slightly.

"Harry, are you alright?" Dumbledore asked in concern as Harry began to trail behind.

"I'm just drained." Harry whispered.

Hermione snuggled into his right side and placed his arm on her shoulders.

"Lean on me Harry." She commanded.

"I always do." Harry replied groggily.

"Let us head to the Hospital wing instead." Dumbledore said.

"I don't need to go in there." Harry protested feebly.

"You have expended much energy tonight my boy. Just rest there tonight."

"Please Harry? I can't rest if you are in such bad shape." Hermione pleaded.

"I can't say no to you." Harry whispered into her ear.

"Thanks Harry."

A half dozen staircases later Harry found himself laying on a hospital bed with Pomfrey clucking over him like a mother hen.

She chided him for taking so long to enter the hospital wing before she gave him a dreamless sleeping potion.

Gratefully he slipped into oblivion.

When he awoke again he felt Hermione's head laying beside his right arm. Loud voices were nearing the hospital wing.

Harry had a bad feeling that those voices would prove to be the Ministry of Magic's action that would eventually lead to the demise of Wizarding England's government.

McGonnagal was enraged. That was about as much as he could find out. He just hoped that the Ministry hadn't lost all sense of logic, but the voices suggested otherwise. Any way Harry looked at it however, it wasn't a good thing. It looked even worse when Harry's scar burned and Harry sensed Voldemort's exaltation.

An/ Votes so far...

Ron stays loyal and stands beside Harry all the way (2 votes)

Ron pulls back to take a very serious look at his life (1 vote)

And one voice has said 'KILL Ron...'

Well perhaps next chapter will define his position a little better... Keep voting please.

This will stay in one part.

As to another review... You're right I have been misspelling Voldemort and Avada Kedavra. I just didn't notice it until you mentioned it blind-phoenix. Thanks for bringing it to my attention. I'll try to remember and spell it right from now on.

Coolone007-2, I'll do what I can to stay safe. I Promise.

librarywitch, thank you , you have no idea how much I appreciate the thank you. (I'm a big guy, but you got me teary eyed, that means so much to me. If I am still just in the Delayed Entry Program and it

moved me so much I can only wonder what will happen if I'm thanked after getting past boot camp...)

Again, thank you so very much.

Q: Will the ministry listen to the truth even when confronted like this?

A: Wait and see. But, as a hint I doubt it. In this story they are more corrupt and more incompetent. (Mainly to make it a better government to replace, it needs it. Badly.)

"Now Headmaster both of us regret the loss of Crouch Jr, and the escape of the other prisoner." Lucius Malfoy silkily.

"You were ordered not to bring the Dementors onto the school grounds." Dumbledore said icily.

"Pettigrew has proven to be a serious danger. He betrayed the Potters, destroyed a street, killed thirteen muggles, escaped the Ministry's clutches, and after being captured again he has escaped. You can see why I was concerned." Malfoy said easily.

"How did he escape if the Dementor preformed the kiss on Crouch and they were in the same room?" Dumbledore demanded.

"Its a rather distracting experience watching someone's soul being removed Headmaster. While I was watching in shock Pettigrew took the opportunity to escape. He is certainly a slippery fellow."

Harry listened closely.

"Now, Headmaster as much as the Ministry respects you we cannot announce that he-who-must-not-be-named has returned without solid proof. I'm sorry but the Ministry will ignore this suggestion that the Dark Lord has returned. It just isn't possible. People can't come back to life. There is truly no magic in this world that will allow that to happen."

"He never died Malfoy." Harry said as he opened his eyes and stared piercingly at Lucius.

"Ah, Mr. Potter. The ceremony to give you your one thousand Galleons has been canceled because of your injuries. I am here to deliver said reward as well." Malfoy said as he dropped a large bag next to Harry.

"What about Sirius Black? Are you going to reverse his sentence?" Harry demanded.

"Sorry, but we needed Pettigrew to reverse his sentence and allow him to walk free." Lucius said smoothly.



"We will see about that Mr. Malfoy. We will see." Harry whispered chillingly.

A second later Malfoy left the room.

"That's not a good thing." Harry said as he stared at Dumbledore.

"I agree. This means that the Ministry will not aid us after all."

"Have you done anything to counter Voldemort?" Harry asked.

"I reestablished the Order of the Phoenix as soon as I could. It's first meeting happened about three hours after you returned." Dumbledore said.

"I need to prepare as well." Harry said as he stood.

Harry glanced outside after he stood and the darkness had spread across the entire grounds. He looked around and saw a clock that indicated that it was almost eleven thirty.

"What are you doing?" Pomfrey demanded.

"Getting up." Harry said unhelpfully.

The school nurse's eyes narrowed and she began to storm over to him. Before she neared him Harry hurriedly hid behind Dumbledore.

"Headmaster, help me out here!" Harry whimpered.

Dumbledore chuckled lightly. After Dumbledore's chuckle Harry decided that the Headmaster didn't want to suffer the nurse's wrath either. So after a split second decision Harry bolted.

Harry heard the laughter of his girlfriend, Albus Dumbledore and surprisingly McGonagall who had entered the hospital wing with both Dumbledore and Lucius Malfoy.

"Harry Potter! Get back here! You need your rest!" Pomfrey shouted after him.

"Bye! I'll see you in the next Healing Arts class!" Harry shouted back before he turned the corner.

After he turned the corner he could still hear their laughter. His face flushed slightly. He had acted irrationally after all. Still at the time it seemed like a good idea.

Sighing Harry walked back to the common room. However before he made it he heard a voice that stopped him.

"Harry! Wait up!" Hermione called to him.

Harry turned and suddenly a brown haired girl was in his arms.

"Harry, I can understand why you would want to be out of there but, you need to be careful." She said in a rush.

"I'll try to be careful." Harry promised as he caressed her hair with his hands.

The two treasures of legend touched and glowed faintly.

"Hope restored anew..." They whispered.

They broke apart and the glow faded.

"What is this anyways? The treasures seem to react when we are close." Harry noted.

"I know. Perhaps they react when they sense their owners feelings." Hermione suggested.

"But what purpose do these reactions hold?" Harry wondered.

"I don't know." Hermione admitted.

"Well, right now I don't care." Harry whispered and leaned down and lightly pressed his lips against hers.

Instantly Hermione responded passionately.

When they broke for air Hermione gasped for air and then spoke.

"I can't imagine life without you Harry. I love you."

"The same here beautiful. I love you too." Harry whispered into her hair as he drew her next to him.

A few minutes later they made it to the common room. When they entered they saw Ron staring into the flames.

"Ron? What are you doing?" Harry asked.

Ron sighed and turned to them.

"Thinking. I'm not sure about myself now. Look at me, I'm a jealous git. That's all I am. I figure I need time to decide what I want to be and how I am going to become what I want to become. I know that you are living on your own and if you aren't comfortable I'll put aside my quest to figure out what I am for now so you have somewhere to live but if not I need time alone. I should be ready after this summer. But I don't want to be insensitive towards you two ever again. It means that I need to mature though." Ron answered.

Harry blinked before he spoke.

"That shows maturity. Ron, I live comfortably don't worry about that."

"Are you sure you want to be alone all summer?" Hermione asked slowly.

"Yeah, but if I figure things out early enough I'll just wait till Headwig shows up and then I'll send you a letter that'll let you know that I'm ready."

"Alright." Harry nodded.

A few minutes later the three of them headed to their beds. When the next morning rolled around Harry did little except wait for the end of the year feast and be with Hermione. The two of them enjoyed each others company all day and before they knew it was time for the feast.

"Another year come and gone. This has been a hectic year. One that has saw the rise of an evil that I had hoped would never return. Your parents and the Ministry do not want me to tell you this but, Voldemort has returned. This summer they will deny his return. They will continue to deny his return. Harry Potter was meant to be a sacrifice to his return. However Harry showed tremendous bravery and cunning and was able to return here alive. However, he returned magically exhausted and injured. Voldemort used an ancient and horribly dark magic to return to his body. It required 'blood of an enemy'. Voldemort decided Harry was the ideal blood donor in this situation. Hogwarts must unite or it will fall under the onslaught of the newly resurrected Voldemort. Mr. Potter, would you be willing to verify this under Veritaserum?" Dumbledore asked.

Harry stood and approached the Professor.

"Yes Professor Dumbledore." Harry agreed.

Snape approached Harry holding a vial of the truth serum and offered it to Harry. He accepted the vial, sat on an offered chair, cast sonorus on himself before he downed took three drops of the powerful Vertiaserum.

It was a feeling that Harry couldn't really describe. He felt more relaxed than even when he had been under the imperious curse.

He wondered if they were going to ask him anything. A second after that thought the truth serum wore off and he was looking at an awestruck group.

Harry quickly took off the sonorus charm before he turned to Dumbledore.

"What did I say?" Harry asked of Professor Dumbledore who was standing next to him.

"We asked what happened and you told us everything." Dumbledore explained.

"Oh." Harry said simply.

Dumbledore sighed.

"Professor Snape had almost asked you what your most embarrassing memory was." Dumbledore added.

"Headmaster, can I strangle him? Please?" Harry asked politely.

"Alas, sorry Harry, I cannot allow you to do so. I need his services." Dumbledore said in a regretful voice.

"Pity."

After the feast Harry, and Hermione found a compartment on the train.

"Harry you're the bravest person I've ever met." Hermione whispered before kissing him.

When they broke apart Harry thanked her.

The ride back was spent with kisses, cuddling, and hugs.

An/

Votes so far...

Loyal: 5 Votes

Take time to reflect, and while friendly no longer best friend: 4 Votes

'Die Ron!': 4 Votes

Ron will take this summer to evaluate his life. Keep voting for his final decision. This chapter was hard to write. I can't deny that. This is also the last chapter before the summer.

Another question. What should I name the Grangers? (Mr. and Mrs.) I doubt that Harry will never meet them and as a matter of fact I plan on having him meet them next chapter.

'Dan and Emma' is used a little too much for my tastes...

An/ I know the Grangers are DentistsDr's. But for simplicity when they aren't mentioning their names with a title I'll just refer to them as Mr, or Mrs. for the most part so you will know who I am talking about. Or by first name (Mr. Granger also goes by his middle name too)

"Harry, would you meet my parents?" Hermione asked nervously as they exited the train.

"Sure." Harry replied simply.

Her nervousness vanished instantly and was replaced by excitement.

"You'll love my parents." She said in an excited voice.

A few minutes later Harry was standing in front of Dr's, Demetrius and Elaine Granger. Demetrius Granger had slightly wild brown hair with streaks of silver running through it. Demetrius had light brown eyes that were extremely expressive. His eyes gave him a youthful look that belied his graying hair. His wife, Elaine was much like her namesake, fair. She, like her husband had brown hair. However, her shoulder length hair had no gray running through it and her eyes were a much darker brown. her eyes held a wisdom that instantly reminded Harry of Hermione.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Dr. Granger." Harry said as he offered his hand to Mr. Granger.

Mr. Granger smiled faintly before accepting the handshake and then speaking.

"We aren't obsessively formal. You can call me Demetrius or if that's a little too strange you can just call me Mr. Granger."

"Thanks Mr. Granger."

"And for friends we sometimes use his middle name: David." Hermione added narrowing her eyes at her father.

"Ah, yes you can also call me David if you want." Mr. Granger added hurriedly.

Harry chuckled slightly at the middle aged man.

"Have you ever been on the receiving end of her anger?" David asked.

"I've seen it and frankly I'd rather not be on that end. Thank you." Harry said unflappably.

"Now you know why I get a little nervous." David added.

Mrs. Granger shook her head lightly.

"In case you were wondering you can call me Elaine."

"Careful, she can be scary too." David warned.

Elaine rubbed her temples with one hand.

"David, let's not start bickering; not in front of the children alright?" Elaine asked quietly.

"Yes dear."

"Hey scar head!" Draco shouted at him.

"Can I have a couple minutes please?" Harry asked of them.

"Go right ahead." David said.

Harry walked over to Draco.

"Carrying the acting too far there Draco?" Harry asked.

"No, too many people still here." Draco explained.

"What do you need Draco?" Harry whispered.

"What am I supposed to do?" Draco asked.



"Get back to Potter Castle. You have floo powder right?"

"Yeah, I picked some up before the school year."

"Go to the leaky cauldron, and then whisper 'Potter Castle' when you floo so you can get there without others knowing where you're going."

"Alright." Draco agreed.

"I'll be there when I can." Harry added.

"Just try not to take too long. I may not hate muggleborns but their teknoogy still makes me nervous." Draco said.

Harry chuckled.

"It's technology."

"Yeah, that." Draco replied as he walked off.

A few seconds later Harry returned to Hermione's parents. They talked for a while general topics before Demetrius brought up an important question.

"Are you dating my daughter?"

"Yes." Harry said simply.

Demetrius looked at him appraisingly.

"Dad, before you start to worry I had been waiting for him to ask me for a long time. He finally got up the courage to ask me on the train at the beginning of this school year. Remember I wrote to you and said I was dating him."

"You did? We never got any letters from you this year. I thought that was strange." Elaine mentioned.

"I sent you dozens of letters." Hermione protested.

"I believe you Hermione." Elaine said.

"What are the odds that it has something to do with the Ministry of Magic?" Harry asked.

"Why would your Ministry stop letters to us?" Demetrius asked.

"Quite simply they are incompetent and I am also beginning to suspect that they are being controlled by an outside force."

"Outside force?" Elaine asked.

"Voldemort." Hermione whispered.

"Or at least his followers. Take a look; Lucius Malfoy was at the school mere hours after Voldemort's resurrection. He brings Dementors into the school. He doesn't have that power. Dementors kill one of the witnesses, and the other is given time to escape. Then he says that they don't have evidence that Voldemort is back so they are going to deny that he has returned. Furthermore, the letters to your parents are stopped. I know that this is just speculation but I suspect that they are trying to use you to get to me."

"Even if they are trying to use me to get to you I'll still stand by you. I love you." Hermione replied fiercely.

"I don't want to lose you." Harry whispered.

For the first time since he returned he felt fear flood him. He knew that she was the one person he couldn't lose.

Hermione looked into his eyes and suddenly was in his arms.

"Don't worry Harry. I'll always be here for you. I won't let what happened to me last time happen again."

"What if it does happen? I couldn't bear losing you." Harry whispered.

"I know. I'll always be here for you. Even if my body isn't with you my heart and soul go with you." She whispered.

Harry glanced at the Grangers after his emotions calmed enough to focus correctly.

Elaine had a knowing smile on her face but her eyes were filled with concern at the same time. Meanwhile, Demetrius had many conflicting emotions crossing his face.

After Hermione released him Harry spoke to Elaine and Demetrius.

"I was wondering if you'd like to visit my home." Harry asked hesitantly.

"Hermione?" Elaine asked.

"I would love to." Hermione said.

David looked at the two women and after a long moment nodded and then spoke.

"Sure."

Harry took Hermione's hand and then pulled them back onto the Platform 9 3/4. It was empty as he had suspected.

"Perfect. There's no one here." Harry whispered and then gently explained what he was about to do.

A few minutes later Harry had apparated the entire family.

They appeared in front of the castle just a short distance from the main gate.

"Welcome to Potter Castle. I am your host; Harry Potter. Emancipated youth, owner and manager of the Potter estates and owner of too many other titles so I'm going to ignore them." Harry said in a solemn voice.

Hermione smiled at him.

A few seconds later the family was inside the large castle.

"Do you need someone to take your car back to your home and at the same time not have a warning sent to your daughter?"

"What do you mean?" Hermione asked.

"Anyone could use magic at your house and it would be pinned on you Hermione."

"What I thought the Ministry traced the wands or something."

"No they can only detect where magic is being used. In a household of magic, it is assumed that it is the adult who is using the magic. Potter castle on the other hand is protected against such interference. The readings for Potter Castle are always at zero. They know magic is being preformed here because the Potters are a magical line but they don't have a clue when it is being preformed and they aren't able to back up the theory that magic is used here with records. Making matters even harder on them is they don't even know where this castle is. Plus they think that this building is just a small shack."

"Can you get our car home?" David asked.

"Solomon." Harry called.

"Yes sir?"

"Could you get the Granger's car to their home without the ministry detecting it?"

"Yes Harry we can. Potter elves are free and have the ability to use a special brand of elvish magic that can only be learned by an elf that has always been free. It's completely undetectable."

"Excellent." Harry said and a moment later Solomon vanished.

A few seconds later Solomon reappeared and announced that he had returned their car.

"Thank you Solomon."

Solomon gave a slight bow and then vanished.

"Impressive." Mr. Granger said as they entered the main hall.

"Yes they are." Harry and Hermione agreed in unison.

The older Grangers blinked at their uniform reply.

"Are you-" Harry began.

"-Alright?" Hermione finished.

The two Doctors stared at them in shock.

"If you-" Harry started.

"-Haven't noticed-" Hermione continued.

"-We-"

"-Are close-"

"-To each-"

"-Other."

"Wow." Demetrius finally said.

"Thank you." They said in unison.

"You care about each other don't you?" Elaine asked.

Harry nodded in unison with Hermione.

"She is the most amazing young woman I have ever met. If she wanted the world I would do anything to give it to her." Harry added.

Draco entered the main hall.

"Harry, Gabriel says that we better get ready to eat it's almost six- oh hello, are you Miss Granger's parents?" Draco stopped in mid sentence.

"Yes we are." Elaine said.

"I'm Draco. Formerly Draco Malfoy." Draco said.

"Malfoy? Isn't that the same name as the man who brought in the Dementors to Hogwarts?" Elaine asked.

"Yes, Lucius Malfoy is my biological father." Draco said with distaste.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to bring up unpleasant memories."

"It's the past ma'am." Draco said.

"Please call me Elaine."

"Thank you ma- Elaine."

"Draco what were you saying before you saw the Grangers?" Harry asked gently.

"Oh yeah, Gabriel, you know the house elf who has kind of taken to helping me out? Said that we should get ready to eat, it's almost six pm and that we should make our way to the banquet hall."

"Thanks Draco. Does my godfather know?"

"Yeah, Mikael told him."

"Thanks."

"You're welcome, I'll meet you there." Draco turned and walked towards the banquet hall.

"Elaine, David. My godfather appeared on the news last year. Anyways, according to the news he's a dangerous killer but he's

innocent. So he's been on the run since the Ministry of Magic will not acknowledge its mistakes."

"Who is your godfather?" Elaine asked.

"Sirius Black." Harry answered.

The two older Granger's looked nervous but with Hermione's encouraging smile they followed Harry to the banquet hall.

An/ Votes:

Loyal Ron: 8 Votes

Die Ron: 8 Votes (Sorry Seel'vor It wouldn't be fair if I counted yours as 49 votes, but you can vote on this chapter too!)

Reflective Ron: 6 Votes

I guess Ron is one of those personalities you either hate or love. For those who say 'Ron die!' I can assure you that he will mature if he stays loyal. (Otherwise I'll end up killing him or making him go away just because he's annoying me too much.)

coolone007-2 you did make it in time to vote. And yes your vote did make it into the records above. I thought about using your choices but the names that really kind of stuck out were...

(Simple names)

David-suggested by kaylee-jane-potter

Angelina-suggested by lycus

(names from other sources like plays and books)

Demetrius-suggested by Vellouette

Elaine-suggested by Anime Princess

Thanks for your input I really liked the names offered and if I could I'd use them all. But having a Dr. Mary-Beth Angelina Elaine Granger would be a little too hard to manage...

Today I achieved a milestone I didn't even realize was coming up. 50 Chapters! I feel pretty happy about that.



The group made its way to the banquet hall and when the large golden doors opened the older Granger's gasped in awe.

"This is the banquet hall?" Demetrius asked in awe.

"Yeah, it's really too big for just the small group of us though." Harry added.

"Who all lives here?" Elaine asked.

"Myself, my godfather, and Draco, Hermione and both of you are welcome to stay as well. You couldn't find a safer place." Harry added.

"Really?" Demetrius looked speculative.

"Yeah, it has wards off all sorts. Sure there aren't a lot of people here to guard it but it's security is still top notch. The only people who know where this place at is summed up fairly quickly. Me, Myself, and I. Others can get here through the floo but they need express permission to access this system."

"So what did Hermione mean when she said that she was in danger?"

"Mum! I didn't say that I-" Hermione objected but Harry held up a hand to calm her.

"It's a legitimate question Hermione." Harry replied.

"What then do you suggest Harry?" Sirius asked as he entered the discussion.

"That we tell them the truth. I hate being given half truths and lies at least as much as anyone else."

Sirius nodded in agreement.

"Yes, I think that would be for the best." Sirius agreed.

"However, since you cannot protect your minds against assault I will be unable to reveal everything."

Demetrius nodded his head in agreement.

"Alright would you mind getting to the point now?" David asked impatiently.

"Let's sit down and eat while I get into this." Harry suggested.

This was met with general assent. While they ate Harry told them about Voldemort's return, and his plots against all those not of pure blood.

"You mean that your society is controlled by bigots?" Demetrius asked with distaste.

"Yeah, and Voldemort is preying on that bigotry." Harry answered.

"Is this Voldemort so dangerous?" Elaine asked worriedly.

"He is known as the most powerful dark wizard ever. Not only that most wizards and witches are so scared of him they call him 'you-know-who' or 'he-who-must-not-be-named'. Quite stupid really." Harry added.

"You call him by his name." Demetrius noted.

"Yes I do. It's stupid to fear a name. It just increases the fear by calling Voldemort 'he-who-must-not-be-named'." Harry added.

"What kind of odds of survival does someone have when they've been targeted by Voldemort?" Elaine asked.

"Not good. Until I came around the most times a person survived Voldemort was three encounters. The couple who did that; my parents were killed the fourth time they encountered him."

"What do you mean until you came around?" Demetrius asked after they recovered from Harry telling them about his parents.

"I've confronted Voldemort four times now." Harry replied simply.

Elaine's eyes widened in shock.

"What?" She asked.

"When I was one, my mother's sacrifice protected me and drove him out of his body, when I was eleven I faced him. He was sharing a body, he was after an object that granted immortality and unlimited gold. When I was twelve I faced a 'memory' of him and a basilisk; killed the basilisk, and destroyed the memory. The only reason I made it out of there alive though was because of a Phoenix. This year I was portkeyed to a graveyard and Voldemort was resurrected. I then escaped with a witness. One of his followers as a matter of fact. Which leads us back to the Ministry's incompetence." Harry explained.

"Is he after our daughter?" Elaine asked worriedly.

"Not as a primary target but yes, she is at risk. She's hails from non magic parents. This in itself is enough to make him target her. As long as you aren't a pureblood you are going to be targeted by Voldemort and his followers." Sirius said quietly.

Harry nodded.

"If we took her out of Hogwarts and moved to another country would that keep her safe?" Demetrius asked.

Harry shook his head.

"If we don't stop him here it will only be a matter of time before he takes control over everything." Harry replied quietly.

"So how do you stop a man that losses his body and comes back anyway?"

"He is using a dark art to keep alive. This means he's split is soul into objects that keeps him alive even when he should die. I will start collecting these objects shortly and once I have access to a magical

sword I'll be able to destroy them without damaging myself or anyone else. Once those objects are gone it will be possible to destroy Voldemort once and for all."

"How many of these objects are there?" Demetrius asked.

"He split his soul seven times. So one part is in his body and the other six are in objects. I'll get started on getting rid of them this summer actually."

"Wait, you keep on saying "I'll"." Elaine said with narrowed eyes.

"I am the only one who can finish him. You see, there was a prophecy made that essentially makes it impossible for anyone else to kill him but me. I can die by another's hand though so that gives him a slight advantage." Harry added dryly.

Elaine stared at him in total shock.

"I know, it isn't easy to take it all in." Harry said gently as finished his meal.

A few minutes passed in silence before Harry spoke again.

"It's getting late, you two probably have a lot on your mind. Tomorrow's Saturday, if you don't have to do anything tomorrow why not spend the night here?" Harry offered.

Elaine and Demetrius looked at each other for a long moment.

"Are you trying to spend more time with Hermione?" Demetrius asked.

Harry smiled slightly.

"Perhaps." Harry said.

Elaine shook her head.

"We couldn't impose on you." She said.

Harry laughed heartily.

"Please, I'm quite well off if you couldn't tell. The money I earn daily from the family investments is more than enough to pay for almost any expense I might run up."

"Well, if you insist." Elaine agreed slowly.

"I do." Harry said.

A while later the Dentists had been shown the castle and given a room. Harry made a serious effort to let them know where his and Hermione's rooms were. The two dentists were silent during the ordeal. Harry assumed the several shocks that they had been forced to undergo were enough to force their brains to work overtime.

An/ Votes:

Loyal: 15 votes

Dead: 20 Votes

Reevaluate life: 8 Votes

Its still a close race but 'Die Ron Die!' seems to be pulling ahead.

he next morning before Harry went downstairs Harry whispered Dobby's name. The fanatic house elf appeared instantly.

"How can I help you Harry Potter Sir?" Dobby asked excitedly.

"I need you to do some big favors for me if you are willing." Harry began.

"Dobby will help Harry Potter as much as Dobby can!" Dobby said in the same excited voice.

"This cannot be revealed to anyone except Hermione okay?" Harry asked.

"Yes Harry Potter sir!" Dobby agreed.

Harry carefully grabbed the box of the latest issue of the Phoenix.

"Dobby, I need you to take these into the Room of Requirement. Think 'Phoenix's distribution center' to get into the right place. Then just look at the sheet and put them in the right slots. When your done there could you come back here? I need to talk to you about something important."

"Yes Harry Potter Sir!" Dobby saluted and popped away with the newest issue of the Phoenix.

The Phoenix

Only Truth is Immortal

After the events of the Triwizard Tournament two very different versions of what happened have emerged. They are simply divided into Dumbledore's and Harry Potter's version and the Ministry of Magic's version. The Ministry claims that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named has not returned and that Harry Potter; the boy-who-lived and Albus Dumbledore, are just trying to draw attention to themselves. Mr.s' Potter and Dumbledore on the other hand claim that You-Know-Who has returned by means of a dark arts potion. In a time such as this one cannot make a mistake and choose the wrong side to join. Is

the Ministry correct or are the two most respected wizards in England correct? Join us on yet another journey to discover the truth...

The Phoenix continued by logically pointing out the details on both sides neutrally. In the end however, it urged caution and pleaded with people to consider the ramifications of their action or inaction. Any logical person who read the Phoenix would be drawn towards Harry's side of the story.

With a slight smile Harry waited for Dobby to reappear.

When the House elf popped into existence near Harry he instantly began to offer the House elf a deal.

"Dobby, I need someone to take the Phoenix into the Room and distribute them there. You would be the ideal person do to so. So I guess I'm saying that I would like to hire you. You can work for Hogwarts during the school year and whenever I don't require your assistance. How does ten galleons a week and weekends off sound?" Harry asked.

"Oh no I couldn't-" Dobby began but was interrupted.

"-Then how about twenty galleons a week and weekends off sound?" Harry suggested.

"Harry Potter sir offers far too much to me. I likes money but I likes work more. Three galleons a week and one day off is the most I could accept sir ."

Harry nodded after pondering for a long moment.

"Very well. Solomon!" Harry called.

Solomon appeared with a pop.

"You called Harry?" Solomon asked respectfully.

"Yes I did, I have just hired Dobby and I need someone to show him around. Could you do that?" Harry asked.

"Yes of course." Solomon said as he walked over to Dobby.

Solomon looked at Dobby for a long moment.

"Dobby; that's a regular house elf name. I'm guessing that you were not educated either."

"No's sir." Dobby whispered.

"That can change." Solomon said cryptically as he grabbed Dobby's hand and popped away with Dobby.

A few moments later Harry shrugged; grabbed the copy of the Phoenix that he had kept (Mainly for the Grangers) and went down to get breakfast.

When Harry entered the Banquet Hall he saw the three Grangers talking quietly. However, Hermione looked furious. Harry fearfully drew closer. Before he made it though the volcano erupted.

"I am not going into hiding!" She shouted angrily.

"Hermione-" Elaine tried to protest.

"No mum! I'm not leaving Harry to face that madman without my help!" She growled.

"Hermione, we don't want to see-" Demetrius began.

Hermione interrupted him as well.

"No dad! I'm am not leaving Harry behind. He's been hurt too many times by those he cared about I'm not adding to that!" She growled furiously.

Harry walked over to his beloved and placed a hand on her shoulder gently.



"It isn't so simple. Voldemort won't let you run far enough. Like I said last night; if he wins here he will move on the rest of the world. He won't be satisfied with just England. He'll take the world if he gets the chance. The only way to make sure that he doesn't is by stopping him before he gets too much power." Harry said.

Harry set the Phoenix on the table in front of them. Afterwards he sat down at the table. Instantly a plate appeared and Harry took a bite.

"You might like to read this. It's called the Phoenix. Sure the Ministry of Magic has outlawed it but it covers the truth far better than the Daily Prophet does." Harry explained at their confused looks.

"Who would want to read the Daily Prophet? It's nothing more than a rag!" Hermione said scathingly.

"I agree." Sirius said as he entered the room.

They heard a tired yawn behind them.

"Are we having breakfast?" Draco asked groggily before he took a seat.

Harry nodded and Draco smiled faintly.

"Great." Draco said as before he began to quickly eat.

Unlike Ron however he ate using etiquette.

Harry then turned his attention to the Dr's.

"I know you are worried about your daughter; so am I to be frank. But to be forced to live in hiding all of your life is a type of death unto itself. I don't want that for Hermione, or anyone for that matter. Sirius here has to live here thanks to our ministry but it is taking it's toll on him I can see it in his eyes. He's a prisoner. In a fine prison to be certain but a prison nevertheless. Humans aren't meant to be caged. If Voldemort gets his way everyone will be caged. We have to make a stand. I don't want her on the front lines."

Hermione took over.

"But, I'm standing beside Harry all the way. Even when he faces Voldemort I'll be beside him." She declared.

Elaine smiled sadly.

"You've already decided haven't you?" It wasn't a question.

"I have." Hermione said.

Demetrius sighed.

"I see. I hate to see my little girl become involved in a battle but she's made up her mind." Demetrius sighed sadly.

Hermione reached across the table and took his hand.

"I don't enjoy the idea of going to war but I can't abandon Harry." She explained.

Hermione drank some orange juice from her goblet as her parents looked at each other.

Demetrius nodded sadly before he turned to Harry.

"Now, Mr. Potter what are your plans towards my daughter?" Demetrius asked.

Harry smiled.

"Well, David I was beginning to wonder when you were going to ask that question. I love your daughter. She means everything to me. I know that we are young but I can't imagine life without Hermione. She means so much to me. She gave me hope and she completes me. She's turned me into a better person and she's helped heal wounds that couldn't have been healed without her. I know that I don't deserve her. She's a far better person than I could ever hope to be."

"Harry, you strengthen me as well. Don't ever think otherwise." Hermione said as she pulled her chair closer to Harry and snuggled into his left side.

Harry wrapped his left arm around her shoulders mechanically.

Draco spoke a second later.

"They changed the path my life was taking, and for the better. You see I was turning into one of those pure blood bigots but these two opened my eyes and showed me that I didn't have to follow my father's path. Harry was born to one of the most ancient and noble lines. Descended from heroes of old and extremely wealthy. Yet he fell for a muggleborn whom had always done better than me in class. Plus they had always treated me kindly. I didn't deserve it. I've watched them for a long time now. They make each other better. Without Harry she would have had her nose stuck in a book all day. Harry without her would have probably gotten himself killed when he tried to save the stone in our first year. Thanks to her though he still lives."

Harry and Hermione blushed at the praise.

"Did you two really help him?" The Elaine asked curiously.

Harry and Hermione nodded.

"According-"

"-To him." Hermione finished.

The two doctors looked at each other in awe.

"I'm beginning to wonder if you two aren't twins that were separated at birth from the way you talk." Demetrius noted.

"No-" Harry began.

"-We have just-"

"-become really-"

"-close so-"

"-we can understand what-"

"the other is going-"

"-to say." Harry finished.

Draco looked at them with a slight awestruck expression.

"That can only happen under one situation in the magical world."  
Draco whispered reverently.

"What is that?" Elaine asked.

"I should probably tell them first." Draco replied simply.

Draco look at Harry and Hermione; silently telling them to talk to him privately.

Harry finished his toast and took a long draft from his goblet of orange juice. A second later he sighed and spoke.

"Feel free to wander the castle Mr and Mrs Granger. When you want to leave please just call for Solomon and ask him to tell me." Harry said as he stood.

Hermione stood at the same time, never once leaving Harry's side.

Draco looked at his now empty plate mournfully for a second before getting up and following Harry and Hermione who were leaving the Banquet Hall.

An: Ron/Hermione stories leave a very, very bitter taste in my mouth (And can even lead to upset stomach feelings too) ... In particular if they don't WARN you beforehand and just label it as 'humor' or something else. It drives me up the wall... I got a nasty surprise when I was reading a humor fic that ended up having RHR. Then I read one

that was seemingly uninterested in Harry's and Ron's romantic life until the last chapters and then Boom! R/Hr. I HATE when that happens! I'm not fond of Harry/Ginny pairings either to be honest... If HP cannon was a place it would be a prime nuclear warhead testing area. (When it comes to pairings at least) DIE CANNON DIE!!

The choice about Ron is still in the air but your opinions have given me direction and have given me some ideas. If Ron dies; like I said a while ago it'll be nobly. The 'Poll' is still open and it will hopefully give me more ideas but I don't really want to post numbers this time. (Maybe Next chapter...)

"I didn't realize what you two talking like that meant last year. I'm such an idiot!" Draco berated himself as soon as Hermione had shut the door.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

"Your souls have touched. Not just a little either, your souls are really in touch with each other. Think of it this way, you've established a link; not a physical link but a magical 'soul link' . It means a lot in our world. I'm not the best to explain it though. I didn't really study the subject of love after all. The only reason I know that much is because it's common knowledge to purebloods. Lucius warned me about the 'dangers' of a soul link. Apparently you can 'send' emotions and more through it. You've already sent thoughts through it unknowingly. I really don't know much more about it. Sorry." Draco apologized.

"What about Twins? They can talk in unison and such." Hermione mentioned.

"Yeah, they're either brothers or sisters so it makes sense. They have a family connection. However, they can't go father than sharing thoughts."

"Why?" Hermione asked curiously.

"A soul link is forged in purity. So if they fell in love with each other that's called incest and that isn't exactly 'pure' it's more along the lines of revolting. It's actually possible to destroy the ability to communicate through the soul link if that happens. The soul link will still be there but, completely and totally ineffective." Draco explained after thinking for a long moment.

Harry nodded and glanced at Hermione.

Her Medallion; the Tears of Friendship had begun to glow lightly.

"Two souls united as one." The Tears of Friendship whispered.

"Create Friendship, life, Birth, love, and peace, and begins anew." The Soul of Unity added.

Harry looked at Hermione and they shrugged. The two treasures had spoken frequently enough that they listened but didn't panic.

Draco stared at them for a long moment before he blinked and then blinked again.

"Two treasures have spoken?" He asked.

Harry nodded.

Draco rubbed his temples.

"What is it now?" Harry asked.

Draco sighed and looked at them seriously.

"Harry, Miss Granger, the Malfoy's are a family that has hidden secrets for Malfoy line has found that there are three treasures of legend. If they begin to speak a massive and dramatic change will soon occur. If one speaks it is a symbol that the second will begin to search for the correct holder. If the holders of the two treasures are close together and the they speak the third treasure will begin to awaken. One reborn in the fires of life, A keeper of the flames, and the last...The protector of the cycle." Draco explained solemnly.

"The Cycle?" Harry asked.

"I don't know about it." Draco admitted.

"I see. Thanks Draco." Harry said thoughtfully.

"I might be a Slytherin but I'm loyal." Draco grinned.

A few seconds later Harry departed. Instantly Hermione was beside him.

"What now?" She asked.

"Do we tell your parents?" Harry asked as he walked towards the entrance hall.

"Not yet. Later, please?" Hermione asked.

"Not too much later though." Harry warned.

She nodded her agreement as they entered the entrance hall. Harry strode purposefully over to the massive doors, opened them, and exited. He then went to the forges behind the castle.

"Are we going to-" Hermione began.

"-yes." Harry answered.

Harry then asked his own question.

"When do you-"

"-Not until they are at least comfortable with the idea of us Harry." She answered.

"Why are you going-"

"-I need to work on Excalibur if we're to destroy Voldemort." Harry explained.

"Yeah, but-"

"-I have to finish this and soon Hermione. Otherwise there will be far too many deaths." Harry replied simply.

Hermione sighed and cuddled into his shoulder.

"Okay." She said simply.

A few hours later the Grangers entered the smithy and told their daughter that they were leaving.

"But-" She looked at Harry desperately.



Elaine smiled sadly.

"We've lost our daughter haven't we?"

Harry bowed his head slightly.

"I'm sorry."

Elaine shook her head.

"No Harry, I'm glad she has found you but I don't want to lose her either." Elaine explained.

"I can understand that." Harry agreed.

The doctors looked miserable.

"I can't leave here." Harry told Hermione gently.

"I need to be with you." Hermione whispered. as she wrapped her arms Harry whom was covered in sweat.

Elaine and Demetrius looked at each other for a long moment.

"Would it be alright if we came here every weekend?" Elaine asked at long last.

"Sure. Plus, if things become too dangerous feel free to come here and live. To make sure that you have the ability to get here in a moments notice though I think I need to have one of the house elves stick close to you. The only way they will communicate with you is if you call for them." Harry added.

Harry took a deep breath and called for one of his house elves.

"Adam!"

"How can I help you sir?" Adam asked.

"I need you to watch over the Doctors for me and provide aid for them."

"Yes sir." Adam agreed and popped away.

"What about me?" Hermione asked quietly after Adam vanished.

Demetrius looked depressed but answered.

"You're a young woman now. You can make your own decisions. You will also have to live with the consequences as well though." He warned his daughter.

"I need to stay here. I love both of you so much but I'm needed here." Hermione told them.

Elaine and David just nodded sadly before enveloping their daughter in a hug.

Harry could sense how sad Hermione truly was.

"Hermione you shouldn't sacrifice the chance to be with your parents for my sake." Harry whispered to her.

Hermione shook her head.

"They are in danger right now. Until we get rid of Voldemort I wouldn't be able to enjoy spending time with them." Hermione replied quietly.

Shortly afterwards Harry took her parents back home. Harry had taken them alone.

Once Harry had apparated near their home Harry turned and spoke to them.

"No one relishes the current situation in our world. I'd give just about anything to live peacefully. But, I won't run. I can't run. If I ran Hermione would be in even more danger and its unbearable to imagine what would happen if she were hurt because of me. Whether through my inaction or a foolish stunt; either way would be

far too much of a burden for me to bear. I promise to do whatever I can for her." Harry said simply as they left the small grove of trees.

"What plans do you have for your future?" David asked as they neared their home.

Harry smiled before responding.

"Reforge a legendary sword, destroy some very dark and cursed objects, stop a maniac in his tracks and free my world, on top of that I thought I might try to get as many Outstanding's as possible on OWL and NEWT level tests, and treat Hermione as the empress she is, to top it all off I'd like to revolutionize the Ministry."

The Grangers blinked.

"Any small goals?" Elaine asked after a long while.

"Small goals? What are they? I'm too busy saving the world." Harry replied dryly.

"A fourteen year old superhero?" David asked.

"It's a pain but someone has to do it and since I've been stopping Voldemort since I was one I guess I'm an ideal person for the job."

"I'm sorry." Elaine apologized.

Harry gave her a wry grin.

"It isn't your fault."

After he said goodbye he walked back to the grove of trees. After taking a deep breath Harry popped back to his fortress. He landed in the entrance hall.

When he got back Harry saw Draco pass him at about the speed of mach two.

"What are you doing?" Harry shouted at him.

"I might run and hide but I'll never tell a lie, I'm running from Sirius!" Draco shouted back as he zipped outside.

A few seconds later Harry saw an extremely embarrassed Sirius in green and silver robes rush up to him.

"Which way did he go?" Sirius asked.

Harry merely pointed outside. After that it became a chase. Sirius while older had plenty of stamina and his dog animagus form to fall back on while Draco had to rely on his own two feet. Merely seconds after Sirius had begun to pursue Draco Hermione had approached and the two of them watched in amusement.

Occasionally Sirius would draw near Draco and the two of them would fire a barrage of (mostly) harmless spells at each other. When they had been rushing around for about an hour Harry and Hermione had decided that the show needed to come to an end. As the two sprinters were passing the doors to the castle Harry and Hermione fired a pair of stunners at the two of them. The spells took them both completely by surprise.

"That was a fun show but rather pointless." Hermione mentioned as she revived a blue haired Draco who was now wearing red and gold robes.

Draco's robes also had a very large pink heart on the back of them. His shoes had also been replaced with high heels.

"What was that about?" Harry asked his godfather who was now sporting pink hair with lime green highlights.

"He..He pranked me!" Sirius said in shock.

Draco smirked at him.

"You needed something to liven your life up." Draco replied.

"What did you do?" Hermione asked curiously.

Draco's smirk grew.

"I made his room be in slytherin colors. I also adjusted the spell to make it so if he tried to remove it with a finite incantium his robes would turn the same color."

Harry looked at his godfather in shock.

"You got pranked?" Harry asked in awe.

Sirius grimaced.

"I wasn't expecting that. Draco here will rue this day in the not so distant future." Sirius promised.

Draco looked slightly nervous after that promise.

I want to scream in frustration. More of those miserable (mostly surprise) RHR pairings! Throw some terrible HPGW in for good measure and I'm nearly ripping out my hair...Could someone PLEASE shake some sense into JK Rowling and have her go back and rewrite at least DH...? Please...? That way it would at least shut up the stupid idea of RHR. (If only that were possible...) Again a war cry... DIE CANNON DIE!!

Attention! I'm getting really close to leaving now. Approx leaving time:2 weeks

Last note: can anyone find the quote? The show was very popular. Hint: Has to do with large technology...(Mechs)

Wow, that quote was found really easily. Yes, it was from Gundam Wing and Duo was the one who said it...

After noon passed Harry and Hermione walked into the Entrance Hall. They had prepared for their first mission. Harry then pulled her into a hug before apparating to the Gaunt's home. After they arrived Harry released Hermione and spoke.

"We are looking for a ring. It's dangerous so be careful. Dumbledore lost his hand to it last time." Harry warned her.

Hermione nodded and the two of them began to scour the dilapidated home. Almost three hours later Harry was beginning to fear that they wouldn't find the fragment of Voldemort's soul after all. Suddenly Hermione shouted triumphantly after she turned over a board that had fallen from the ceiling.

"I've found it!" She cried exuberantly.

Harry rushed over to her.

"That's the one. Great job Hermione." He said as he drew a pair of gloves from a pocket inside his robes.

He carefully picked up the ring and cautiously placed it in a small pocket. After he did so he grasped Hermione's hand gently and popped back to the castle. Instantly upon arrival Harry called for Solomon.

"Yes Harry?" Solomon asked.

"I need a trunk that only Hermione and I can access." He said simply.

Solomon nodded and vanished. It was only a couple minutes later when he returned with a medium sized trunk.

"Just tap your wands to configure the trunk so that it recognizes you. To get it to return just pull out your wand and focus on the trunk." Solomon explained.

Harry and Hermione gently tapped the trunk with their wands and the trunk glowed with a silvery light for a few seconds. The trunk then opened.

Harry plucked out the gaunt's ring and placed it inside the trunk.

"We should go after the others." Harry said as he shut the trunk.

The trunk vanished a second after the lid was shut.

Harry then walked into the war room. Hermione followed as well.

"Next up, the locket." Harry said as he grabbed some floo powder.

Hermione also grabbed some floo powder.

Harry stepped up to one of the fireplaces, tossed the powder and called his destination.

He entered the grimy home of the Black family; Grimwauld Place.

A moment later Hermione appeared behind him. Suddenly a thought struck him. As soon as it did Harry felt foolish.

"Why didn't we try to accio the ring? I'll see if it works here. Accio Locket!" A few moments later Harry had the locket in his gloved hand.

Hermione looked chagrined.

"It could have been so much simpler if we had thought of that." She whispered in shock.

"It won't happen next time." Harry assured her as he tossed another handful of floo powder into the fire.

He then returned to the Castle and Hermione appeared seconds later.

"Which one is next?" Hermione asked as Harry summoned the trunk and placed the Locket next to the ring.

"Those were the easy ones. The hard ones are Hufflepuff's cup, the tiara of Ravenclaw, and Durandril." Harry answered.

"Next school year we will have to grab the tiara." She said thoughtfully.

"I felt that we should wait until we get all the others before we go after the one in gringott's." Harry said.

Hermione nodded in agreement.

"No reason to let him know that we know until we have all the others." She agreed.

As the two of them left they heard Sirius laughing heartily.

"Dance... water... Dance!" Sirius gasped, he was laughing extremely hard.

A few seconds later Draco shot past them he was drenched and a tendril of water chased him.

"Sirius what did you do?" Harry asked.

"I warned him that he would be pranked in the near future." Sirius smirked.

"So you decided to attack him with water?" Hermione asked skeptically.

"It might sound stupid and simple but it's effective. 'Besides that there was a whole lot more to it. You are just seeing one of the effects."

"Why didn't he just try to freeze the water?" Harry wondered.

"He's panicking. A lot of things have happened to him and he couldn't stop any or the other effects so he's assuming that this one is the same. When he realizes that it can be frozen he's gonna be shocked." Sirius explained.



"Sirius?"

"Yeah Harry?"

"You're terrible."

"Thank you."

Ten minutes into the show Draco became desperate enough to try to freeze the liquid attacker. When it froze instantly Draco blinked before shouting at Sirius.

"That wasn't funny!" He shouted as he neared the howling adult.

Sirius laughed harder.

Harry shook his head slightly and walked towards the dining hall.

Hermione chuckled slightly and followed him.

When they entered the dining hall Hermione pulled Harry to her and turned him around at the same time so he was facing her. She kissed him passionately and left him in a dazed state.

"W..Wow" Harry stuttered.

Hermione looked flattered.

"Do I still leave you stunned?" She asked.

"Y-yeah..." Harry eventually managed.

She blushed but her smile widened.

"Thanks Harry." She hugged him as she spoke.

Harry wrapped his arms around her and they just stood there holding each other. The world vanished and all that remained was the two of them; holding each other and Harry was home.

Fun chapter to say the least! I had originally written a huge chunk of it but I forgot to save and the document got dumped. T.T I like how the ending turned out though. There's another quote hidden in here. Can any of you find it. (Note: There is some additional space so it would fit the context better) Hint: Video Game Related.

Sword in hand a warrior clutches stone to breast. With ancient and finely honed skill engraves he fading memories into sword. Spoken from the stone and handed down from the blade. Now their tale unearthed...

The steady rining from the hammer, the pounding of the anvil, the intense heat from the searing dragon-flames. These are the elements that Excalibur would be rebirthed to. A rebirth caused by a young man...Named Harry Potter...

The silver from the Soul of Unity glistened against his sweat soaked shirt. However, Harry couldn't see the Treasure as it was covered under a thick; now severely scorched Dragon Hide apron.

"Harry?" Hermione asked from just outside the shack that Harry was working in.

"I...I've almost completed the sword." Harry panted.

"Harry, stop. You're going to kill yourself if you don't get out of that heat and rest for a long while. Please."

"Alright." Harry agreed.

How could he say no to her? She meant everything to him. Only if she was in danger could he say no.

"Harry! Hermione! We've got trouble!"

"What is it?" Harry asked as he hung the scorched Dragon Hide apron.

"Look at the Daily Prophet." Draco said as Sirius handed Harry the paper.

DAILY PROPHET

ORDER OF THE PHOENIX DISCOVERED

..."Recently it has come to my attention that there are those among us who desire to spread fear and malcontent. This 'Order of the Phoenix' is one such group. My finest undercover operatives discovered Order thugs attempting to coerce a family into believing that You-Know-Who has returned and when they refused to believe them they became angry. At this point my agents attempted to intercede on the behalf of the victim's however, they were attacked by these terrorists. Because of this my agents had to fight for their lives. Sadly, one of my men did not escape the carnage and was severely wounded as the rest of my men were forced to retreat as more reinforcements from the terrorists were arriving...."(Corneilius Fudge Minister of Magic)

## DUMBLEDORE: WISE LEADER OR TERRORIST?

...Is Dumbledore a kind, loving leader or is he the cunning, cruel master-mind of a terrorist cell? Intelligence gathered indicates that Albus Dumbledore may be the leader of the Order of the Phoenix. (See Terror listings on P.10) The Order of the Phoenix is attempting to cause and spread fear and one tactic that has been observed that they use is that Voldemort has returned. Since this is an impossibility all the Order is doing is causing panic and worry in the population...

## MUGGLEBORN TAX

..."This new tax makes sense. They've entered OUR world so they should pay into it and since most Muggleborns live in the Muggle world they need some way to pay into the system. Therefore, the Wizangamot came up with the MUGGLETAX. Every person will be given a Identification card Purebloods will be given a Gold Card that eases some of their extremely tax burden by eliminating all sales taxes. A halfblood is given a HP card. The HP card allows them to buy at the original tax level and prices. The final card the MT Card (Muggleborn Tax Card) Increases the sales taxes by a small amount. This should reduce some of the trouble with our broken tax system." Minister Fudge said tuesday at an open conference He also later mentioned that everyone will be required to have their card at time of purchase otherwise they cannot buy anything. The minister continued....

"You've got to be kidding me. They think that the Order is a buch of terrorists? This is stupid." Harry growled.

"What are you going to do Harry?" Hermione asked.

Harry shook his head slightly.

"You already know the answer."

"Yes. It's time to finish off the Ministry isn't it?" Hermione said seriously.

"Yeah." Harry nodded.

"Just one question Harry. How?" Sirius asked seriously.

"We will fight. I think we should decide what our group needs to be called and our purpose; and now." Harry added.

Hermione frowned thoughtfully for two moments and smiled at him.

"The Shield Legion." She said simply.

Sirius nodded in agreement.

"It's simple and effective." Draco agreed.

"...The Shield Legion. I like it." Harry nodded.

"So what are we going to do?" Draco asked.

"Destroy the Ministry-" Harry began.

"-Take down Voldemort-" Hermione continued.

"-Build a new government-" Harry added.

"-Reforge the sword Excalibur-" Hermione said.

"-Find Durandril and the other soul fragments-" Harry added.

"Wait. What's is Durandril?" Draco asked.

"A sword made by man either long, long ago or made far far off in the future." Harry said mystically.

"Huh? That doesn't make sense!" Draco complained.

"Durandril was said to have first appeared around 1,200 A.D. and used to destroy a terrible evil. It is made of a material that no one has been able to identify. Many think it comes from the future and was brought back in time and other's think that it has been around since the dawn of time. No one truly knows what Durandril is. The mythical blade is said to have a transparent blue hue that faintly glows when held by a righteous person." Hermione said.

"Durandril...It's a beautiful sword." Harry said reflectively.

"Does it really glow and does it really have that transparent hue?" Hermione asked eagerly.

Harry smiled.

"Yes it does. Too bad I had to harm it last time." Harry said with a hint of sadness.

"Did you destroy it?" Sirius asked.

"Durandril is the closest thing to invincible that I have ever seen. I stabbed it with the Sword of Gryffindor last time and I didn't even leave a scratch!"

"So how'd you stop Voldemort last time then?"

"I had to use the Dragon Fire Spell on it and then stab it with the Sword of Gryffindor. It destroyed the fragment and wounded the sword."

"Wounded the sword?" Hermione asked.

"I've said too much. Durandril is an artifact that I was forbidden to speak of in my old life."

"Sorry." Hermione apologized.

"It's okay."

A/N. Well, here's the next chapter in the ever-growing story: Harry Potter and the light of Honor.

Yes, there's a video game reference in this as well... Plus a on going Harry Potter joke. Enjoy!

You found the old quote too: Dance Water Dance (Kingdom Hearts II)

Congrats, I hope you all are enjoying this. (Since I just restarted too)

## THE PHOENIX

Only Truth is Immortal

Ministry of Magic Creates Muggle Born Tax

...In a surprise and terrible move the Ministry of Magic has begun it's conquest to decimate muggle born witches and Wizard's. Also the Ministry has continued to err and a new organization has been born to oppose the Ministry and Voldemort....

## THE SHIELD LEGION OPPOSES THE MINISTRY

'The Shield Legion' is a group of witches and wizards that see all men and women as equal and have vowed to stop the oncoming tides. The leader of the shield legion has been quoted to say; "We are finished with the current system that encourages corruption and allows Dark Lord's to be born every few decades. No wonder Wizarding Britian's population continues to shrink. Think about it. Grinwauld's assault on Magical Britian took around ten thousand lives per year for five years. In other words sixty five percent of the population was obliterated. Another ten percent were executed or sentenced to Azkaban for life. That means only twenty five percent of all wizards and witches survived. Fifty years later Voldemort arose and claimed another massive percentage of the population. after Voldemort's reign of terror ended only thirteen percent of all wizards and witches remained in Britian. The magical population still hasn't recovered from these brutal attacks and we only have a husk of our once eighty five thousand strong population. Yet The Ministry sees fit to slash our number's in half by discriminating against eighty five percent of the population and that's without counting the half bloods! I'm not going to tolerate this and neither should any of you." The leader of the Shield Legion later continued by saying...

## UNITED STATES MAGICAL CONGRESS IMPOSES ECONOMIC SANCTIONS

The Wizarding United States of America's (WUSA) Magical Congress has passed the 441-E2 bill which means that WUSA will not trade



with most of Magical Britain. This will drive the prices up on every good conceivable to the magical community.

"While it is most unfortunate that WUSA has decided that Magical Britain is to be shunned we will not turn from our righteous path. The recent changes are necessary and most useful to achieve equality." Minister Fudge said in response to the E2 bill.

However, since WUSA supplies almost 95 percent of all trade to Magical U.K. this will devastate the economy. 80 percent of floo powder is produced in WUSA, 98 percent of most potion ingredients, 99 percent of the most rare potion ingredients, and 96 percent of all food products are produced in WUSA as well. Just from these few things it is obvious that this will be severely crippled. Assistant to the Minister; Delores Umbridge said in a press conference after the Minister's statement that...

"Well, it looks like Magical Britain is going to feel some pain, I love that..." His red eyes glowed maliciously.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P

"Well, I guess it's time for us to finish up here." Harry said as he lit the dragon-fire forge.

A few seconds later the pounding of metal began to be heard from the inferno called the forge.

The heat soared and every second drained Harry.

"Agumenti." Harry pointed the wand at himself and it cooled him temperarilly.

He the continued to pound on the legendary blade. Excalibur was taking shape once again.

H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P H P

1 week to start of term.

"Harry, we need to go get our supplies." Hermione said.

Harry nodded.

"I agree." Harry replied.

They spent several hours (and far more money than they would have needed to if WUSA had not passed the E2 bill, still Harry was not complaining. It would help destroy the ministry.) in Diagon Alley before the day neared it's end.

That night Harry dreamed.

Give me strength to face the truth  
The doubt within my soul...

"Huh? What's going on?"

No longer I can justify  
The bloodshed in his name...

A black cloaked being appeared.

"Harry Potter, you've caused quite a disruption."

"I do that quite a bit." Harry agreed.

"You are interfering in matters that do not concern you boy. Just because the Gatekeeper in Eternity gave you a second chance doesn't mean that you can do as you please." The speaker's eyes glowed a dark green.

"Whatever you say, besides; Is it a sin to seek the truth, the truth beneath the rose?" Harry asked coolly.

"In your case it is a sin."

"Really?" Harry asked as he readied himself.

Harry drew his wand.

"Perhaps a demonstration of power of the nether realm is in order..."

Harry found himself standing in the Great Hall of Potter Castle.

"Now, I don't this to be a completely unfair fight. I believe that Granger should join you."

"Leave her out of this!"

"Not a chance Potter."

"You sound just like Snape." Harry snarled.

"Interesting isn't it? But I've wasted time." Suddenly the Hall shook and trembled as powerful magic flowed through the building.

Hermione slowly appeared next to him.

"Harry?" She asked.

"Hermione, this will be a fight unlike any before." Harry warned and pointed his wand at the figure.

Hermione drew hers as well and the battle began.

Quickly the two of them were forced into a defensive position.

"He's too good Harry! My spells can't even connect!" She warned as she ducked under a blast of darkness.

"You feeble mortals, you are no match for me." A wave of pure darkness began to trickle outward from the enemy.

Pray with me so I will find the gate to Heaven's door  
I believed it would justify the means  
It had a hold over me

"How are we supposed to even attack him?" Harry growled.

"What can survive a Dragon's fire?" Hermione suddenly asked.

"That's it!"

A second later Harry was in his pure animagus form. He opened his burning eyes and both light and darkness flared in his pupil's.

Blinded to see  
The cruelty of the beast  
Here is the darkest side of me  
(Forgive me my sins)

The blaze that erupted from the transformed Harry was immense. The heat of the forge was nothing compared to this. Fortunately for Hermione Harry had covered her with his wing.

"Heh, it looks like the hellfires rest within you as well Potter. No matter I shall destroy you here and now." The figure said quietly as the flames burned away the darkness.

Just as he drew a wicked curved black blade a beam of light appeared in the center of the battlefield.

The figure cursed violently before speaking.

"It looks like they've finally noticed that I'm here. I wanted to kill your mind before they knew I was here. Well, I guess this means the now starting war will stay equal anyways." The figure vanished in a black cloud.

The field of my dreams  
Deceived all I have seen  
Forgive me for what I have been  
(Forgive me my sins)

"I wish I knew what was going on!" Hermione growled.

"So do I." Harry agreed as he returned to his normal form.

A single figure descended from the light. He was clad in pure silver armor and his visor was down.

"So the final war is about to begin." He said gently.

"Who are you?" Hermione asked.

"I am merely a messenger." He replied.

"What is your message?"

"The final war of this age is about to begin and you Harry have a critical part in it."

Pray for me 'cause I have lost my faith in holy wars  
This paradise denied to me 'cause I can't take no more

"So what do you want from Harry?"

"It's simple stop doing what your doing. If we are all careful the end war can be averted."

"What is causing the end war?"

"By challenging the ministry, gathering the treasures of legend, and this 'Shield Legion' idea of yours. Stop and stop now."

Harry stared at him icily before he spoke.

"Has darkness taken over me  
Consumed my mortal soul?  
All my virtues sacrificed  
Can Heaven be so cruel?" Harry said before he continued.

"No I will not allow the corruption and decay to continue. I will change it."

"You are just lucky that I cannot smite you now." The silver armored warrior said as he vanished.



The counselor of Wisdom nodded.

"It is on us and our realm Harry..."

"How Eternity continue like this...?" The gatekeeper said.

How can blood be your salvation  
And justify the pain  
That we have caused throughout the times

"I no longer know what we are supposed to do, what is sacred anymore? Not death, we defiled it with the return of Harry, not life for we returned the dead to the living, nor is time sacred to us."

Will I learn what's truly sacred  
Will I redeem my soul  
Will truth set me free

HPHPHPHPHPHPHP

The counsel of Eternity murmured and spoke.

"We must prepare for war. We must plan to fight and defeat the Emperor as well."

"I know not if we have such power." One member murmured.

"Coward! The 'Emperor' will face the wrath of a trillion strong!"

"But is this realm not rightfully his?"

"Silence!" A member roared.

Blinded to see  
The cruelty of the beast  
Here is the darkest side of me  
(Forgive me my sins)

The field of my dreams

Deceived all I have seen  
Forgive me for what I have been  
(Forgive me my sins)

HPHPHPHPHPHPHP

3 days until next school term.

AN/ Well, this chapter is certainly longer than the last (About double the size) and it really sends everything off into a tailspin...

I did something I've never done before too. I through a song into this too. Anybody know it? (I'll give credit to where credit is due but please wait a chapter...)

I thought it would fight here well.

The last quote was from Final Fantasy Tactics the War of the Lions. I edited it slightly but the meat is still there. Thanks to Square Enix for that game by the way.

I will continue as I am able...



I have finally found a computer Haha.... Now onto the restarting of HP and the Light of Honor. In commemoration of this event.... I'll give a heartwarmer and a new challenge... Btw...The song has had some rather mixed opinions. For those who loved seeing it...Don't expect to see that often...That also goes for those who hated it :) The song was...Truth Beneath the Rose by Within Temptation. Well done for those who knew it :)

Harry found Hermione and pulled her into his embrace.

"Hermione. I need to just be with you." He explained as he inhaled the scent of her hair.

Her arms wrapped around him and pulled him closer.

"I don't mind at all Harry." She said as she tightly embraced him.

"What are we going to do about the recent attack here?" Harry asked her.

"What can we do? There isn't much, unless you know a way to enter the other realms that have taken such a keen interest in you."

"I don't know where I could find them..." Harry admitted sadly.

"Then we can't worry about it with everything else on our plates. We have to make sure the Phoenix is sent out, we destroy the ministry and Voldemort, plus we have to worry about soul fragments and stay alive in the process."

"You are right." Harry agreed.

She smirked slightly.

"Aren't I always?"

"Keeps me alive and I like that a lot." Harry agreed with a broad smile.

September first is such an important day isn't it?"

"Yes it is since we go to school on that day."

Harry shook his head.

"That wasn't what I was thinking about. Remember? Our one year anniversary."

"It is isn't it?"

"I've got it! we'll spend the day together, do something special, and then apparate to Hogwarts!"

"You don't have to do anything like that Harry." She blushed lightly.

"I want-"

He wasn't able to finish his sentence. His mouth was occupied with another task. A much, more important task. One that obliterated every thought.

September 1st

Weasley's Home

"Mum! We're gonna be late!" Ginny Weasley called worriedly.

Meanwhile merely a few hundred miles away Harry Potter and Hermione Granger were in a bookstore. It wouldn't be unusual to be there if one ignored the fact it was a Muggle bookstore.

"Have you ever read this?"

"Harry, this is a classic!"

"I love this book!"

"Harry, this is one of my favorites!"

"Harry, have you heard of this book?"

At 10:10 they left the store. Harry took the books to a secluded place and sent them where Hermione ordered. They ended up going to his castle.

"Do you want to go to the park and take a walk?" Harry asked.

"Yes I'd like that."

Once they reached the park Harry spoke.

"Hermione, you are the most wonder person I could ever hope to meet. I trust you beyond any other. My beautiful, beloved, precious Hermione. I want to drop to one knee right now, propose to you ask your father's permission right now and get married before we go to Hogwarts this year. But, I can't."

"Why not?" Hermione asked she had a disappointed look on her face.

"The law forbids even proposals before seventh year."

"And why does that matter to us?"

"Well, beacuse if we marry while the law is still in existance then if we were found out then no matter how much money I'd try bribing people with it wouldn't make any difference. Both of us would spend a long time in Azkaban and when I say a long time I mean hundreds of years."

AN/ A pertinet question, do you think they will marry; thereby ignoring every law of wizarding Britian or will they obey that law?  
Chapter...End...

Hermione smiled, kissed him and then spoke with a fierceness he hadn't seen in her ever before.

"I don't care Harry." She placed her lips on his and his world exploded again.

"I want to marry you. But what about the law?" Harry asked.

She smiled.

"You mean more to me than any law, besides there is the Ritual."

Harry blushed lightly. She was right.

"Right." Harry nodded.

She loved him, He loved her. What else mattered?

"Hermione, would you marry me?"

"Yes!" She said in excitement and kissed him yet again.

Harry pulled her into his arms and returned to Potter Castle in a magical swirl. After he did so he released her.

"To marry as you wish I will be able to do so but, it will not be as formal." Harry reminded her.

"We can get the formal ceremony after we take care of the laws or we are old enough. I want to be yours from now on." Hermione replied.

"Alright I'll go ask your parents for permission to marry you and I'll bring them down." Harry promised.

"Then I'll find Sirius and Draco." Hermione replied joyfully.

A few minutes later Harry was standing in front of David and Elaine.

"David and Elaine, I need to ask you something very important." Harry said seriously.

"Already?" Elaine asked with a joyus but sad look in her eyes.

Harry nodded.

"Demetrius, Elaine, I love your daughter. She has given me hope and a reason to go on. Will you allow me to marry her? The only one I have truly loved-the only one I can love, the one I have always loved." Harry said.

Demetrius sighed as he closed his eyes.

"I've already lost my daughter haven't I? The years pass far too quickly." David said as a tear trailed down his cheek.

Demetrius continued. "I still remember the day she was born as if it was yesterday. It practically was." David had a steady stream of tears flowing down his cheeks but he did not quit speaking.

"I cannot deny her this. I know this is what she wants, what she needs. Yes you can marry her." Demetrius David Granger was openly crying.

Elaine smiled sadly.

"Please take care of my baby girl." David pleaded in tears.

"I swear to you; on my very being that I will protect and care for her." Harry vowed.

"When do you want the wedding ceremony to take place?" Elaine asked quietly.

"Today, in the castle. Only you two, Sirius, Draco, Hermione and I will see this." Harry replied.

"Why?" Elaine asked.

"The ministry is stupid to say the least." Harry supplied dryly.

"I don't understand that." Elaine admitted.

"Simply put they disagree with a marriage between Hermione and I."

The Doctors nodded and as Harry left the room they followed.

He drew his wand and held it in front of him like a sword.

"I, Harry James Potter solemnly swear to cherish and protect Hermione Granger as long as I draw breath." The tip of his wand began to glow a faint blue.

"Thus I vow to cherish, protect, and love Hermione Granger." The wand glowed a faint silver.

"Thus my binds are to the other half of my self. Two people bind together to become one flesh." His wand began glowing a pure white light.

"Hermione, touch your wand to mine." Harry instructed.

The two wands resonated together and they both began to glow.

"Hermione, will you accept this unity? It was only possible thanks to our previous bonds. If you accept then it will never be broken." Harry asked seriously.

"I do, with all of my heart." She replied.

The entire Entrance hall flared a brilliant white before it dimmed.

Harry was touched by her acceptance.

"I Harry James Potter accept this unity as well."

Again the castle flared a brilliant white.

"Thus two become one, one is two, and two hearts beat as one. Thus, the cycle of eternity continues." Harry said.

A final blast of pure light, and several waves of magic flowed. Finally the magic and light dimmed and they felt the new connection.

Harry pulled her to him and spoke.

"Welcome home Mrs. Potter."

She smiled faintly.

"I love you, and I'm married to you but I think Mrs. Potter is your mum." She grinned.

Harry laughed.

"Right."

Sirius looked confused at the last statement.

"What does that mean?" He asked.

"It's just Hermione." She explained.

"Sirius, it means she doesn't want to be called by her last name yet. Neither do I for that matter." Harry explained.

"The reasons are several fold. First we can't get into the habbit of calling me Mrs. Potter. We also-" She grinned and allowed Harry to continue.

"-don't always know who's watching and while-"

"-we are safe here-"

"-it doesn't mean-"

"-that we are safe everywhere-" They finished together.

"As much as I enjoyed this we need to leave, now." Draco said pointing to his watch.

Harry looked his own and paled slightly.

"He's right." Harry agreed.

"Accio trunks! Get over here Draco." Harry urged.

He did and Harry took a stone out of his pocket.

"Portus." Harry whispered.

The rock glowed slightly.

Draco take this portkey you will appear in your common room." Harry ordered.

Draco held onto a portion of the stone and his school supplies in the other hand. A second later he vanished.

Hermione was next and she took another stone to their common room. Finally, Harry vanished.

Ten minutes later they were seated in the great hall and ready to hear Dumbledore's speech.

"Welcome to another year at Hogwarts."

AN/ So they got together after all... Allright I'll admit I romanitized this quite a bit... But, I think it's fitting. Enjoy!



After meeting Umbridge and being let out of the Great Hall Harry drew his wand and headed for the Room of Requirement with the small trunk holding the Horocruxes. Naturally his wife was right behind.

They entered the room of Requirement and Harry rushed and grabbed the Diadem of Ravenclaw.

"Two more to go." Harry said and placed it in the trunk.

Harry then focused and an open door appeared leading to the vault of Bellatrix.

"Acco Horocrux." Harry murmured.

A second later they had all of the horocruxes besides Durandril.

"Hermione before this night is over I am going to destroy all of the horocruxes." Harry vowed.

"Let's get them destroyed and then grab Durandril." Hermione said with a glint in her eyes.

Harry transformed into his Phoenix form and went to the Headmaster's office. There he grabbed the sword of Gryffindor.

By the end of the hour Harry and Hermione were surrounded by shards of the locket, cup, ring, and diadem.

"Now here is where things interesting." Harry said as he pried the stone out of the remains of the ring.

"The Sixth Horocrux was me. But, it couldn't exist within me and my soul vaporized it."

Hermione smiled and pulled him into a hug.

"That's not so surprising. You're too pure and loving Harry." She said and kissed him passionately.

Eternity no longer moved as she held him and pressed her lips to his.

Harry was shaking slightly as he thought of what he needed.

I need to get an entrance to where Durandril is held.

"Hermione, this is going to be dangerous." Harry warned.

She nodded and they opened the door.

They stepped into onto the land. It was rugged gray rocks.

"Welcome to the forbidden land." Harry said grimly.

"Forbidden Land?" Hermione asked as she looked at the dark skies.

Harry shuddered.

"This is a place where death is common and life rare. The souls of the dead are here, and not ghosts. They are something worse. If we can we will be joining them as residents of this land. If I thought that I had a chance of leaving you behind I would have. This is far worse than the chamber of secrets ever was." Harry shuddered a third time.

Hermione was pale but she was determined. They began the journey across the Forbidden realm.

Mortals, what has summoned you to this realm? Do you seek your own demise?

Harry shook but responded clearly.

"We seek Durandril."

A fools quest. You must suffer for the rest of eternity.

"We will not be consumed by your darkness nor will we leave without Durandril! I have overcome death and you will not stand before me as we claim Durandril."

Such a foolish boy. It is time for you to die.

I didn't die, travel through time, and marry, just to die here." Harry growled.

You do not have the sent of death upon you.

"I was returned to life."

You are the one of legend then? Quite a surprise. If you are the one of legend then you will be the one to weild the blade. You must undertake the gauntlet. Should you survive then you will have the right to weild the blade. We shall purify the blade for you if you are the one.

Harry's eyes widened. This was unprecedented.

Should you succeed the path to freedom will open for your realm should you fail your very soul shall be mutated and you will spend eternity howling your anguish.

"I have to do this. I must stop the upcoming evil."

Very well, young one step foward and confront your destiny, for better or for worse. She will accompany you and should you fail she will be consumed as well.

"I won't endanger her!" Harry exclaimed in horror.

That is far too late little one. Her soul is linked to yours; futher bound by marriage; eternally sealed by love. Don't you understand? You are one. You cannot exist without the other.

"We have to do this Harry." Hermione said as she pulled him close to her and kissed his neck.

They stepped foward and the gauntlet began. Dust and debris swirled around them before the found themselves in an entrance hall. The hall was filled with Dementors.

"Harry, we are one. Let's unite our power and defeat this!" Hermione grabbed his left hand.

"You're right. We are one." Harry and Hermione's wands glowed brilliantly.

A few moments later the two of them shouted with a mighty voice and a single massive dragon-phoenix that had a rider exploded out from their wands. It ripped through the Dementors as if they were nothing more than dry leaves.

Interesting, you passed the first challenge with flying colors. However, the gauntlet is long and your strength is not infinite.

"We will make it. We will survive."

We shall see...

The idea that the horocrux couldn't exist within Harry has been done before and I got the idea and Wholeheartedly agreed with the idea. I most recently read that idea in 'The Marriage Contract' By broomstick flyer.

That was a very good idea...

I also agree with one reviewer who said I have a lot going on. But, it is going to really accelerate here now and I mean accelerate.

I finally feel that's it's time to start getting things really moving. This has over 75,000 words and 'no end in sight'. Still this is a fun piece to work with. I had forgotten how much...

I just got a review that gave me a major kick. 'Write more or die' I loved it. It really was a novel approach to telling me to keep writing.

Harry and his wife panted as they overcame a challenge where their magical cores had been attacked and drained.

Fortunately they would recover and in fact gain more magic from the experience.

"What's next?" Harry's pale love asked him tiredly.

"I don't know." Harry admitted as they struggled to walk forward.

Three days have passed, yet you still live. Well done. However, you still have the rest of the gauntlet to survive. The next challenge begins now...

A dragon made of pure fire arose from the ground.

"Hermione, I need a rider." Harry said as he transformed into his pure form.

Hermione jumped onto his back and the next battle erupted.

Fire, blazed, darkening the rocks and Harry was quickly losing what little strength he still had remaining.

Animagus' lose strength quicker here.

However, Hermione and Harry coordinated a single attack that finally overloaded the flaming dragon. Afterwards, Harry collapsed onto the cold, rugged ground in his human form. Hermione, recovered in mid-air and landed next to him before she toppled beside him.

"I'm wiped out." Hermione whispered as she placed her hand on Harry's chest.

"I...I don't have enough strength to move anymore...." Harry whispered as his eyes closed.

Quite impressive, yet disappointing. No matter....

Harry slipped into the darkness. Hermione quickly followed him.

Years passed, seconds passed, days passed, minutes passed, hours passed, half-hours passed before they awoke. Exactly how long they slumbered Harry would never know. It felt like an eternity passed, yet it felt as though he awoke instantly. The first thing he noticed was that he was still living, still human. The next thing he noticed was that Hermione was still with him, after that he noticed that he was quite comfortable.

Finally he opened his eyes. He was looking up at a canopy. He was in a comfortable bed. He had no idea what had happened. Had all that occurred in the forbidden realm been just a dream?

"Hermione?" Harry asked with his brittle voice.

"Harry?" Hermione rasped.

"You alright?" Harry whispered.

She merely nodded before she kissed him. It began to turn passionate quickly.

"It seems that you survived the gauntlet. Well done." A voice said to them from outside of the curtains.

Hermione, and Harry blushed at the thought of being caught where they had been headed.

"It is a pleasure to take you to the halls where the sword Durandril waits."

A few moments later the raggedly dressed duo left the warm, comfortable bed sadly. Harry took in his surroundings. It reminded him of the Gryffindor common room. Excluding the fact that there were no chairs, or tables in the room. There was only the three of them.

The one whom had spoken to them was lean, red haired, and if not for the facts that he was calm, had elven ears, and well dressed they might have mistaken him for Ron.

"I, Roni am pleased to guide you to Durandril." The man said as the started off.

"Why does this place look so much like Hogwarts?" Hermione asked.

"It's a long and complicated process, Miss Granger, however, to explain in the most time economical way, you could consider this an alternate existence. It exists in part from your minds. If Potter Castle had had more people then this place most likely would have looked like Potter Castle. The other influencing factors include that you entered the Forbidden Realm from Hogwarts, and more than a few other reasons. I was chosen to be your vassal today, Draconis, and Sirion were rather irritated with me for that reason." Roni smiled.

"Draconis is Draco while Sirion is Sirius." Harry and Hermione surmised as one.

"Indeed."

A few seconds later they entered the Great Hall and Durandril laid on the table in front of where the head of the castle should sit.

They walked towards it and Roni lifted the blade.

The sword was beautiful. It's hilt was silver in color and it's blade was shaped like an isosceles triangle. The farther towards the tip the smaller the blade became. The blade was wide and broad at the base and as it neared the point the blue transparent blade narrowed into a tip.

"I bestow this blade upon you. Only a completed and whole soul shall be able to wield this blade. Farewell, Harry Potter, Farewell, Hermione Potter...." Roni reverently handed the blade to them as he spoke. As soon as Harry had the mythical blade in hand the castle vanished and they found themselves in the room of requirements.

Truly, a wonderous thing. Congratulations, I am pure once again. Even though this is the case, you are not ready, nor are you worthy to wield me. Still, you aided me so now I must aid you. Show me the remains of Excalibur.

Harry pulled out the fragments and the larger reforged piece.

Not bad, an excellent effort. Take my hilt. and place the tip of my blade on the hilt of the sword of kings. I shall revive Excalibur for you.

Harry did as he was instructed and the blade Excalibur was instantly reforged.

Once more Excalibur is whole and complete. Now show me if you are worthy. Go out and reveal to me your hearts.

"I understand." Harry said.

Harry slung Excalibur onto his back and Durandril shrunk itself and went into his breast pocket.

I will watch you from here.

The two of them left the room and entered the rest of the school.

"I wonder how long that took?" Hermione asked.

Harry shrugged.

"I have no clue." He admitted.

"Mr. Potter, Miss. Granger." Dumbledore said.

"Headmaster." Harry nodded curtly at him.

"I know that you and I have had strained relations Mr. Potter but I must speak to you." Dumbledore said.

"Fine. Talk."



"Please can we talk in my office? I don't enjoy having our esteemed Defense Teacher breathing down my neck."

"Alright." Harry and Hermione agreed.

When they entered the room Dumbledore went to his chair, sat, and sighed sadly.

"Harry, I'm tired." Dumbledore whispered.

"Tired?"

"I'm tired of being your enemy, I'm tired of feeling that I might be your worst enemy. I'm tired of being a mere nuisance to you, instead of helping you. I'll admit, I manipulated your life more than about anyone else, and I can never express how sorry that I truly am." Dumbledore whispered.

"How do I know that you aren't lying?" Hermione demanded.

Dumbledore chuckled sadly before he drew his wand and spoke.

"I hereby swear on my life and my magic that what I have said and what I am about to say to these two people tonight is; to the best of my knowledge the absolute truth."

Dumbledore's wand glowed for a moment.

"I don't want to be the one who is hindering you anymore. I'm not going to ask you to forgive me, for I cannot even begin to forgive myself. I tried to turn you into a weapon. I hate the thought of what you would have been should that have happened. I...I can't take imagine... All I ask is to be able to assist you. All I really want is to befriend both of you, to know you both, to fight by your side. I've given up my attempts to control you. I was wrong." Dumbledore whispered.

"I see. No more manipulations?" Harry asked.

"Not one. I swear it." Dumbledore promised.

Well, well, it looks like Dumbledore can be taught after all. He's on his own path to redemption now....That's one thing I want to make important in LOH.

BTW, someone mentioned the Magna Carta. (I apparently Americanized this too much) Actually if I recall correctly the Magna Carta merely limited the kings power and put more into the hands of the nobles. True, this is a vital English Document, and paved the way to the current government. (Parliament) Eventually, through the various actions, the house of commons and lords became equally vital, and over time the monarchy lost all of its real power. However, The reason I didn't use any English resources is simple, As you may have figured out Magical England is insane, literally. They merely scoffed at the Magna Carta, said the people already have a Wizangamot, that acts like Parliament. The Declaration of Independence is much much more inflammatory than most other documents. Read it and you'll see that, they were more than a little mad at England at the time. (I can understand why too...)

In this case it wasn't so much as Americanizing things as it was using a document that they wouldn't want to fall into the hands of the more radical Muggleborn, and half-blooded Wizards and Witches.

"...When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness..."

That's just at the beginning. That is NOT what The Pure bloods want to hear.

Does this clarify things better?

I'm pleased that someone actually brought up that valid point. (Check out when Draco was first coming over to Harry's side.) (28: chapter 3: pt: 7)

Blink. I cut the conversation off in the middle... I was not expecting some to go off the deep end. I respect your point that Dumbledore has been an idiot and last chapter was merely the start.

Besides, look back through LOH, you'll see Dumbledore just trying to help and succeeding. Plus, he really 'backed' off.

Dumbledore, manipulative? Yes, Dumbledore evil? No. Foolish? Occasionally. Now give me a minute please...

"I no longer forgive easily Headmaster." Harry reminded him.

"I know Harry. I can only offer assistance as you allow me, Perhaps I can assist you in strengthening the Shield Legion?"

Harry blinked at him in confusion.

"Perhaps I was wrong then. I had hoped to be of assistance" Dumbledore sighed.

"Where did you get the idea that I am in charge of the Shield Legion?" Harry asked.

"Harry, I know you. I know how you think. Destroying evil is just something you excel at."

"I would prefer not to have to." Harry replied coldly.

Dumbledore sighed and nodded.

"Yes, and I can respect that. But these are terrible times. I know enough about you to know that you will take a stand. Besides that who besides a select few which includes you would be willing to create the Shield Legion? I can list them if you want."

"List them please." Harry requested.

"Myself, Madam Bones but she doesn't have enough money to do that, Arthur Weasley, But he doesn't have the money nor the influence. Moody, except he's too paranoid, You, and you have the

money, influence, and power to do so. Quite frankly the others just don't have the capability. Even if they are willing."

"What if the Shield Legion was created by a group? It is a Legion after all." Harry noted.

Dumbledore shook his head.

"It is too united in purpose. I have read the charter of the Shield Legion and it's structure reminds me of both Miss. Granger's and your work. At the very least you two wrote the charter."

Harry looked at Hermione through the corner of his eye.

"Now, Harry, Hermione, I know that you don't trust me, This oath should however, clear that up. Can you forgive me? I don't expect that you will. Let me aid you is all I'm asking. The Order of the Phoenix, has resources that will greatly assist the Legion."

Harry sighed before he drew his wand and created a scroll. Hermione nodded in agreement.

A few wand flicks later by Harry and Hermione and a contract was forged.

it essentially stated that Dumbledore, and the Order of the Phoenix couldn't reveal the leaders, or any members of the Legion, the Phoenix would be able to lend resources to the Shield Legion, and the Members of the Order (Including Dumbledore) would not be able to act against the Legion in any way. The Legion would aslo abide under simillar rules. The contract went much deeper and made the entirety of the contract ironclad, security was paramount. Hermione added several clauses and items to the contract which gave the Shield Legion (and by proxy, the leaders) secrecy and resources.

After finishing and placing several spells on the parchment (including an invisibility spell that Hermione could activate or dissapate at any time) they handed the Contract to Dumbledore.

Dumbledore read through the massive agreement slowly.

"You two are quite serious. You demand a secrecy oath." Dumbledore noted as he read through the contract.

After reading through its entirety Dumbledore nodded.

"It is understandable and I as leader of the Order of the Phoenix will agree." Dumbledore signed the document.

Harry signed and Hermione acted as the witness.

"Now, you cannot reveal the leaders of the Shield Legion." Harry relaxed slightly.

"How can the Order help?" Dumbledore asked.

"Right now just be quiet and gather intel, and resources. Don't call attention to yourselves. The ministry can't survive this pressure."

"You intend for the Ministry to fall?" Dumbledore asked in shock.

Harry nodded.

"It's a lot easier to build a new government than to save the current one I'm afraid. I'm going to try to get Voldemort into such a tizzy that he attack the Ministry and destroys it. After that, well, we finish off Voldemort. The Shield Legion will then work on a new Magical government. Perhaps, a magical republic."

"The department of mysteries cannot fall into Voldemort's hands!" Dumbledore protested.

"It can, and it must. He'll go for the prophecy."

"That's exactly why he can't get the department!" Dumbledore replied.

"I want him to know the prophecy. He'll start panicking. Then he'll try to hunt me down. That means that he won't be messing with government as much or executing Muggleborns. Speaking of which,

the order should work on getting the information on all muggleborns. I plan to pull them away from this massacre."

"How?" Dumbledore asked curiously.

"If you're alive, would you host a group of Muggleborns? I have places that are heavily warded too." .

"We defend them at various locations then?" Dumbledore asked.

Harry nodded.

"Once the Ministry falls the Order should station itself here and act as a defense against Voldemort. This is for the sake of the Children as well. Obviously you need to start gathering supplies. if you are besieged then you'll need them." Harry noted.

"Let me get this straight, you plan to allow the Ministry to die, essentially give the country to Voldemort, and then hide?"Dumbledore asked in disgust.

"Only at the beginning, We can't win in a head on fight. It's going to be a war of attrition. We need to shield ourselves. We can't protect people if we go into a react mode and let everyone just wander about. We need to know where they are and have them in defensible places. As soon as the Shield Legion is larger we'll aid in the operation to pull muggleborns and purebloods that aren't biggots out."

"How are we to meet and get every muggleborn and the few purebloods out?" Dumbledore asked.

"Suggest to them that this is just in case of the worst, and offer them portkeys. If they refuse don't press the issue, many will accept, and then they'll be moved instantly, the rest we will get as quickly as possible. We will know where to go by that point and that means that we'll save a huge portion of the magic popluation."

"Impressive. You have thought about this." Dumbledore admitted.

"Someone had to." Harry muttered.

Hermione elbowed him gently.

"Play nice." Hermione chided.

Near midnight The Order's leader and the leaders of the Legion had finally finished their conversation.

The Legion would focus on recruiting people and the Order would focus on their wartime readiness.

"Well, finally finished." Hermione yawned as she entered Griffindor tower for the first time.

"It's a good thing too. 'Professor' Umbridge will give us a great cover to begin operations on recruitment."

"Is it time to resurrect the D.A.?" Hermione asked.

"Maybe we should rename it 'Defense For Dummies Association'?" Harry smirked.

"DFDA?" Hermione looked at him curiously.

"I was hoping that it might be some Muggle group." Harry admitted.

"Not that I can think of off the top of my head." Hermione replied.

"Pity."

They bid each other good night and went to their respective dorms.

You know, Hermione and I really are weird. Most just married couples usually consummate their marriage their first night.

Harry blushed at the thought. He was mature, but he hadn't ever done "That" before. He was still a virgin.

The next day dawned clear and bright.



"Umbridge? I wonder what she's going to be like." Harry said aloud as he looked at his schedule.

"You don't hate to wait long. Gryffindors and Slytherins have her first." Hermione noted.

A few hours later they had entered her class.

"Good Morning Class!" She said.

The class replied halfheartedly. Harry didn't respond normally and replied.

"Good morning toad."

"Now now, that won't do! Good Morning Class." She said cheerfully.

She received a better good morning after that.

Ten minutes later when they had read through the curriculum Neville raised his hand nervously.

"What is it dear?" She said sweetly.

"I don't see anything about practicing the spells. Did I misread it or was there a mistake?" Neville asked timidly.

"Now, now dear, there isn't anything about this that requires spell work." She answered.

Harry raised his hand.

"Yes...Mr. Potter?" She asked.

"If I didn't know any better I would say that you didn't know how to cast the spells and that's why you are afraid to have us cast them. Could you demonstrate that you know the spells for this course by...say...dueling me? If you beat me I'll be quiet for the rest of the year in your class." Harry suggested.

"You want me to prove that I know the spells by beating a fifth year student?" She asked in amusement.

"It shouldn't be hard for the under secretary to the Minister." Hermione noted.

"Yeah! Your right under the Minister of Magic! Show us that you can defend him!"

"Who would attack the minister of magic?" Umbridge asked.

"Well, lets see, let's say he went to Azkaban and the Dementor's were confused. They might attack him. Or Perhaps, a vampire clan attacks him while he's travelling to a meeting. Would you be able to help protect him until the Auror's arrive? If you can't beat a fifth year how could you hope to protect the minister?" A slytherin said.

"Silence! I am more than capable, however, I am following ministry guidelines. This tried and proven system will educate you in the defense against the dark arts."

The next hour was spent in absolute boredom.

By the end of the Month the entire school (surprisingly also including the Slytherins) was tired of the toad lady.

"Hermione, it's time. Let's get the D.A." Harry said.

"Where should we meet?" Hermione asked.

"Three broomsticks." Harry replied simply.

Harry had expected a group of a little under fifteen. He however, met a group of nearly one hundred.

"I wasn't expecting so many." Harry muttered to Hermione.

She merely smiled at him encouragingly.

"Well, as you know we haven't been able to excel like normal in all our classes. I suggest that we work as a group to rectify the situation. In particular we don't get to practice defense."

"Did you really confront you know who?" A hufflepuff asked.

"No I don't know who." Harry replied in mock confusion.

Hermione tapped his arm and spoke.

"I think he means Voldemort." Hermione replied.

"Why didn't he say so? Yes, I did." Harry responded.

They gasped.

"Did you really kill a basilisk with the sword of Griffindor?" Neville asked.

"I hate those things." Harry muttered, loud enough for everyone to hear him.

They looked at him with something akin to awe.

"However, a bar filled with noisy people is not the place to talk about it. At our first meeting I could tell you about one of those adventures. but, we are there to learn right?" Harry asked.

The ones who could hear passed the message back to the others.

"All you need to do is sign this paper, you won't want to betray the rest of us to Umbridge, Hermione charmed the paper. and then grab a coin. They aren't real they'll just let you know when and where as well as about meetings." Harry said.

Harry was surprised when the entire group signed up.

"A hundred?" Harry asked.

"Hundred and seven actually." Hermione replied after finishing the tally.

She then made the words disappear on the list.

When the group broke up and returned to the castle Harry relayed the instructions and stuck in the first time that didn't interfere with any schedule. It was going to happen tomorrow night, right after dinner.

"Now the biggest question is, how long is it going to be before this large a group becomes suspicious?" Hermione asked.

Harry smiled.

"It will probably be the first night. That's alright though, we will divide them up into smaller groups, and not only that, we will bring up the Legion to their attention. If they decide to join they can just tell either one of us 'I'm in'." Harry responded.

Hermione agreed with Harry's analysis.

Thanks for the minute! Here it is. The Shield Legion's leader's are going actively begin. Plus...Another cliff hanger... Just a kinder one.

Finally We are closing some threads.....

At the first meeting of the D.A. (simply the Defense Association) Harry spoke at the beginning.

"Well, it looks like everyone is here. Hermione; my assistant was able to confirm that. It's a great start to future meetings. Now, naturally because of the size of the D.A. and the fact that Umbridge is not going to be happy with us we need to divide the group up for future meetings. Right now we have decided that there will be twenty six to twenty seven per group. That means that four out of the seven nights are going to be used for this. I would suggest, for sake of the schedules go for the same house. I won't insist on it but we can meet easier if we do so. I would like to meet on a weekly basis. At twenty six per group there will be four groups. Save for one or two groups of twenty seven."

"If we go by houses, maybe we can create a Defense Tournament at the end of the year?" A student suggested.

"That actually isn't a bad idea. We will have to work hard to figure out if that will work or not." Harry replied.

"So what are we going to do tonight?" Another student asked.

"Tonight is really to organize. I suppose I might have enough time to give some practical advice that's useful in any combat situation though." Harry added.

"If all of you would assemble groups of twenty six or twenty seven. I will organize them." Hermione spoke.

Less than ten minutes later they had assembled the groups and surprisingly had even decided on a team name.

"The Raven's Claws?" Hermione's lips twitched as she tried to keep her smile contained.

Apparently while they were cunning they had difficulty managing names. They huffed at Hermione, feeling insulted.

"Why not something a little different?" Harry suggested.

"Why? This way if they see us talking about the D.A. group then they will think it's a house thing." A Ravenclaw replied.

"Very well."

Next came the Gryffindor's Lion's Roar team. It seemed as though they had decided while The claw's had registered a team name.

After them came team 'Heliopaths'. This team had been assembled by the largest surprise of all: Luna Lovegood. However, she had seemed to have become an honorary Hufflepuff, because of her loyalty and her dedication to something that until recently scorned: The Quibbler. She also had several Quibbler had been selling better the last few months; mainly because of almost every muggleborn (and even several halfbloods) subscribing to it instead of the Prophet, and it's extreme propaganda. People had begun to believe that even though the articles often times were complete shams, it did hold some truth.

Finally came the the paradox that called themselves the 'Rifleman's Creed'. They were Slytherins.

Hermione had blinked in surprise when she saw that name.

"The Rifleman's Creed?" She asked in shock.

Blaise Zambani nodded and spoke.

"Yes, we thought it would be a good way to state our intentions in a way that was understated, truly Slytherin."

"Why is it understated?" Harry asked in confusion.

"Apparently it has a clause that goes something like 'I will shoot my enemy before he shoots me'. It seems to fit. A snake will bite if it feels that you are about to strike at it. If it feels provoked it will attack.

Same principle there. Besides We liked adopting the phrase 'this is my rifle' maybe we should turn it to 'this is my wand'." Blaise grinned.

Behind them Draco nodded slightly. Draco had been studying. Just not magical as much as he had been studying the muggle realm.

Somehow he had stumbled over the Rifleman's Creed.

"Excellent choice." Harry commended them.

Harry conveniently ignored the fact that it was supposed to be a team name.

After the organization was completed Harry began to give the basic combat advice that he had promised.

"Now remember without movement there is no combat. It's stupid to stand and trade spells back and forth. War is not a game where you take turns attacking each other. Don't get into the mindset that your shields will protect you all the time either. They are useful but, they can be shattered, or the spell might just pass through. Name a shield spell that blocks an unforgivable and I'll dance naked in the great hall." Harry said; drawing the laughs of the entire group.

"What if we are fighting in a group?" A Ravenclaw asked.

"Your tactics will change quite a bit in this case. But, the basic concepts of; don't get hit still applies. Now in squad based combat, you have someone the group maintain 360 degrees of visibility. But you keep enough space apart that you won't get hit by a spell that an ally dodges."

AN: Something just occurred to me: 107 is a number that I picked at random but it fit quite well, not only that it was a number that divided fairly easily into 4. And by complete accident I created something that if I wanted to I could turn into a magical version of a training platoon...(In particular the 4 squads) Weird...

Harry continued for the next fifty minutes before he released them so they would be able to return before curfew.

The next day Harry and Hermione were called into Umbridge's office.

"Mr. Potter, Mrs. Granger, do you know why over a hundred students were out of their common rooms an hour before curfew?" Umbridge asked 'sweetly'.

Harry shrugged.

"Perhaps they plan on remodeling the castle?" Harry mocked her.

"Slytherins, Gryffindors, Hufflepuffs, and Ravenclaws working together on a project like that? Unlikely Mr. Potter. It is even more unlikely that they would gather a hundred students for a remodeling party." Umbridge scowled.

"You asked me if I knew what they were up to, that was my assumption. After all over one hundred students wouldn't break the rules." Harry replied.

"I will be watching you Potter."

"What did I do?" Harry's eyes narrowed dangerously.

"You are a suspicious person, I can't trust someone like you." Umbridge glared at Harry.

After that she turned her eyes on Hermione.

"Miss. Granger do you know why there were that many students wandering the castle at that time?" Umbridge asked.

Hermione glared back at her.

"You won't listen to Harry we've been together for a long time now. Why trust what I say if you won't trust Harry?" Hermione growled.

Umbridge blinked in surprise.

"Detention Miss. Granger."



"Fine." Hermione growled.

Harry spoke angrily.

"If I find out you have her use a blood quill it is the last mistake you'll EVER make." Harry said ominously.

"Detention Mr. Potter."

"My promise still stands." Harry said as he stood.

"You better not try to use a blood quill on Harry either." Hermione added dangerously while she stood.

"What do you think you are doing?" Umbridge asked.

"Leaving."

"I haven't dismissed you yet."

Harry and Hermione whipped around and aimed their wands at her.

"Let me put it this way, I either curse you several times or I leave now; it's your choice." Harry's green eyes penetrated her.

She shuddered.

"Then leave and you'll lose twenty points for Gryffindor." Umbridge said.

Hermione followed him.

"Will you really do that if she makes me use a blood quill?" Hermione asked.

Harry nodded.

"You're my wife, my love, my hope. I will do so if she tries it." Harry whispered.

She smiled and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Thanks Harry." Hermione sighed in contentment.

A few hours later Harry and Hermione entered the Room of Requirement and they met his American contact through the doors that the Room provided.

"It's good to see you again." 'Snaps' said.

"It's nice to see you again- I refuse to call you Snaps!" Hermione changed tracks in midsentence.

'Snaps' grimaced.

"Yeah it's a pretty stupid name." He admitted.

Harry looked around and noticed he was in a combination of muggle and magic building. The office where they had appeared was decidedly American. The wall behind the desk had an American flag hanging over it. The a song was playing softly in the background and there were several awards that had the presidential seal fixed upon them.

"What song is that?" Harry asked.

Hermione looked at him in some surprise.

"You don't know either?" Hermione asked.

"It's a Hymn. The Marines Hymn."

"The Marine's Hymn?"

"Yes, the system will cycle through several songs and for the next thirty minutes it's Marine songs."

"Do you mind telling us about that?" Hermione asked in interest.

"I don't know all that much about the military." Snaps looked apologetic.

Hermione looked at him in sorrow.

"But, what I do know I'll tell you. The U.S. Marines are descendants of the Royal Marines. The first Colonial Marines were Gooch's Marines and they were Royal Marines. When We created the Declaration of Independence we knew that we would need to defend ourselves. Who would be better than our own version of Marines? On November 10th 1775 the first U.S. Marines were born. They originally were a very small group of fierce warriors. Their fighting spirit has never changed but they have gotten much bigger. They have the most demanding training regiment that the United States has to offer. A Marine has iron discipline. Their Motto is 'Semper Fidelis'; or 'Semper Fi' for short. It stands for 'Always Faithful'. I've just ran out of knowledge. Oh wait, their uniforms are also pretty cool too." Snaps added.

"What about the other branches?" Hermione asked.

Hermione and her love of knowledge was legendary for a reason. Harry merely smiled and listened as Snaps explained all the branches. Harry knew that it was probably pointless but Hermione loved having knowledge gained. She also freely gave of her knowledge.

"Anyway, before your lovely girl here launches another question could I ask one of my own?" Snaps asked pleadingly.

Harry chuckled lightly.

"What brings you here besides the quest for knowledge about everything?" Snaps smirked at Hermione at this.

Hermione blushed lightly.

"We need to prepare for a large scale conflict. Voldemort is on the move." Harry said seriously.

Snaps nodded his head slightly.

"Yes, I can see that you need to do so but what are you asking for exactly?" Snaps asked.

"We will continue to need the resources you've supplied, but we will need more combat supplies."

"You need combat gear?" Snaps asked rhetorically.

He rubbed the bridge of his nose for a moment before he spoke.

"I'll get the supplies that I can. I won't use the WBM though."

"I can understand why, it's stupid to mess with the wizarding black market." Harry agreed.

A few more pleasantries were passed between them before Harry and Hermione returned to the school.

Nicely Done Potter. Durandril said to him as they exited the Room of Requirement.

Thanks. Harry replied back mentally.

AN: That will finish this chapter up quite nicely I think. Q: Will the Marine question pose any significance? Maybe :). I felt that would help capture Hermione better. I'll admit I haven't focused on her enough.

Over the last few days The Rifleman's Creed, Heliopaths, and The Raven Claws had all joined the Shield Legion. This meant that the legion was nearly a Hundred strong. Harry pushed those thoughts to the side as he looked at his wife.

Harry slowly stood and walked over to his bride. Gently he kissed her. She smiled as he pulled back.

They were in the common room, the fire had burned to a mere shadow of it's former glory. It was nearly three in the morning. The light of the stars was cast upon Hermione's skin. She was seated next to one of the windows near the edge of the room. Harry slid beside her. Hermione's eyes sparkled with the radiance of the stars.

"Harry, I love you." She whispered.

"I love you too Hermione." He whispered his reply.

The only noise was the occasional crack from the dying embers in the fireplace.

Hermione shifted slightly before she pulled Harry onto the chair next to her. Her arms wrapped around him.

"What would I do without you?" She whispered as she kissed him lightly.

"I think you'd be able to do just fine. Now, me on the other hand..." Harry shrugged his shoulders slightly.

Her eyes sparkled with joy, hope, peace, and most of all love. She was the only one Harry was loved by. She was the only one Harry loved. Hermione lifted her chin slightly and Harry kissed her again. While they kissed Hermione wrapped her arms around Harry.

Her hands began to roam up and down his frame.

Harry's hands rubbed her shoulders before sliding down her back

When they broke apart for air Hermione kissed his forehead lovingly.

"Harry?" Hermione asked.

"Yes love?"

"Are you worried about what's going to happen?" Hermione asked.

Harry looked at her gravely.

"Terrified. I'm scared of losing you, I have a reason to go on as long as you are there. Now that I have you, I don't want to die as long as you are still here." Harry whispered.

Hermione nodded before she kissed him.

"Harry, I won't die." She whispered.

"But, what if-" He started worriedly.

"Shh...I will not die. I have you to look after." She smiled.

"I'll hold you to that love." Harry said seriously.

They held each other for a while longer before a first year entered the common room and squeaked in embarrassment. They looked over at the first year girl before Harry and Hermione shook their heads lightly.

"What is it?" Harry asked the girl.

She looked at Harry in awe before squeaking nervously and running up the stairs. The two of them looked at each other for a long moment before they laughed lightly.

"I wonder what she was doing up at this time." Hermione wondered.

"I have no idea." Harry replied.

Hermione tried to contain a yawn that came over her.

"It looks like we are all weary." Harry yawned as well.

"There's only two of us." Hermione replied.

"The girl looked tired too." Harry replied.

"No she didn't." Hermione smiled.

"Yes she did." Harry said jokingly.

"Sorry Harry, I don't think so." Hermione grinned.

"Aww, why not?" Harry mock pouted.

"Simple, she was squeaking." Hermione's grin grew.

"Oh. Well, before we start squeaking in tiredness we better get to bed." Harry said.

"Yeah, getting some-hey, you don't squeak in tiredness." Hermione's eyes widened as she fully absorbed what Harry had said.

"You are tired. I almost got you."

"Haha, funny Mr. Potter." Hermione said dryly as they stood.

"I thought it was."

A few minutes later and Harry collapsed on his bed. He wouldn't awake until several hours later. At seven he felt a light, gentle, and phonominal presence on his lips. He knew it was Hermione for his world exploded. Only she could do that to him.

Harry awoke and saw Hermione kissing him. As soon as she noticed he was awake she pulled away and smiled.

"You just made my morning wonderful." Harry said as he got up.

She blushed lightly.

"Do you ever run out of compliments?" She asked with a blush.

"When it comes to you, no."

"Why is that?" She looked genuinely curious.

"Hmmm...I don't know maybe, it's because you are stunning, cunning, smart, loving, loyal, beautiful, able to carry on a conversation, do I need to continue?" Harry asked.

She blushed deeper.

"Let's go to breakfast." She finally said.

Harry nodded and they went down to the great hall.

"Mr. Potter, you are to serve your detention tomorrow night, Miss. Granger, you are to serve yours tonight. Both Detentions will happen at 12:00 A.M. Sharp." Umbridge said.

"Alright." Harry said and promptly ignored her.

As soon as the toad left Harry spoke.

"Technically I'll be serving mine two days from today, and you'll be serving yours tomorrow." Hermione slapped his shoulder playfully.

"You're so weird." Hermione smiled.

"Thank you."

When they had finished the day and five p.m. had rolled around Harry and Hermione went to mentor the Lions' roar team.

"This time we will be working with the blinding curse." Harry said.

"Isn't that illegal?" Ron asked.

"It is when the ministry is not at a state of war. However, we must make sure that we know it. There are two reasons. First, you need to be able to identify it, and counter it. Secondly, it is an extremely



effective curse. However, the blinding curse is easily fixed with a finite incantum. The reason why the ministry has restricted it to wartime use only is because of the fact that if left on an individual for longer than an hour it causes damage to the eye's nervous systems, if left on long enough it will blind the person completely." Harry explained.

"Right let's begin." Harry said and they began.

Harry taught them the curse and had them practice it.

After they were comfortable with the curse Harry had them duel each other, They were to use the blinding curse, disarming jinx's, and shields as well as removal of any blinding Accio could only be used on one's wand.

At the end of the hour Harry called them together and removed any still lingering curses.

"Before you leave I need to mention something."

The group stared at him in rapt attention.

"Have you heard of the Shield Legion?" Harry asked.

Several of them nodded.

"The legion is looking for more people. The group is small, and I just so happen to have their charter here."

Harry read through the charter.

"So they are a resistance group vowing to destroy Voldemort and bring equality to Wizards?" A student asked.

Harry nodded.

"It looks like they are more interested to allow us to fight as well, I don't know about you, but Voldemort and the Ministry are getting to be too big of threats." Ron said.

"What are you saying Ron?" Hermione asked.

"I'm going to join." Ron said.

"Then read this and sign." Harry passed a paper over to Ron.

He read the paper and signed. After he did so he spoke.

"I hereby swear to protect the secrecy of the Shield Legion, to defend it from all enemies, and to fight against the enemies of freedom and justice." Ron vowed and his wand glowed.

After Ron had made his vow Ginny asked Harry a question.

"Unlike my brother here I prefer to think things through, but I need to know, are you the leader?"

"I thought it would be obvious." Harry replied.

"You lead the Shield Legion?" A fifth year Gryffindor asked in surprise.

Harry nodded.

"I am the founder and current leader of the Shield Legion. Hermione is my equal in the Legion. She also named it." He added.

"That settles it, if Harry made the Shield Legion, I'm joining." Neville said.

Neville then joined. Fifteen minutes later the entirety of the Lion's Roar team joined.

The meeting ended with the newest twenty five Shield Legion members leaving.

Ron had stayed behind and waited to speak to Harry.

"Harry, could you take a look at this?" He said holding an item on a necklace.

"The final treasure of Legend?" Harry whispered.

It was a shield, it looked to be made of platinum. Harry sensed immense peace emanating from it. The treasure that symbolized peace and death. It was the final treasure that brought the circle unto completion.

"When did you get this?" Harry asked.

"I woke up last night and this was around my neck." Ron said.

"It is a treasure of legend. Remember the Tears of Friendship I gave to Hermione last Christmas? That's also a treasure of Legend."

Hermione drew close and the three treasures glowed brightly before they spoke.

"At long last, hope has begun anew, we have been gathered. War has descended upon the realms that exist yet are unseen, The darkness will strike against the corruption. War will burn the lands. The light will awaken and gather itself, corruption will fight a war of two fronts. darkness a war of two, and light a war of three. The light opposed by the unseen, by the darkness, and by the corrupted. Death will claim a part of light, the entire corruption, and even darkness will yield its numbers to death. Only a few will emerge from this unscathed."

"What happened?" Ron asked.

HPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHP

"The Dark Realm is attacking at long last." The Counselor said.

The Gatekeeper nodded as he watched one of the edge cities burn.

"This is our Ragnarok."

HPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPHP

That night Harry paced near the fireplace waiting for Hermione to return, Ron was sitting in a chair near Harry.

"You know, it's strange." Ron suddenly said.

"What's strange?" Harry asked absentmindedly.

"Ever since this treasure has come into my possession I seem to be...more mature, not only that I'm finally at peace. I know that if it wasn't for this treasure you wouldn't pay me any attention. While I'm saddened by that I can accept it, for I was a fool."

"It seems like it has also granted you knowledge." Harry added.

Ron shook his head.

"Not exactly, all it has done when it comes to that is allowed me to access more of my brain's higher brain functions. While I hate to admit this I think you and Hermione were correct. I should have studied harder. Now, I'm going to be playing catch-up for a long while."

"Has the D.A. been helping?" Harry asked.

Ron nodded.

"Quite a bit honestly. But, I am still far behind."

Ron and Harry lapsed into silence before Ron spoke again.

"The treasure also granted me one other thing."

"What's that?"

"You and Hermione have a Soul Link don't you? To top it off you two married illegally."

Harry was too stunned to do anything but nod.

Ron sighed slightly sadly this time.

"I'll admit that last month I was starting to develop a slight crush on her. I knew it was foolish, however, I still started to like her."

"You were getting a crush on my wife?" Harry asked slowly.

"Yes, and the reason why I am telling you this is so that there is nothing hidden between us. I won't keep any secrets from you anymore. Knowing me the one secret that I keep might harm our just rebuilt association too much." Ron said.

"Can I assume that the crush is over?" Harry asked.

Ron nodded fervently.

"Yes, definitely, it's gross to crush after someone's wife." Ron shuddered.

Harry nodded. A second later Harry heard the portrait open.

"Love, did she use the blood quill?" Harry asked.

She merely held up her raw left and right hands.

"She is going down. Now. I don't care if the Ministry decides to try to expel me. I'm taking her out." Harry growled.

"Better let Dumbledore know first." Hermione warned.

Harry nodded slightly as he walked to the portrait hole.

"Do you need a task force?" Ron asked.

"Not this time Ron. But, you and Draco will run the D.A. if we have to leave. I'll send letters so you can stay ahead. It isn't ideal but it will have to do." Harry said.

"I understand." Ron said grimly.

And I throw another obvious plot away. It feels great to do that :) Nope, no ordinary for the Potters. I also bet that you were thinking that Draco, or Sirius got to get the final Treasure. Nope. Sorry, but the goofball redhead got it. There is a valid reason behind this, if you read some of the older chapter you'll see that Ron had been changing, and Ron will play an important part, just one that I think only a few of you will see until it happens.

No, they still are not going to associate as much as you are probably thinking. Just bear with this if you hate Ron. I had to argue a long time about who would get the final treasure and Ron was really the only one I could choose for the tasks that I'm going to set ahead of him. I needed someone...who...Was available and I really don't want to introduce an OC at this point of the Story. Draco and Sirius are not available for the task that Ron has been given...

As to the D.A. and The Shield Legion...

D.A.

Member's: 109

107 regular members.

2 Leaders.

The Defense Association is used to conceal the Shield Legion now and it still educates the members of the Defense Association. The Defense Association is spread across years 4 through 7. Some of the Key members belong to the Weasley, Zambanni, Greengrass, Bones, Abbot, and Longbottom families.

Shield Legion.

Leaders: Harry, Hermione, Sirius, Draco.

Shield Legion Members :107

Shield Legion Total: 111

The Shield Legion is protected by over 10,000 different spells, 8,000 curses, runes, and other magics. Most were cast by Hermione. The Legion is more secretive than the Order of the Phoenix. This organization's Headquarters is unknown to all. (Potter Castle)

At this time the Legion is unable to mobilize it's forces.

Allies: Order of the Phoenix.

The Order is crippled by the ministry's interference. However, it still has critical resources that the Legion can tap into as required.

Well, that finishes up another chapter of the Light of Honor.

Harry strode purposefully to Dumbledore's office.

"Cockroach Cluster, Licorice wand, lemon drop?" Harry tried.

The door opened.

"He chose his favorite muggle candy this time?" Hermione asked with a faint smile.

"So it seems." Harry nodded as they entered the office.

"Ahh, how can I help you? Do you come as students or as the leaders of the Shield Legion?" Dumbledore asked.

"Not exactly as either. Although if I needed to classify it I would say both." Harry said calmly.

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled.

"I thought I should let you know that we are no longer going to be able to attend Hogwarts after tonight." Harry said grimly.

"Why is that Mr. Potter?" Dumbledore asked.

"Umbridge used a blood quill, she is going to be taken care of appropriately. Since we prefer you to stay on as headmaster we will take the blame."

"No. I cannot allow you to do this." Dumbledore protested.

"Professor. The only reason we are telling you this is so you don't panic when we vanish. It's time that the Legion begins to operate more effectively. You better start looking for a new Defense teacher. Perhaps, you could put Professor Snape in that position while you hire Slughorn to be the potions teacher." Harry replied.

"That may work." Dumbledore nodded slightly.

"Now, we have business to attend to. Good night Headmaster." Hermione said as they left.



"Good night, and farewell." Dumbledore sighed in sorrow.

"How should we take care of the toad?" Hermione mused as they left.

"Since we aren't barbarians we should probably keep her prisoner in a makeshift dungeon."

"Why not just give her to the Centaurs?" Harry asked.

"They'd kill her instantly. No, we want to prolong this." Hermione replied.

"So we make her a prisoner and then what?" Hermione asked.

Harry smirked.

"Padfoot, is bored right? He probably wants to test new pranks out and since he doesn't want to prank you or I-" Harry said.

"-He needs a test subject." Hermione finished with an evil grin.

"Perhaps he could develop ways to disable the enemy with his tests." Harry added sagely.

"It's for the best." Hermione agreed with a similar grin.

"I would guess our young friend would agree to help him as well." Hermione noted as they neared Umbridge's quarters.

With a couple of flicks from their wands they entered her chambers and stunned the ugly woman.

Less than ten minutes later, a couple of vials later, and a letter Harry and Hermione left Hogwarts.

The Shield Legion was going to war at long last.

When they arrived at Potter Castle a few minutes after departing Hogwarts they instantly created Umbridge's prison. It was a cold,

chilling room. The 'cell' was made out of a former potions lab. The room had been refitted with a cot, and a chamber pot behind a folding screen.

"Why did you give her the folding screen?" Hermione asked curiously.

"I don't want to come to question her and see that." Harry said with a shudder as he pointed at the fat woman.

"A valid point." Hermione agreed as she turned slightly green at the thought.

"So, how are we going to discipline her?" Harry asked her.

His wife's look turned savage.

"I'm tempted, but oh, we'd be breaking about a dozen rules." She said.

Something in Harry's memory stirred slightly.

"Why does that sound familiar?" Harry wondered aloud.

"First time, second year, Hogwarts library." Hermione said.

"I can't remember." Harry replied after a long moment.

"Polyjuice Potion?" Hermione prodded.

Harry's eyes widened.

"Oh. Are you thinking of turning her half cat?" Harry asked with a smirk.

"I was actually thinking of turning her into a house elf. I'd turn her into a goblin but they'd just kill her as soon as she appeared. House elves unfortunately don't respect themselves enough to destroy her." Hermione replied.

"I can just imagine Skeeter's headline: Senior Undersecretary of the Minister; half breed!" Harry smirked at his crafty wife.

"The horror!" Hermione exclaimed in mock horror.

The two of them laughed wickedly as they awoke the disarmed and disoriented witch.

"What is going on?" Umbridge demanded.

"Now, now, Umbridge, that isn't any way to talk to your wardens is it?" Harry smirked.

Umbridge paled as she realized that she was in a cell, and without a wand.

"How dare you!" Delores shrieked.

"It wasn't that hard. It was even easier because you aren't much more than a squib magically." Hermione replied.

"What was that you mudblood?" Umbridge screamed shrilly.

Harry backhanded her in his fury.

"If you call her that one more time you'll be begging for death." Harry growled dangerously.

"Harry, there isn't any reason to be like that. After all you shouldn't be riled up by a almost squib." Hermione laid her hand on Harry's arm.

Harry calmed down immediately. She was once again Harry's voice of reason. Harry nodded.

"By the way toad, do you want to know your sentence?" Harry asked.

"Sentence?" Umbridge looked at him in total confusion.

"You hate half breeds so much, it's just too obvious. Before you know it you're going to be a half house elf." Hermione smirked.

Umbridge's eyes widened in horror.

They two of them left before Umbridge had a chance to recover and begin screaming at them.

"So, one month of toad-lady, and then toad-elf." Harry said as they entered the banquet hall.

"Harry, Hermione what brings you here?" Sirius asked in surprise as he leaned against a chair sipping what looked to be suspiciously similliar to Firewhiskey.

"Well, a large fat toad used a blood quill on Hermione, so we captured the ugly thing." Harry said.

"And the punishment?" Sirius asked.

Harry merely pointed to his watch as Hermione spoke.

"We need to get to sleep." She said.

Harry nodded in agreement.

"Before you head up to bed you need to answer one simple question, You're married, when will you consummate the marriage?"

Harry and Hermione both blushed brightly.

Sirius looked at them bleakly.

"Don't wait too long. The ritual you used is ancient, hardly understood magic. I researched it quite a bit, if you hold out too long it'll start sapping your magic." Sirius said grimly.

Harry's eyes widened.

"I didn't know that." Harry admitted.

Hermione nodded in shock as well.

"Tonight is almost over, stay in the same bed tonight." Sirius suggested.

Harry found himself wishing that he could melt into the floor. He was talking to Sirius about his physical relationship with his wife!

AN/ It's finally finished. This chapter...at long last...The largest group of votes was easily, Turn her into a Half-breed! And I must say it's very...fitting. Some suggested goblins, however, the one that took my attention was the house elf idea. Now, she will be a servant for the rest of her miserable life since no one will want to turn her back. Hermione will have to make the Polyjuice first naturally...

Ahem, as to the sexuality to this...Reveal, or no reveal? The choice is again partially yours...

I'm going to remove the old poll after posting this chapter. It served it's purpose.

number of votes-percentage

27-21 percent: Turn her into a half breed!

21-16 percent: Die Umbridge!

20-15 Percent: Turn her over to the centaurs!

19-14 Percent: Hermione curses her! Again...and again....

10-7 Percent: A month with 5 boggarts.

1-less than 1 percent: I hate you Defender Paladin.

Hey! Less than 1 percentage of the people who voted hate me! I feel pretty good about that.

I dont really want to list the other votes.

Total Votes: 44

Slowly, and nervously Harry removed his fake glasses and placed them in a drawer. He wouldn't be needing them anytime soon. With a deep breath Harry slowly changed into his clothing for the night. A single white t shirt and a pair of shorts. Next, he entered his bedroom slowly and nervously. He took the now miniature Durandril and placed it on his bedside table along with his wand. The sword Excalibur, within its sheath, he leaned against the same table.

The reason for Harry's nervousness was simple, Hermione had agreed that they should sleep in the same bed. Thousands of thoughts flooded his mind. Thoughts that made him fear, thoughts of terror.

Hermione, Hermione was brilliant, she was powerful magically, and beautiful. She couldn't be much more blessed than she was. Then, he heard the door to his room open slowly; almost as in apprehension.

"Harry?" Hermione called tentatively.

"I-I'm here." Harry's throat was suddenly very dry.

"You must be nervous too." Hermione muttered just barely loud enough to be heard.

Muttering a quiet 'yes'. Harry walked over to his beloved. Hermione was wearing a pale white nightgown, it went to her knees and not an inch further. Harry then gathered all of his will and lifted his wife into his arms. She looked startled at the beginning but by the time she was being carried bridal style she had laid her head on his shoulder and she had a look of contentment on her face.

Next Harry laid her on the bed and as she got under the covers Harry got in beside her. She looked at him lovingly and allowed him to pull her into his arms. What she did next surprised Harry, she adjusted them so that he was on his back and she was on top of him.

After she kissed him passionately Harry was awestruck.

"Hermione." Harry moaned.

Hermione smiled lovingly at Harry and kissed him a once more.

Her kisses were like, well, Harry honestly couldn't compare them, summer's loving caress of heat, nor the spring's gentle breeze; neither compared to her loving touch, let alone a kiss from her.

"I love you Harry." She whispered.

Harry smiled and replied.

"I love you too."

Hermione suddenly fought a yawn. In response Harry merely smiled before kissing her forehead.

"Sleep precious, beloved, Hermione." Harry whispered.

She nodded and laid her head upon his chest and a few moments later her soft breathing told Harry that she had drifted off. That was the sound that Harry drifted off to.

The next morning Harry awoke with Hermione still laying on his chest. He breathed in the scent of her soft brown hair while she continued to slumber and that's when Harry knew that he wanted to always awaken to this state for the rest of his life.

Harry was so comfortable he didn't want the day to begin. Instead, he began to caress his wife's hair.

"Mmmhm." Hermione sighed in contentment and drew even closer to Harry.

Harry's left arm snaked its way around her and pulled her into his embrace.

A few minutes later Hermione woke and after she blinked the sleep out of her eyes she smiled at him and kissed him gently.

"Good morning love." She said.

Harry smiled lovingly and spoke.

"Good morning yourself." Harry then kissed her.

Hermione sighed in contentment before she slowly lifted herself off of him.

Harry pouted as she got off of the bed that they had shared until just a moment prior.

"Oh, Harry, as much as I would love spending the day in bed with you we need to get to work. We have a ministry to topple, polyjuice potion to brew, Legion business, destroy Voldemort, Get Durandril to accept you, and we have to bother your godfather." Hermione said.

Harry pouted at her for a moment longer before he too forced himself to begin the day.

"Good afternoon children." Sirius smirked as they sat down at the table.

"Teenagers are creatures of the night." Harry replied primly.

"Quite." Sirius replied dryly.

Hermione's eyes sparkled with mischief as she listened to the two of them banter.

Even as the two of them bickered gently Solomon appeared and presented Hermione with her 'breakfast'.

Ten minutes later Harry and Sirius had finally stopped their banter and that was when Harry noticed that Hermione had already eaten and was walking out of the banquet hall.

"Not funny!" Harry called.

Hermione stopped for half of a second and a house elf appeared next to her.



They spoke for a moment before the elf popped over to Harry.

"Lady Potter suggests that next time you eat before you play, and she also told me to remind you that it isn't polite to shout across the banquet hall." The female elf told him.

The rest of that day was delegated mostly to creating the polyjuice potion.

"Sirius, could you be se-erm, could you focus?" Harry said in exasperation as the dog animagus was pestering Harry's wife.

"I wasn't messing around Harry." Sirius said honestly.

Harry blinked and looked at his wife.

Hermione gave him a small nod.

"Very well then, carry on." Harry spoke grandiosely.

That left Harry alone on the task of the Polyjuice Potion. About that time Harry decided that this really wasn't his best day ever. First Hermione forced him to get out of bed (a bed that she had been in too) and then she ate breakfast without him, to make matters worse was that Sirius and Hermione left him alone to brew the complicated Polyjuice Potion.

It was with relief when dinner rolled around and Harry was able to proclaim that the now gently bubbling potion was stable enough until it's next brewing session.

During dinner however, Harry's 'bad day' soured even more.

"Harry, The leader of the Order of the Phoenix has written to you." Solomon said as he handed Harry a letter.

After Harry had read the unusually short letter he crushed it and stood.

"Solomon, open a direct floo connection from here to the Headmaster's office."

"It's already been prepared for you Harry, all you need to do is go to the nearest fireplace." Solomon replied.

"Excellent initiative Solomon." Harry complimented the house elf.

"Thank you Harry."

Hermione had just caught up with Harry when he had reached the floo.

"Headmaster's Office!" Harry called.

It was merely moments later when Harry and Hermione had entered the Headmaster's office.

"Excellent response time Harry." Dumbledore said.

"Thanks, so how hard did we get hit?" Harry cut to the chase.

"Azkaban is all but dust now. The Prophet is trying to pin the loss on you and Sirius."

"I thought Fudge was an imbecile but this far beyond what I had previously thought." Hermione muttered.

"As a side note, did you know that you have the unique honor of being the first muggleborn Shadow Empress?" Dumbledore asked.

"Shadow Empress? What's that?" Harry asked.

"Essentially it means I am the female version of a dark lord." Hermione replied in a dead voice.

"Has the ministry declared that or was it just Prophet Speculation?" Hermione questioned dully.

"Both unfortunately have announced your fall into the dark arts." Dumbledore responded.

Harry sighed.

"They did that to get to me. They know that Hermione's the person I'm closest to."

"I would assume so."

"This just means that the Ministry will ignore Voldemort until they are destroyed by him." Hermione finally recovered.

"The Silver Lining?" Dumbledore asked.

"Exactly."

"Well, I'll notify the Legion on what has happened and we will have our forces undergo heavy summer training. As another act of business...Solomon!" Harry called.

"Yes Harry?"

"I need you to get the emergency portkeys to Dumbledore before the night is out, save for the hundred and ten legion portkeys. I need you to deliver those directly to the members."

"You have over a hundred Shield Legion members?" Dumbledore asked in awe.

"The legion moved fast." Hermione replied.

After the three of them finished their discussions Harry allowed Dumbledore access to the castle, and then added a couple of trusted Order members to the roster. Remus; being one of those.

When they had returned it was already nearing midnight once again.

"If this keeps up we will end up magic-less." Hermione noted.

"Well, it's the busy season." Harry responded.

"That is very true." Hermione agreed.

The two of them then headed to Harry's bedchamber's once again.

I'm starting to feel sorry for them, they have been married for quite a while now and they still haven't consummated their relationship...

Well, as to the reveal or no reveal...

I am still accepting votes.

Right now:

In the lead by 2 votes: Reveal the sexuality.

As to why it took so long to update there is two major reasons:

1: I got all depressed for some odd reason and my writing was turning out to be way too dark. (I'm in and out of my 'funk' now.)

2: I got FFIV and that kept me really busy. Cecil at Lv:63 w/ Excalibur does a ton of damage...

"Wormtail, bring Lucius, and Bellatrix to me." Voldemort whispered in his chilling voice, his red eyes glowing with an unparalleled viciousness.

"Yes my lord." Peter simpered and began to search for them.

As the Dark Lord waited he summoned a book to him.

"Potter...he somehow is blocking me. Interesting, the old fool must have taught him mind magics. No matter. He might have the prophesy however, there is another place for me to gain that prophesy." Voldemort muttered as he began to flip through the runic rituals within the book.

"You called my lord?" Lucius kneeled before his lord.

"Indeed. Ah, Bellatrix I see you've arrived as well. Now, it's time to carry out a critical operation. Destabilize the ministry Lucius at the same time make them terrified of Potter and his mudblood 'Shadow Empress'. This will ensure that he has to continue to hide away while I continue to grow in power."

"Yes my lord." Lucius agreed.

"Then go Lucius and do not fail me again."

Lucius Malfoy rose and quickly left the room.

After Lucius left the room He turned to Bellatrix.

"Bellatrix, your orders are simple. Find a way to masquerade as the mudblood. Act as a shadow empress would as her. You must occasionally bring a 'Harry Potter' with you as well. This will further assist me. However, do not allow yourself to get caught."

"My lord this will be next to impossible without polyjuice and their essences." Bellatrix said hesitantly.

Voldemort then nodded.

"Indeed. However, I believe that you will be able to manage it. If you are unable to do this task return to me." Voldemort replied.

"Hermione, how close is the polyjuice to finished?" Harry asked.

"It should be finished here in a few minutes." Hermione replied as she stirred once more.

Three minutes later Hermione carefully drew a goblet of the substance.

"Here it is." Hermione noted and set the steaming goblet down.

"We can add this to her drink next time she has a meal."

"That's why you allowed her to have pumpkin juice or tea." Harry realized.

"Yes, fortunately this is a unique blend of polyjuice that isn't effected by food or drink. So you could just drink normal tea and it is actually polyjuice."

"Have I ever mentioned how clever you are?" Harry asked in wonder.

Hermione blushed lightly.

"Once or twice."

"Well in that case: you're unbelievably clever." Harry said as he pulled her to him.

Hermione's eyes stared deeply into his own.

A second later Harry and Hermione's lips connected.

While they kissed Harry's right hand slid down her back, found the edge of her shirt and slid underneath her shirt.

"Mmh." Hermione sighed in contentment in the kiss.

Harry's hand was caressing her skin when they broke for air.

"I think we should take this upstairs." Hermione suggested.

"Yeah." Harry agreed.

The polyjuice forgotten, the two of them headed up to the Master chambers.

Upon arriving Hermione locked the door and drawing her wand she placed several one-way silencing spells.

"No one can hear what we're doing but if someone knocks we can hear them." Hermione explained.

"My clever, beautiful witch." Harry murmured and pulled her to him once again.

Several kisses later they had arrived at a new destination: the bed. Hermione had sat down upon the bed during one of their kisses; her hands had been wrapped around him so she managed to pull him down as well. With his lowered status all it took was for Hermione to adjust slightly and Harry was sitting right next to her on their grand bed.

Just as things were starting to really heat up. Read: Hermione and Harry were missing shirts and Hermione's skirt was nearly off. A pounding was heard on their door.

Harry and Hermione both groaned in frustration at the terrible timing and while Hermione was replacing her garments Harry hit the door with a finite incantium.

"What is it?" Harry called; buying time as he pulled his shirt back on.

"Dumbledore said that there is something critically important that he needs to talk to you about." Sirius said through the door.

"Did he mention exactly what?" Harry asked as his wife had finished getting her garments back on.

"Something about a new set of rebellions. It sounded rather chaotic at the school."

Harry opened the door and with Hermione at his side they exited.

"Odds are that this 'rebellion was inspired by the newest release of the Phoenix." Hermione noted.

"I haven't seen it yet." Harry admitted.

"Neither have I but, it's the only paper taken seriously enough that isn't under ministry control to do this kind of damage."

"What about it occurring from whomever taken over since Umbridge?" Harry asked.

"It's possible however, it's also unlikely." Hermione shook her head in response.

"I have a copy of the Phoenix here." Sirius dug into his pocket and pulled a copy of the Phoenix.

The Phoenix

Only Truth is Immortal

Special Edition

At approximately 9:45 A.M yesterday morning the Ministry of Magic released a press statement proclaiming that Harry Potter the 'boy-who-lived' and his closest friend, a muggleborn witch by the name Hermione Granger were none other than up and coming dark magic users.

Hermione Granger has been dubbed a Shadow Empress and Harry Potter, a Dark Lord. This was decided when Harry James Potter and Hermione Granger left two days ago. At approximately the same time Delores Umbridge, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister of Magic went missing. This surprising and bold move by the ministry has been



frowned upon by all other magical governments; none more so than The WUSA and The Magical Ministry of Australia. The Magical German Union's President also has announced his support of the boy-who-lived.

The WUSA's President Alexander Adams spoke to his people over WAW (Wizarding American Wireless).

"Since the sixteen hundreds the Magical Peoples of America have resisted the backwater and primitive ways of our magical counterparts in the United Kingdom. Yet apparently even as the rest of the world has advanced the Ministry of Magic in Britain is unable to press forward. This is simply caused by who they have in government. Still, the peoples of the world; including us found it fit to ignore the political dealing and strife within this ancient land and just keep them as 'allies' and trading partners. Even as thousands remained oppressed, we merely watched. Watched as countless mundane origin (known as Muggleborns to Britain, the terminology was influenced by the magical writers in the United States) wizards and witches are unable to do anything except either flee their homeland or decay within their own lands as their minds are wasted.

Over the last ten years immigrants from wizarding Britain have almost doubled. The numbers are staggering. Almost eighty percent of all mundane origin wizards and witches from this land flee within the year that they graduate. Too long has America ignored this. Therefore, I am calling upon the Magical United States Congress to declare war upon Britain's Ministry of Magic."

Germany, France, Australia, India, Brazil, Portugal, and even Sweden are each calling upon their governments to take direct action against the events occurring within the borders in Britain.

International outrage began to occur when the British Ministry of Magic had instigated the MuggleTax, and was further increased when the 'Hogwarts Inquisitor' position was formed. International fury was further provoked when Albus Dumbledore was removed from his positions in Government. The Ministry of Magic ignored over three hundred warnings from the WUSA alone. Germany also sent one

hundred warnings that the actions the Ministry of Magic was taking could instigate a war.

Finally, an event occurred that made international tensions explode; this morning at ten thirty A.M. the Ministry of Magic announced that Muggleborn Witches and Wizards needed to register at the ministry of magic.

The German Minister of Magic spoke to his people regarding the new 'mugglereg' policy.

"This is a revolting and obvious attempt to enslave the muggleborn wizards and witches more than they are already. Germany has become fed up with the attempts of enslavement that this 'government' over the last few years. Therefore I am calling upon the Merlin's Chamber to draft up new legislation against the Ministry." The German Minister continued with several other statements before the conference ended.

Minister of Magic Cornelius Fudge was unavailable for comments.

The Shadow Empress

Recently Hermione Granger was announced as Shadow Empress. However, her very history suggests that she would be the last person to become such a person. The young girl was born...

The Phoenix had several articles covering current events and it painted a picture that had never occurred in the history of the world: a magical 'World War'. Italy, Albania, and Britain had joined a new alliance against the International Magical Community. These three nations were known for their 'Pureblood' histories and the Britain's new allies had a keen interest ensuring the survival of magical Britain's government.

Harry laid the Phoenix down and scowled.

"What's wrong?" Sirius asked.

"Now all Voldemort has to do is wait until the world crushes the Ministry and then he'll just waltz in." Harry replied.

Sirius looked thoughtful for a long moment.

"Actually this might also work to our advantage." Sirius answered.

"How so?" Hermione asked.

The gleam in Sirius' eyes told them that he had an idea that would essentially mean that he would be pranking the entire world.

"I know that look." Harry said nervously.

"Between the three of us we could create a false prophecy don't you think?" Sirius smirked.

"Well yes but what would be the point?" Hermione asked.

"Oh no, there is no way-" Harry began, he was seeing where his godfather was going.

"Oh yes there is. We create a false prophecy 'predicting' that you will annihilate him if he challenges you with Death Eaters. The Prediction further states that if I, Hermione, or Dumbledore die you'll grow a million times stronger than him. Killing him then becomes a joke for you. Another part states should he issue you a direct challenge when he has taken the ministry of magic that he will win."

"Crafty prophecy, since it'll make the fight be on our terms instead of his." Hermione said with a grudging respect.

"There's only one problem Sirius." Harry replied.

"What's that?"

"Remember when I mentioned that only two people can retrieve the real prophecy? That's Voldemort and myself."

"Then you Hermione, and I go into the Ministry tonight, switch out the prophecies and be out of there before anyone notices that we were there." Sirius replied.

"Only one correction to that plan Sirius." Harry sighed.

"What's that Harry?" Sirius asked.

"You'll stay here."

"But-!" Sirius began.

"No! The Ministry is where you died! I don't want to tempt fate! You must stay here!" Harry shouted emotionally.

Hermione placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Harry, I'm tired of staying here." Sirius admitted.

"I know and I hate myself for forcing you into this hidey hole. You can come on the next legion mission, just not...just not this one. Please." Harry calmed quickly with Hermione's comforting hand.

Sirius sighed and shook his head in defeat.

"So be it." Sirius sighed.

"Thanks Sirius." Harry smiled weakly.

"You owe me." Sirius said as they walked to the fireplace; finally remembering that Dumbledore had requested them.

"Headmaster's Office!" Harry called as he tossed in the floo powder.

A flash of color, and Harry was face first out of the Headmaster's fireplace.

Hermione had come right after him and while she had successfully made it out of the fireplace without falling she tripped over Harry. As she was beginning to lift herself off of him the Headmaster spoke.

"In my youth I also had a terrible time with the floo system." Dumbledore said; his eyes twinkling lightly.

After the two of them had managed to stand and look at the aged Headmaster they could tell that something was weighing on him heavily.

"How bad is it?" Harry asked grimly.

"The teachers have lost control, and now there's armed combat in the halls, I came here to get reinforcements and some help to assemble order. This isn't the only place though, the Ministry of Magic and Diagon Alley are both covered in confusion as well." Dumbledore said.

"It would be an ideal time to strike if I were Voldemort, save for the Wizarding World War potentially occurring."

"He might strike anyways." Hermione spoke up.

"What do you mean?" Dumbledore asked.

"If he takes the Ministry he could send emissaries to other nations, promising them that change is now occurring and that an internal revolution changed the events within Britain, that he has no interest in the MUGGLETAX, or the other decrees. Then, he waits for a while, in charge obviously until the world has calmed down. Afterwards, he stages a 'terrorist' attack, which means for the 'safety of the people' he seals the borders. He then has complete and total free reign." Hermione explained grimly.

"Voldemort might decide to do something like that, his nature suggests such a course of action. Still, we need to get this under control first." Dumbledore said as he finished a letter.

"Where's that going?" Harry asked Dumbledore as the headmaster gave the letter to Fawkes.

"I have no choice but to get the Order here to help." Dumbledore explained.

"Right, The Legion needs to march too." Harry said and activated the D.A. coin.

The message Harry sent was simple.

All D.A. Members make their way to the Room of Requirements. Emergency meeting.

War had come.

Well, well, things aren't looking good now are they? Hermione's predicted a very terrible future, and the mob riots aren't helping right now at all...

The Gatekeeper sighed as he shook his cloaked head.

"What is it Gatekeeper?" The Counselor asked.

"It's time isn't it?"

The Counselor of Wisdom nodded.

"The calamities within our own realm are spilling into the Wizarding realm, just not in the way that either the council or the second reality expected."

"Has the Emperor expected this since the beginning?" The Gatekeeper asked.

Thirty seconds passed before the Counselor responded.

"Three." Was his vague answer.

"Three?"

"The number of the Emperor."

"So what?" The Gatekeeper asked.

"Three times through time, three friends, three swords, three treasures of legend. He has been giving us symbols of the future again and again, we just have been ignoring it!" The Counselor exclaimed in shock.

"If you don't explain right now I'm going to be very cross." The Gatekeeper said icily.

"Harry Potter has gone through time three times, once to save his godfather, once by our returning him to life, and most recently his adventure into the forbidden realm. He now holds in his possession three different swords, the sword of founding, the sword of kings, and Durandil, He also has the Soul of Unity about his neck, the Tears of Friendship lies with his wife, and the Shield of Peace lies with his ally Ron Weasley. There have been so many showings of that number

and we've ignored each one! The Emperor has been telling us without words that he was going to cause the Reformation. " The Counselor said in awe.

"What about the prophecies?" The Gatekeeper tried hopefully.

"Sure there are more than 'three' but their actual number still ties to three."

"How?"

"They are divisible by three. One prophecy calls Harry the 'chosen one', another predicts the death of the Ministry, yet another predicts that the reformation would be caused by one outside of the control of time."

The stood there in silence and awe for several minutes before the Gatekeeper spoke again.

"Why would the Shield of Peace lie with Ronald Weasley?"

"I honestly don't know. All I know is that is symbolizes peace and death."

"Harry! You're back!" An excited Ginny Weasley called as she entered the room with her brother.

"Yeah, I'm back because of this insurrection."

A few minutes later the rest of the "D.A" entered the room.

"Alright let's get started. Right now there's a nasty war starting. Not just in Hogwarts but the rest of the world too. A wizarding World War. But, right now we have to stop the battle here in Hogwarts. Lions Roar, and Heliopaths I need you to protect the first, second, and third year students. Rifleman's creed, secure the entrance and the great hall. The Raven Claws-" At this Hermione chuckled slightly."- Reinforce the teachers."



After their marching orders they left the room. Harry, Hermione and Ron however, stayed behind.

"It was just to get them to move?" Ron asked in some surprise.

"Yes. We don't have time for a big meeting and putting down this riot is the most important thing right now." Harry replied.

"And they always say you're good at strategy." Hermione shook her head in mock sadness.

In the confusion of what would become known as the Hogwarts Rebellion Bellatrix Lestrange slipped into the chaotic school. Severus Snape; had been asked directly by the Dark Lord what was occurring at the ancient school. The spy then revealed that there was an open insurrection occurring within the halls of Hogwarts.

Surprisingly, Voldemort didn't launch an attack at the school. Then again, while Bellatrix was fairly intelligent her years in Azkaban had messed with her mental state. Shrugging off the memory Bellatrix continued her mission for her lord.

The former Ravenclaw student went undetected past a small group of teachers whom were defending the first, second and third years as the school continued to rage in its new madness. She then made her way up to the Gryffindor tower. With a simple 'diffindio' she gained access to the lion's common room. Readyng herself she made her way up the stairs and into the lion's den. What surprised her though was that the common room was empty. With a shrug Bellatrix walked into the first dorm. It was a first year girls dorm.

She tried again, on the other side. First year Boys dorm.

Forty five minutes and eight dorms later the woman found the Fifth year girls dorm. Quickly she searched the room and found what she was looking for; an abandoned bed that still had hairs upon it. She had to be careful, intelligence told her that the mudblood had a cat. However, Bellatrix wasn't Dark Lord's second in command just because the Dark Lord liked her brutality. Bellatrix waved her wand and found the correct hairs. Hairs that could eventually be

reproduced by pulling her own hair off her head while she was under the guise of the mudblood.

Ten minutes later Bellatrix had gathered all of the hairs that she could. All that remained on the bed were the hairs of the disgusting cat.

Fifteen minutes later Bellatrix had managed to gather enough hairs from 'golden couple of Hogwarts' and slipped back out of the castle. She had done so without anyone noticing, even the old codger known as Albus Dumbledore.

Alexsandar Greengrass was different, he was intelligent, he was above all, loyal to the things he should be. Even from the tender age of ten his parent's knew that he was dark; terribly dark. They feared what would happen if the Dark Lord were to rise again. They had tried to stop Alexsandar but he ignored them and delved deeper into the dark arts. Now he was seventeen; almost eighteen, and just that summer; the summer the Dark Lord had risen again had Alexsandar accepted his lord's mark. His family didn't know about although he was certain that his 'lovable' sister would be disgusted at his action. He didn't care, in fact he had requested that he be the one to kill her himself.

He would do anything for his master.

The internal rebellion was the perfect time to strike against her. She was currently in the Slytherin Common room protecting a small group of first years when he stealthily entered the room, lowered his wand, aimed at the back of her head and as he began the incantation he rejoiced at his success.

"Reducto!" He whispered.

Daphne seemed to stiffen before she dropped to her knee and the spell passed through the space where her head had been a second before.

There was only one thing that Alexsandar Greengrass did not factor into his plans; that his sister might in fact be skilled enough to dodge his attack. This one flaw in his plan led to its entire unravelling.

In the Slytherin house there are only a few set rules. One; you do not assist other houses, two, you are cunning, three; if you are going to do something that you will be punished for then do not be detected, and finally, you NEVER attack a fellow Slytherin without serious repercussions. Daphne Greengrass was a Slytherin.

A barrage of first year charms, hexes, curses, and jinxes, as well as an accurately aimed blinding curse slammed into Alexandar.

It is common knowledge that mixing spells causes unusual results. The mix of leg lockers, jelly legs, a single levitation spell, blinding curse, a couple of transfiguration spells, (normally used for turning matches into needles and other similar tricks), and one low powered dark spell.

The results were impressive if nothing else. Alexandar Greengrass, became Alexandar the slimy...thing before he turned into a primeval gray soup.

Alexandar Greengrass was confirmed dead by a disgusted Madam Pomfrey after the insurrection ended. Died due to magical backlash was what was in the official reports. However, Madam Pomfrey would write in her memoirs those related to the incident that he died for attacking a girl; a very pretty fifth year girl that was protecting first years, several of the boys even in first year had crushes on the young woman and proved that they were more than willing to protect their princess.

The rebellion of Hogwarts would finally end after the Legion and the Order of the Phoenix stepped in.

The final body count was the worst loss of life in the wizarding world in almost twenty years. After the school finally settled down Harry and Hermione made their way to the headmaster's office.

The married couple's faces reflected their sorrow and the pain in their eyes was evidence of their still strong humanity.

A few minutes passed before the teachers and the Headmaster entered the office.

"Mr. Potter! Miss. Granger! Why did you leave?" McGonnagal demanded.

"Isn't it obvious? Mr. Potter wants to at the front of everything. He loves his publicity and since this year he isn't in the spotlight he decides to find a way to get into the spotlight." Severus Snape sneered.

"Severus not now. This is not the time to relieve your hatreds." Dumbledore chided.

Hermione had quickly stood and had her wand at pointed at Snape's head; her brown eyes had narrowed dangerously.

Harry gently placed a hand on hers before he neared the potion's master.

"Severus Snape, I don't care if you hate me or not, it doesn't matter to me in the least. Why? You're pathetic, you fear the ghosts of your past so you try to insult the person closest to your memories. I remind you of my father, newsflash: I am not my father. As a side note, why did you bring this child to this meeting Headmaster?" Harry turned to the aged man.

Albus blinked before he spoke.

"He is a critical ally in the war against Voldemort." Dumbledore answered.

"That's fine but does he have any tactical reason for being here right now? If not he's wasting space. Does he have a report? If not we don't need him. All he is is a spy. That's his entire purpose, in otherwords, his 'assistance is no longer needed."

"Harry, my boy-" Dumbledore began.

"I have critical information that must be kept out of the Dark Lord's hands, if Snape is here he could very well become the test subject in an experiment to see how long it takes to drive a person insane."

"I know how to hide information impudent brat." Snape hissed lowly.

"This information is too sensitive." Harry retorted.

Dumbledore sighed and nodded to his spy.

"I'm sorry Severus." He apologized.

So shocked that he could do little more than nod Snape left the room.

The meeting then covered a debriefing and A request for Professor Trelwany's presence. Sirius was intelligent but he had forgotten that they'd need a seer.

A recording later, Harry Potter and Hermione Potter were ready to infiltrate the Ministry of Magic. They finished by passing information between the two heads of the 'terrorist' groups.

When they had finished they had returned to Potter Castle and the two of them made their way to the Master Bedchambers.

"Not a good set of event's but I'd say we did a good day's work." Harry groaned as they collapsed on the large bed.

"I'd say so." Hermione agreed tiredly.

Not even taking the time to change into night clothes the two of them slipped into the sleep of the dead.

Neither would wake for several hours.

1991 words in length, I would have finished sooner but...some things came up that meant I was away from my computer. Yawn, I finished this around 11:45...Now, as to the polyjuice DNA idea. If you've changed appearances wouldn't you likely need to imitate the actual DNA structure of a person? If this was the case you'd be able to use

your hair as someone else to gain more DNA material of the person you want to polyjuice. Plus not only that just imagine the terrible things that a person could do by doing that. (very evil)

As a side note, I've been reminded once again that 'you can't please them all' in several reviews. This story's plot has mostly been decided, only some of the smaller things remain now. (Such as the consumation on or off screen. )

If it feels like the end of this chapter was slightly rushed...It kinda was. I knew that this part was starting to run low on steam so I had to wrap things up.

## Harry Potter and the Light of Honor

Year 5

### The Red Horse of War

A few days later after the battle at Hogwarts had ended Harry Potter and Hermione Potter were sent a letter by WUSA's Magical Congress requesting their presence.

Dear Mr. Potter and Miss. Granger,

Due to the recent events in the magical world; most notably the Wizarding World War we have convened for the 501st Magical Congressional Session and we request your presence for this

session.

Usually the Magical Congress is completely sealed off to the public; let alone the public from other nations, however, due to the unusual circumstances tradition must be breached.

Contained within this envelope are two two-way international portkeys. These are sound activated portkeys with their key word being registered as 'The Red Horse'. All lodging and needs will be

attended to during your stay here in the WUSA.

Also included are two sets of amnesty papers essentially protecting you from any and all legal prosecution during your stay; please do not abuse this privilege.

Wizarding United States President,

Alexander Adams 39th President

"What do you think?" Sirius asked them.

Hermione sighed before she answered.

"It's because of this war that is emerging." Hermione replied.

"What do they want exactly?" Harry asked in confusion.

"I don't know." Hermione shook her head.

"Well, there's only one way to find out." Harry said.

"What do you mean?" Sirius asked.

Harry pulled out a presidential seal and a packet of letters before he said three words.

"The Red Horse!"

Shortly afterwards he was standing in a building unlike anything he had ever seen. He was surrounded by the proudest looking men he had ever seen; not arrogant, but confident. Each of them were in uniform; standing at attention. The deep, dark blue of their uniform was offset by the trimming of gold and black. At their waists they each had a sword. However, not every sword was the same and it took Harry a moment to discern that there were two different types of swords that they carried.

At this point Hermione appeared next to him. Almost as soon as she appeared a man walked over to them; unlike the almost motionless military men he was in a business suit and a brilliant smile on his face.

"Ah, Mr. Potter, Miss. Granger, it's a pleasure to finally meet you in person!" The energetic; almost pushy man said as he shook Harry's and Hermione's hands enthusiastically.

"The pleasure is ours. I don't mean to be rude but you have us at a slight disadvantage. Do you mind introducing yourself?" Hermione asked.

The graying haired, blue eyed 50 year old's eyes widened in shock.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, people usually recognize me instantly. My name is Alexander Adams, President of WUSA." The man introduced himself.



"You are President Adams?" Hermione asked in some surprise.

Adams laughed lightly before he spoke.

"My dear lady, I realize that I presented myself in a way that you would have never expected a nation's leader to. However, I learned early on that if I am lonely that I need to get off of my mountain and get back with the people I represent. That's why I act as I do. I don't need airs or dignity. Protecting my people; honorably is enough for me."

"Hmm, a complete difference from our dear Minister." Harry said in a wry voice.

"Indeed, and that is one reason why we find ourselves facing a Wizarding World War."

"Just one?" Hermione asked.

"Truly, there have been acts that have been blotted from history's archives. However, their wounds fester to this day. But, that's for later Miss. Granger, by the way can I call you Hermione? You can call me Alexander or even just Alex if you'd like." Adams said.

"Thank you Alexander." Hermione said graciously.

"She is definitely an excellent catch there Mr. Potter, by the way can I call you Harry?"

"Sure you can call me Harry. " Harry replied and ignored the 'catch' statement.

"Sir, the Congressional Session is about to begin." An officer saluted the President.

"Thank you Captain. We'll get goin' right now. Tell security to lower the portkey wards for ten seconds."

"Aye-aye sir." The Captain saluted and pressed a concealed button and then spoke again.

"The command has been issued sir, ward drop in forty five seconds."

"Alright. Harry, Hermione please hold on to me." The president said.

"Is that alright?"

"Yes, now just grab ahold." The President said a little impatiently.

"Three, two, one. Portkey wards down."

"Activate!" The President said.

A moment later they were in a grain field.

"What's this?" Harry asked.

"This is the heart of our congress, it's unplotable and under about a million charms, and wards. By the way, The United States Magical Congress can be found here."

A second later it appeared out of nowhere.

"Whoa, impressive." Harry said as a massive white building took up the entire field.

"It looks almost like the ones the Muggle Americans have."

"Where'd you think we got the design?" The President laughed as they climbed up the steps.

"You got it from them?" Hermione asked.

"Yep."

"But Wizarding Brittan's foreign allies said that..." Hermione trailed off as she internally recalled where the book was published.

"That they got the design from the Wizards, right?" Adams shook his head.

"Sorry to burst your bubble Hermione, but the truth is we got that from them, just like our Magical Marines, Army, Air Force, and even the Magical Coast Guard."

Minutes later The three of them entered the massive structure and Harry gazed upon the WUSA's Magical Congress Chambers.

"Mr. Potter, and Miss. Granger, thank you for coming today." A man said at the head of the assembly.

"It was our pleasure."

"Now Mr. Potter and Miss. Granger, you may be wondering why we summoned you. There is actually several reasons. First, Due to your unusual position in Brittan it places you in an ideal spot to rally the more rational people to you, such as the 'Shield Legion'. From what intel has told us the legion is less than one hundred people strong. However, they give us hope that not everyone in England that is a wizard is unable to accept freedom for all as a belief. Also, due to the fact that you are hounded by the ministry we deemed it best to send you support as well. We have fifty MUSMC men and women plus a handful of special ops from our various branches that we'd like you to take with you when you leave for your own protection. If it wouldn't be much of a problem might they impose on you for a short time? We naturally realize that this is an unexpected turn of events and are offering to foot that bill as well."

"That's okay, I don't mind housing some of America's finest."

"Thank you for allowing us to send these troops with you. Now onto other matters. Mr. Potter, Miss. Granger, would you mind sitting here as the upcoming procedures will be more than a little fascinating for you?"

"Alright."

A few minutes later Several Leaders from across the globe entered the Chambers.

"That's Germany's Minister of Magic." Hermione whispered as he and Alexander spoke.

A woman entered the chamber and a moment later the president and minister exchanged pleasantries with her as well.

"If I am correct that's the Minister for Norway isn't it?" Harry asked.

"Yes, she made headlines last year when she got elected, landslide voting in her favor. She's the first Female Minister of Norway."

"Hey, you know what they say; Behind every man there's a woman rolling her eyes." Alexander said as he sat beside them.

"You are certainly a joker; I'll give you that much."

"If you've figured that out you've just learned the most important thing about me."

"May this 501st Congressional Session come to order." The Speaker of the House announced.

After the Congress had finished with the general; needed to be taken care of; things had been finished they came to the interesting part.

"At this point every man, and woman must swear an oath of secrecy to never reveal what they are about to hear, save for Harry Potter and if he allows, his close friend Hermione Granger."

"I trust her sir."

"Very good then. Ender's go collect the oaths. Make them unbreakable."

When they oaths had been gathered the speaker began.

"Mr. Potter, the reason you had been requested to come here was several fold. However, most of this could have been taken care of by a lower group. However, something happened that caught our attention, like the English we have our own research division. Ours is known as the The Forbidden Arts Division. This is a branch that's primary purpose is to stop any and all forbidden arts before they begin. This means that they have powerful analytical tools to do their jobs. Their other duties also contain the protection of any and all prophesies. When a prophesy was made here; almost 100 years ago it was forgotten; until now.

Only recently have we been able to piece together to whom it is related to and what it's purpose was; you see it was divided into 100 parts, 1 part for each year. Now we have managed to gain most of the Prophecy back and it is related to you; this time; and Voldemort.

It will come to pass in that day, when the red horse of War begins it's rampage all shall fall onto the shoulders of two; one of light and one of darkness. He who is born to those who thrice defied him and the Flight from death shall battle each other. Victory shall fall to both of them, until a betrayal which will break the light's heart, yet it is not the end; indeed merely a beginning. The light's soul shall be reborn anew and he shall battle the fear of death himself. Prophecy held; Legend Defended, and Love immortal shall battle all of the Darkness. Should the reborn light fall to the reborn darkness all shall be lost.

"Mr Potter, while the prophesy is vague in places and downright confusing; in particular the 'betrayal' and the 'reborn light'. However, Voldemort's name translates into 'flight from death' and you were born to those who thrice defied him. The way we realized that it most likely was talking about 'now' was from the Red Horse of War.

Therefore, we realized that this prophesy needed to be placed in your hands. If you are truly the 'reborn light' then we are on our final chance and we intend to arm you to the best of our abilities."

"Yet another prophesy of you. That brings the count related to you Harry to 15 confirmed prophesies."

"Fifteen?" Hermione asked in awe.

"That WUSA has confirmed? Yes."

"What do they state?" Harry asked intently.

"Most of it is just reinforcing the fact that you and Voldemort are going to fight one another eventually."

"Is there any parts that are confusing?" Hermione asked.

"Naturally, looking into the future is a shady art so we are operating on limited information." The Speaker shook his head and spoke.

"Listen carefully, we are most likely going to invade England within the month. Make sure all of your contacts are aware of this and able to stay out of the direct fighting. As to you and Miss. Granger here, we plan on giving you magic that England has not seen in almost four hundred years."

"What do you mean?" Hermione asked.

"In the Thirteen Hundreds A special sect of wizards left England disgusted by the actions of their homeland's government. The Two branches of the sect used both magic and swords to preform in combat. They were Warrior wizards, One half wielded light magicks, while the other manipulated chaos magicks. They dubbed themselves 'Paladins' and 'Chaos Knights'. Chaos Magicks sacrifice life force to achieve powerful results; a single weak Chaos Knight could eliminate up to three hundred enemies. However, the Chaos Knights found that by sacrificing their own life force they would be exhausted quicker. The Paladin on the other hand was able to endure through all things; able to restore strength and life. However, a Paladin is exceptionally weak in the beginning since it is neigh on impossible to master their arts. So around 1322 A.D. the two Groups merged in a new goal, to preserve their way of life and humanity itself. They went from most bitter of foes to closest of friends by the actions of one man; King Arthur. Yet because the magic is so difficult to get a handle on they stayed divided and supported each other in teams. Officially the Sect died in 1779 during the American Revolution. However, they left behind a record of themselves. Their spirits also yet remain in this

plane of existence. Yet, to speak to them is extremely dangerous. They reside in the forbidden realm."

Harry, had been listening intently and fascinated, until he mentioned the realm.

"Indeed, a truly dangerous undertaking. One that only a desperate man would take. We will leave you with their records and hopefully someday their arts will be reborn. It is a type of magic that Voldemort could know not, and give you more strength than you could imagine."

"I don't know if I should dare resurrect these warriors or not." Harry murmured.

"Decide carefully." The Speaker warned.

A war in the making, invasion assured. And a potential legend reborn. Only time will tell what Harry shall decide...

I've been working hard about every day for the last month so things might slow down for a few months...

Btw, Nightwing27 I'll definitely have to agree with you on your review on ch 61.

I'm glad Harry has destroyed the coward's horcruxes and I hope Fudge and his mind control freaks go to hell

.....

They'd deserve it.

## Harry Potter and the Light of Honor

### Year 5

#### Trials

Three days after the 501st congress ended, Harry and Hermione had finally returned to England with 50 of WUSA's best Special Combat ops from the WUSMC, WUSA, and WUSN. The WUSAF was not represented since they were not created for direct infantry combat. They were unlike the Seals, Green Berets, Scout Snipers, Ranger, and 'Ghosts', or as their muggle Counterparts said 'Spooks'.

Each of the men there held an air of confidence that was truly impressive.

An hour later, after they had all been assigned their rooms they immediately began to scan the fortress that they would be stationed at for the duration of the war...Or something like that. Harry didn't pay them much attention. After all he and his wife were deep in one of the several books that President Adams had handed them before they left for home.

#### The Chaos Knight

Alas, after neigh four thousand years the Chaos Knights close their eyes, waiting for their new era to be born. E'en as this year of our founder draws to a close We shalt see the end of the Chaos Knights as well as our Brethren, the pure masters of life magicks draw their last rattling breaths.

Yet we the Chaos Knights; hated for eternity have found what could be our last Chapter, a legacy of honor and protection, at long last ending...

Nevertheless, this is our story. A tale spanning far before the great Unifier King Arthur brought two warring foes together and turned hated enemies into beloved brothers.

Yet this tale could ne'er be told be it left to an ancient tome.



Only through the memories of yore could our way of life be remembered. Nevertheless, only the those of true worth shalt e'er see our hallowed past.

Thy heart shalt be tested, and tried young ones....

Harry and Hermione Potter, art thou ready to begin thy trials of the heart?

Harry's eyes widened as he saw the words in front of him.

"Hermione? What do you think?" Harry asked.

"I'm not sure what this is." Hermione admitted.

Ease thy hearts, this manuscript beith not a Horocrux. Instead it is merely a doorway to something akin to a pensive.

"Take the plunge?" Harry suggested.

"I don't know if that's wise. I mean we are talking about an ancient book that is WRITING to us."

The two of them debated for a long while if they should or shouldn't accept the test when a few new words appeared.

The two of you have passed the first test; not trust immediately. Excellent however this is only the beginning.

A moment later the book flared and somehow they knew that it was seeing into their hearts.

The two of you have passed the trials of courage, honor, and decency. Now answer this question: Harry Potter, Around three hundred meters away you see Voldemort standing over your Godfather about to kill him, and also about three hundred meters the other way death eaters have surrounded a complete stranger. Now, answer me this; who would you save?

Harry remained silent for a long moment.

"You cannot put a price tag on a life. Each life is important. I would attempt to save them both."

...Impressive, you'd go against odds that even Dumbledore would be apprehensive of to try to save two more lives. You've passed the trial of life. Hermione; your turn is now. Your Husband is mortally injured, Muggles and Wizards both have tried to save him, and all that's left they say is to wait for the end or a miracle should come to pass. However, you remember an item that you and Harry had worked to keep from the clutches of Voldemort: the Philosopher's Stone. You know that you could make it. It wouldn't be impossible since Dumbledore gave you his Alchemy notes. However, you realize it would take too long to make and by the time you are done; Harry will have died. What do you do?

Hermione looked horrified at the question but thought deeply.

"I would use a time turner to make a few days repeat over and over again, thereby granting me the time I'd need to make the stone."

...You've passed. By using your mind, and past experiences you were able to resort to a method beyond unicorn's blood.

Now the final trial is now.

The book flared again and the room started to warp and bend around them. After becoming completely unrecognizable it reformed into a realm Harry never wanted to step foot on again.

This is the trial of combat. You both shall face one of the lowest of our brethren.

"A chaos Knight?"

No, but one of our counterparts.

A knight appeared in front of them. He had armor of purest silvers and whites. In one hand he gripped a sword and upon his back resided a fairly large shield. The sword glowed a near sacred white.

"Prove yourselves on the field of battle against me." The knight said and attacked.

The rush proved impressive, and Harry and Hermione barely avoided the oncoming attack.

"Reducto!" Harry shouted.

The warrior merely drew his shield up and blocked the curse.

"To think that you were the one to reduce the Defiled one to such a sorry state." The knight shook his head and deflected a stunner from Hermione with his shield as well.

"Let the spirit of life and light infuse this blade of mine." The knight proclaimed and dashed towards Harry.

Each attack that Harry and Hermione shot at the rapidly approaching figure had little effect; merely bouncing off of the warriors armor.

Desperately Harry drew Excalibur and the Sword of Gryffindor and tossed one of the weapons to Hermione.

Hermione caught the sword of King's and readied for the warrior's approach.

How much are you willing to do to defeat the foe? Durandril asked Harry.

Just about whatever it takes. As long as I can protect Hermione.

Prove to me your strength and words are true.

Very well.

Harry waited until the warrior was a few feet from him before he rolled to the left. However he had extended his right arm; with the Sword of Gryffindor- right into the path of the charging knight.

Surprisingly the knight rolled to the right and dodged the attack.

A moment later the two of them were slashing at each other; locked in a brutal melee. Fortunately; it appeared that the Sword of Gryffindor had some lost magicks on it that allowed him to wield the weapon effectively even though he had never fought with a sword in his life...Save against really big snakes.

Much to the Knight's surprise Harry was holding his own and even fought the knight effectively enough that he was unable to land a blow on the elusive ex-hogwarts student.

"Blade of Life and Balance strike down my foes!" The knight murmured and a brilliant light wrapped its way around the weapon.

The flurry of blows from the silver warrior increased and Harry was put on the defensive. The Knight batted Harry across the face with the large shield and as Harry tried to rise and block another blow the Knight stepped on his sword arm. Now pinned down all that Harry could do was watch as the blade descended upon him, he knew it was the end. Harry wouldn't close his eyes though, he would see the killing blow that had passed by his defense. However, even as the blade dropped to deliver a final attack a silver and ruby sword blocked the attack. At the same time Harry saw Hermione's foot smash into the Knight's face; forcing him to tumble backwards.

Blood now dripped from his attacker's nose and Harry stood quickly beside Hermione.

"I cannot believe that I had forgotten the woman." The knight growled and readied himself for another attack.

"Thanks Hermione, you're a life saver."

Hermione's lips smiled lightly.

"Aren't I always?" She asked questioningly.

Harry smiled as well.

"Very much so." Harry agreed.

Then the three of them began their battle anew. For the next several minutes all that could be heard was the clash of steel, increasingly more intense every moment. Harry and Hermione both realized quickly that their magic was useless against this foe when a direct Reducto bounced harmlessly off of the knight's back from Harry's wand.

Even the flame whip that Harry had learned from his headmaster had little to no effect.

Even though magic had abandoned them Harry and Hermione had not lost yet. The two of them fought valiantly against the knight, who had access to magic, and was more skilled with the sword was forced to stay on an equal footing.

Then they realized that the Knight was getting better; and stronger.

"How is this...Possible?" Hermione asked as she stood from a particularly vicious blow.

One of the light grows stronger the longer he fights. His strength stays with him. Admittedly they start pathetically weak and easy to defeat but...

"Grrgh, Hermione! We have to finish this now!"

"How?" She panted as she rolled away from the swordstrike of the knight.

"I need you to defend for me. This might be our only chance." Harry said as he transformed into his massive dragon form.

Hermione instantly translated 'defend' to distract; as Harry was hoping she would and did so effectively until Harry had gotten behind

the knight and struck. His vicious claws ripped through the steel as if it were nothing but paper, and the knight had finally been overcome.

Not the most honorable tactics.

"There's not a lot of time for honor in war. Besides, my wife was in trouble." Harry growled as he returned to his human form.

Don't be hostile. You passed the test. War isn't good. All that we can do is try to protect those we love, even if it means using a tactic such as that. However, never go too far.

Too far in war and peace are complete opposites.

Never torture, or kill for pleasure, that should be a good guideline.

I already followed that.

Then you've passed the true final test.

A moment later the massive chamber disappeared in a flash of brilliant white light.

They had returned to Potter Castle and the book that had sent them through the struggles flickered briefly before words scrawled across its surface.

Excellent Mr. Potter and Mrs. Potter. Now the fullness of our history shall be bestowed upon thee. Make note how'er that the tale of our brethren shalt not fall into thy hands with this book.

Search thy hearts for the light and it shall be revealed to you.

The page flipped and they saw a journal entry.

Julius 7th the 66th of the year of our Lord

The northern barbarians continue to resist the will of the Roman Empire. At the same time Emperor Nero requested aid to eliminate the "Christian Sect" as he called it. However, due to the 'regrettable'

fact that the Leader's of the Chaos Knights were already part of this 'Heretical Movement' it became both impossible and downright laughable. Therefore, Emperor Nero of Rome called upon his finest Mage Legions to battle us with magic and sword.

Their mission was simple; eliminate every one of us.

Outside of a recently constructed castle known as "Tintagel".

There we fought the Empire's finest. The blood of over eleven thousand men soaked the once green earth on that day and the Ten Mage Legions; each a thousand strong were annihilated.

This was to become the day we were no longer labeled as human but instead 'Demons' or 'living nightmares'.

Our great victory became our demise. No longer were we ignored as useless or non-threatening but as 'evil incarnate' and something that had to be destroyed. Therefore, it was on Julius 3rd the 60th day of our lord that we began to delve deep into the chaos magicks. Only today; six long years later have we returned from our dives into the endless void. What we have found was true power, that no man has found before. I do fear our power, because we are so strong now, however, at the same time now no one can overwhelm us.

Hermione read aloud to Harry the words of the ancient book and as they did they learned the history of them.

Thousands of years ago a single man; a predecessor to the very idea of 'knights' realized that he had an affinity for chaotic magicks. From these humble beginnings It became an order; a sect of Alexandrian warriors. These men would then conceal their existence once the Great Empire of Alexander fell. However, one of the four kingdom's the Northwestern one discovered them anew and so they rejoined the world. When 'Rome' finally grew into an empire, the heads of the Chaos Knights had sworn loyalty to the fledgling empire and stood beside it until 60 A.D. At this point Emperor Nero demanded that the Knights destroy the Christians; however, due to the fact that the leader of that time 'Artoleus' refused.

This led the knights to the greatest battle that they had yet seen in their several centuries of existence.

In that great conflict there had been two thousand chaos knights, and while they did manage on repelling the Mage Legions they lost over half of their forces. With merely a squadron of Chaos Knights Remaining Emperor Nero believed them to be inevitably destroyed; even if he had lost his entire Mage Division in their destruction.

However, the twenty-two knights that remained dived deeper into the flow of the Void and gave birth to a new horrific power; one they simply dubbed 'darkness'. By relinquishing their own strength they could deal traumatizing amounts of damage to any groups of foes.

Then from such a 'hellish power' the Chaos Knight's new enemies stood up against them. At this time they were merely known as 'Templar'.

These 'Templar' proved to be worthy foes and the battles erupted between the two for centuries. Then, after the fall of Rome, a man known as "Arthur" was crowned king of a chaotic England. This in turn would eventually lead to the more recently dubbed "paladin" and Chaos Knights to work as brothers in arms.

Even after the death of their beloved king the two branches of warriors stayed bound together.

When in the thirteen hundreds the Chaos Knights and the Paladins, left England because of the Ministry's tightening grip around them, their beliefs, and what they had a right to do.

In 1301 A.D. the Chaos Knights and their brethren landed upon soil of a nearly untouched land, they found their homes.

When the colonies announced their separation from England (Wizarding and nonwizarding alike) The chaos knights and Paladins stood against the 'Magical Dragoons' and the most advanced wizarding warriors that England had made; 'Aurora's'.



"Harry, they are the ones right before our Aurors." Hermione interrupted her reading to mention.

They repelled the attack but someone amongst the Aurors or Dragoons had found an ancient curse that slowly destroyed the two of them.

In 1818 the Last Chaos Knight placed his pen in his inkwell and drew upon the memories of countless years.

The Legendary Knights had finally faded out from the very life of the planet.

After Hermione had finished reading the records aloud Harry wrapped her in his arms and they just stood there, just resting and enjoying each others company.

"Sir, all forces have been assigned quarters, and we are awaiting your presence in the Mess Hall for your instructions."

Harry blinked before he spoke.

"I'm not a military commander. I think your officers would know more about military procedure than I would."

"That might be so sir, however you have had far more experience against Voldemort and you know the Ministry of Magic better than most of our men."

"Why is that?"

"I don't know sir. You would have to get that information from my commanding officers." The Ranger said.

"Very well, let's see what we can see." Harry murmured.

Ten minutes later Harry and Hermione were in the Banquet Hall in front of the men and women of the WUSA's armed forces. A few moments passed before an Army Officer (Harry wasn't sure what kind of Special Ops unit he was from) approached them.

The woman saluted crisply before she spoke.

"Good Afternoon Ma'am, good afternoon Sir, all forces are present and accounted for. The men are ready for any briefings that you may already have prepared on the current situation."

"Very well. Have them each take a seat, no reason to have them stand through this briefing because we don't have a clue how long this will take." Hermione said.

"Yes Ma'am." The woman saluted and a few sharp commands later the entire Banquet hall had been reorganized into a classroom setting.

Another command and the entire group sat down rigidly.

"Alright, It seems that we're here to first give a rundown on the current events here in England. In the simplest of terminology, the current minister of Magic, cannot accept that a Dark Lord, known as Voldemort is alive and recovering quickly and that each moment we give him he gets stronger. He has the immense support from the Ministry and is essentially able to do whatever he pleases, this is further assisted by the fact that the only legal press that people take seriously is the 'Daily Prophet', a newspaper that the Ministry has complete control of. So if they do anything that people would be angry about all they have to do is have the press spin it in a way that anything bad is either my fault or Dumbledore's. Tension is extremely high and talks of rebellion are spreading across the land. Hogwarts itself had a insurrection where the Pureblood Supremacists and the firebrand, 'Rebels' began to fight inside of the school, this lead to further battle. The only newspaper that seems to tell the truth, 'The Phoenix' is a highly illegal paper that being found with one could sentence you to up to fifteen years in Azkaban."

Hermione continued as Harry took a breath.

"There are several militia's and military as well as terror groups currently operating in Britain. The Terror group, headed by Lord Voldemort, called the Death Eaters are currently growing in strength and trying to stay low until their power is as great as it once was. The

Ministry has Hit Wizards, Auror's and Unspeakables. The Hit wizards are for day-to-day action, like a police officer. Auror's are known as 'Dark Wizard Catchers'. The Unspeakables, on the other hand, are a combination of Researchers and combat experts. They know things that even some of the finest Auror's wouldn't have a clue about. The only good news about them is that rarely, if ever do they leave the Department of Mysteries for Combat or Field work." Hermione spoke again.

"Next, We have the Order of the Phoenix, a group solely devoted to destroying Voldemort, and protecting Harry. They were around during Voldemort's first rise, and were brought back a mere hour after Voldemort's resurrection. The final group that everyone should be aware of is the Shield Legion, this group is devoted to changing; and or destroying the current political system in England for something more equal for everyone. They also are unwilling to allow Voldemort to get control over the Wizarding world and are working on a way to stop him as well."

HPHPHP

Five days later.

"We don't have time to waste my lady." 'Harry' Reminded her.

"Yes I know." 'Hermione' retorted bitingly.

A few seconds later they attacked the small pub. It was known as the Three Broomsticks.

"Reducto!" 'Hermione' screamed.

The door exploded inward. Bellatrix smiled inwardly, destroying the door was a great way to being inspiring terror.

"Avadra Kedavra" 'Harry' shouted; pointing to a little girl.

The girl's eyes looked at 'Harry' quizically as the beam of Green light shot towards her. However, it apparently wasn't that child's moment yet as a chair flew into the light and blocked the unforgivable.

'Harry' turned and looked over at the interfering mongrel. A blond haired; dreamy eyed girl.

"Now, now that's isn't very Harry or Hermione like." The dreamy eyed fourth year chided.

"Luna! We've got to get everyone out of here now!"

"I've already called them." The girl Lucius guessed was 'Luna' said in that same dreamy tone.

Merely moments later Lucius and Bellatrix weren't faced with a dozen panicking school children, instead they were facing thirty very stony faced people, each of them had a wand trained on the two of them. What was more was that while they had been distracted by the midget of a photographer, and Luna the scared children had been already pulled out of the building.

"My lady, I believe that they were prepared for this." 'Harry' murmured.

Bellatrix smirked lightly.

"Excellent response timing children. Incidentally, thank you for revealing your strength. I'll be sure to add this into my plans." 'Hermione' said and a moment later; just before five stunner's apiece would have impacted her and Lucius they activated their portkeys.

AN/ A forgotten history is pulled back from the depths of the eternal slumber of death... This is a quick summary of the Chaos Knights and their lives.

Now Harry must decide if their power should be brought back or not... Hmm, a little bit bigger than what I normally write...

Extra:

Harry prodded my Shoulder.

"What?" I demand.

"Hey author, shouldn't you decide everything before hand? Like a REAL author." Harry demanded.

"Just one thing if I did that then we'd have Deathly Hallows all over again. What was JKR thinking when she put Hermione and Ron together anyways, besides that what about-"

"Easy Defender easy!" Harry shouted at me before he said more.

"What I mean is is the Chaos Knight needed or not? If not then why include him?"

With that question I felt hurt. Obviously Harry didn't appreciate my brilliance.

"Harry, listen, last time you died right?"

Harry nodded slowly.

"This is a trump card to help out." I explained patiently.

"Just like the phoenix/Dragon crossbreed?" Harry demanded dryly.

I nodded in reply.

"Great, now I'm super Harry." Harry said sarcastically.

"Well how else are you supposed to beat Voldemort?" I asked with a laugh.

"Hmm, I don't know, maybe LOVE?!?!?" Harry demanded.

"Like Deathly Hallows used love to defeat Voldemort." I retorted coldly.

"I-I- I don't need to explain everything Defender!" Harry bellowed.

"Then neither do I. Nevertheless, I want to know what the people think. Please submit your opinions on the Chaos Knight and Paladin ideas." I pleaded with the audience.

Okay, that was weird... Still let me know please.

## Harry Potter and The Light of Honor

### Year 5

#### End of a Year

Looking across a bloody field, that was the harsh reality of the existence of his. The Chaos within his own soul was frightening, and difficult to control, yet Zelar did attempt to do just that. Yet, when he looked at the battered and bloodied corpses on the field Zelar knew that the power of darkness was horrifically potent.

Zelar was what one called a Chaos Knight, one known as a 'demon' or 'nightmare', and this just went ahead and proved that they were right. He, Zelar was not strong; at least when it came to being a manipulator of Chaos magicks. He was the weakest of the current cadets, yet he had destroyed one hundred foes; all by himself.

Zelar, had never killed before, but now...He was not just a killer but a butcher of a hundred souls. With this last thought Zelar screamed in horror.

With that a young couple by the names of Harry and Hermione Potter woke. The two of them realized that they themselves had barely cut back a scream.

"That was disturbing." Hermione mumbled.

Her face now matched the pale nightgown that she was wearing.

Harry merely nodded shakily.

The two of them didn't sleep after that point, instead they held each other throughout the night until dawn broke the ridge.

'Dark Lord Potter' is what they began to call him and his companion became 'Shadow Empress Granger'.

'Hermione' or rather Bellatrix laughed lightly at the ten Auror's that had surrounded them.

The two of them had just razed a mudblood's home.

"Potter, Granger surrender now!" An Auror demanded.

Dark Lord Potter merely laughed and with a muttered word the two of them vanished. They had left a heavy body count for the Auror's to look through. Including several of their number.

.....  
.....  
..... "I hereby call this meeting to order." Luna Lovegood announced.

Surprising everyone, Ron had refused to become leader of the DA. He had merely smiled sadly and said "I'm not worthy of leadership."

So the teams debated and wondered before Luna Lovegood suggested something crazy, so crazy that it was worth a try.

That's how everyone's name (barring Ron who adamantly refused) ended up in a 6th year's hat and the name of the temporary leader was drawn. The name that was drawn first was Luna's and after a little bit of whining and complaining the entire group agreed.

The DA, had lost tremendous momentum from the loss of Harry Potter and Hermione Granger. But they still learned and practiced.

"Hey Luna." Collin Creevey called.

"What is it Collin?"

"How are the Death Eaters imitating Harry and Hermione and framing them for their crimes?"

"Polyjuice, more than likely." Cho said.

"But they have struck several times, they would need several hairs or something from the two of them to do that." Cedric noted.



"I know that, but still, think about it, if that's the case then how is it possible?" A fourth year hufflepuff asked.

"They might have applied the poraglithium theorem." Cho said thoughtfully.

"Poraglithium theorem?" Dean asked.

"It's a theory a guy made up about a half a year ago that is not held in popular belief. Dennis Poraglum said that if you were altered to look like the person then the potion would have to alter your DNA structure temporarily to achieve the effects that you wanted. Therefore, if you added enough DNA material to the potion then the DNA structure should change enough to harvest more DNA material from the polyjuiced individual. Because he is muggleborn most everyone discarded the theory." Cho explained.

"If he was muggleborn then why would Death Eaters use the theory?" Hannah asked.

"Need must outweigh the circumstances." Cho replied briskly.

"So what we have is a group of Death Eaters masquerading as Harry and Hermione?" Dennis Creevey asked.

"That's the gist of it." Cho agreed.

Luna then spoke up.

"It wouldn't surprise me if Voldemort is almost ready to reappear, Harry's reputation is almost shattered after all."

"Hermione's as well." Collin added sadly.

"What do you think Ron?" Ginny asked.

"That this is going to be a bumpy ride." Ron said grimly.

.....  
.....  
.....  
"Sir, you might want to hear this." A Seal said to Harry as he entered the Great Hall.

"What is it?" Hermione asked as they turned into the Soldiers quarters.

".....Around five fifteen this morning a group of Dark Wizards and Witches broke into the Department of mysteries, and while Dumbledore and several other showed up it wasn't until the minister of Magic and several other witnesses saw Dumbledore go head to head against the feared you-know-who did the ministry accept that he-who-must-not-be-named has indeed returned. Therefore, a shocked Minister of Magic is going to speak about the events that transpired last night and this early morning." The radio cast went on to speak about the return of Voldemort and subsequent attack on the Department of Mysteries.

About an hour later The minister of magic appeared and began his speech. "It was; to our great surprise and horror to find out that that Dark...thingy has indeed returned. The target of this attack was a prophecy held in the Department of Mysteries that Unspeakables had been researching until the subsequent capture of said item. It is believed to be the reason that you-know-who attacked the Potters that night. However, due to the nature of this unusual situation we now find ourselves in a critical situation, with the return of dark...thingy, the two new dark lords, and the global war our future is grim, yet even among the death and Violence; we the people of Britain have proven to the world time and time again that we shall win through, and overcome any obstacle. Now, we must be united in purpose and overcome the darkness that has suddenly arisen around us. In light of the nightmarish events that have transpired I have authorized an increase in Auror and Hit Wizard Rankings, as well as a substantial increase in the defense budget. We need men and women that are willing to defend our way of life, a way that has existed peaceably for the last thirteen years. In these times where the very word has taken arms-" Cornelius Fudge continued in the same fashion for several minutes before his speech finally ended.

"So the school year ends in war..." Hermione whispered sadly.

"What's next?" Harry asked questioningly.

"We've got a vial of Polyjuice to add to Umbridge's juice." Hermione noted.

"I forgot about that..." Harry grinned almost malevolently.

"Solomon!" Harry called.

"Can you go grab Sirius we need a favor from him." Harry said.

"I shall do what I can to find him." Solomon promised.

The two of them sat in the Great Hall waiting for Sirius' appearance.

"What is it Harry?" Sirius asked.

"We need to get some of Kreature's hair." Harry smiled wickedly.

"The polyjuice?" Sirius asked.

Hermione nodded happily.

After gaining a single hair from the disgusting elf Sirius made him return home, forbidding him to speak of Potter Castle before doing so. A few moments later a now hidden Polyjuice was added to Umbridge's food. After Lunch, Umbridge realized with horror that her punishment was finally given to the former toad-like woman.

"What's left then?" Sirius asked.

"Not much, all that needs to happen now is the fall of the ministry. We've given out all the portkeys to safe homes to those who wanted them, and got the entire Legion on watch, they will be able to make their way here without too much hassle due to the Legion emblems we gave them." Hermione replied.

"Good, so why don't you two cuddle, before the magic draining effects start having an effect on you?"

"Cuddle?" Harry asked shocked.

"Well, I didn't want to sound crude." Sirius said properly.

"Sirius?"

"Yeah pup?" Sirius asked.

"You are out of your mind." Harry and Hermione said in unison.

Sirius sniffed haughtily in reply.

AN/ There maybe some odd breaks in the chapter, I'm getting used to a new word processor right now...

Landmark for Chapter 70 (Last chapter) 100,000 words mark broken.

Btw, there was someone whose name is 'flamer' out there and he didn't like the multiple branches of the story much. X.X T.T :( He did bring up some valid points though.)

Ah well.

## Harry Potter and The Light of Honor

Year 6

### The Hammer Falls

"What is it Zelar?" Lord Captain Arzeth asked gently.

Zelar breathed deeply before he spoke.

"It's just...Why, do we humans kill one another? Why are we so driven to blood-letting? It's as if we merely exist to kill each other. Why? Why do humans even exist then? What is the reason for our lives if we just live to kill? Is there even a reason for the existence of us? Or is this some cruel horror constructed by some heartless god?" Zelar whispered.

Arzeth sighed sadly.

"Zelar, listen."

Arzeth sat down slowly on the dark brown mahogany chair behind the simple desk.

"I think the most important thing that you need to understand Zelar is that humans are not perfect. We make mistakes. We are broken. We hurt. But, if that's all that we did then I'd agree

that we don't have a reason to live. But, it's not the case. We aren't just here for the pain. Humans have something that no other creation has: Love. We need to press through the pain,

the sorrow, and the suffering. Past the agony in life is the love. Some, just can't overcome the pain to reach it though, and we; the Chaos Knights have an even more difficult time with

that because, we have harnessed the Chaos Magicks. This makes it so we see more darkness. But on the other hand, if we can break past the pain and horror we can appreciate life far

more than the common man because we have suffered so. Therefore Zelar, I just have one question for you. Can you push past the pain and reach into Life, or are you too scared?"

Arzeth asked.

"I..."

"Don't answer immediately, think about this for a few days, and then tell me."

"Yes sir." Zelar replied as he stood to depart.

"And Zelar?" Captain Arzeth stopped him.

"Yes Sir?"

"If you have a problem like this feel free to speak to me."

"Thank you sir."

The dozen recently freed figures looked through the gateway at the two slumbering Potters.

The blue garbed Justice spoke to the two Dark blood red cloaked figures.

"Fury, I'll need your help in the upcoming events."

The two Fury's nodded while the shorter one spoke.

"We both will assist you. The Reformation will begin soon." The feminine voice said.

The Counselor just listened as the recently freed figures spoke of their plans.

At the same time the Gatekeeper fidgeted as he continued to throw looks towards the Counselor.

"In due time Gatekeeper." The Counselor said.

During their traditional train ride Luna Lovegood, Ron Weasley, Ginny Weasley, Neville Longbottom, Cho Chang, Collin Creevey, and Cedric Diggory were surprised when the SL Emblem in their pockets began to vibrate.

"It's from the Leader." Luna said seriously as she looked at the Small Shield.

"What's it about?"

"Orders. We all need to use our SL portkeys as soon as we can. It sounds important."

"Looks like it's really starting." Cedric said seriously as he pulled his girlfriend close.

"Cedric, you and Cho go towards the front of the Train and make sure the Legion has mobilized already. Ginny, Collin and Ron, go to the back of the train. Neville go ahead of us and let them know we are making sure everyone's getting there. I'll check the prefect's car." Luna said as she moved.

While they exited Luna said one last thing.

"When finished, meet up back here."

"Yes Ma'am!"

Behind them Neville had whispered something and vanished.

When Neville looked he was standing in a large banquet hall. In the hall; not too far away was the Master's table, and sitting at it, were two people that Neville was honored to call friend.

"Harry!" Neville called as he approached.

"Hey Neville." Harry smiled, stood and pulled him into a hug; a hug of comradeship, and of friendship.

"Ginny, Cho, Cedric, Luna, Collin, and Ron are all making sure that everyone gets here." Neville explained.

Even as he did dozens of people started appearing out of nowhere.

Blaise Zabini, Susan Bones, Hannah Abbot, and after about three minutes all but Ginny, Cho, Collin, Luna, and Ron had appeared. However, within ten minutes they had all arrived.

"Great, everyone's here." Hermione said as she slid her hand into Harry's.

"Neville, we'll talk later, I promise." Harry said quietly before he spoke with a tone loud enough for everyone to hear him.

"Shield Legion, War is upon Britain. Today in approximately five hours WUSA's finest troops are going to begin a coup d'état. Israeli Special forces will be taking Hogsmede, Wizarding

Egyptian Task Force 777 will be stationed there until Voldemort's fall. while German Shock Troops, along with French will pacify Diagon Alley. At the same time a detachment of American,

German, Chinese, and Japanese troops will take Hogwarts. During this WUSA Special Forces, Brazil's 1st Special Forces Battalion, Jagdkommando, the Austrian Special Forces, France's 1st

Marine Parachute Infantry Regiment; they are like the SAS if I understand correctly will strike the Ministry of Magic itself. France's GSGI or Counter terrorism forces will have member's

stationed here indefinitely until Voldemort bites the dust. Meanwhile, the WUSAF will perform an air strike on Riddle Manor. If all goes to the initial plan the Ministry of Magic will be crushed

today. However, that's only the beginning. I called you here today for several reasons. First of all to keep us out of the way during the invasion. Secondly, to get everyone ready for the



upcoming events that will require us and other critical issues that need to be dealt with. Any Questions?"

Instantly, one hundred plus people began questioning Harry.

"Bravo unit leader reporting, is tango unit ready as well?" The SEAL asked.

"Bravo unit, this is command, all forces are ready for dispatch, prepare for arrival by portkey in three...two...one..."

A moment later and Bravo unit appeared in a small alley next to the ministry's main entrance.

"Bravo unit basic infiltration procedures." Bravo leader commanded.

The invasion had begun.

Twenty minutes later, the fifty Auror's in the ministry had been captured, at the same time, Lima unit and French 1st Marines had captured the unspeakables. Sadly for the SEALS a WUSA

Marine squad had managed to capture the Minister of Magic and Bravo leader knew that there would be no living with the cocky lance corporal after such an event; in particular since Bravo

4 had broke down and made a bet that it'd be a SEAL team that captured the Minister of Magic.

"Harry?" The president called through the communications system that the WUSA had provided for Harry.

"Yes President Adams?" Harry responded.

"Please, just Alexander. Anyways, Harry our forces have reported that the coup d'état was successful. I guess we overestimated the Ministry's capabilities. Operation Shadow-Kill is now being started."

"Operation Shadow-Kill?" Hermione asked.

"Yes, while it is impossible for us to do everything we, as in the Coalition forces have decided to leave several counter-terrorism troops behind to act against Voldemort's Death Eater's. That should help pin him down for a while."

"What about the government?" Harry asked.

"Normally we'd begin reconstruction immediately however, as soon as we'd make a new government Death Eater's would be able to infiltrate it or at the very least sympathizers. Sadly, because of the high level of chaos we will have to make due with martial law and a foreign provisional government until things calm down enough that whatever government that would be created wouldn't be corrupted immediately afterward. The good news for civilians on the other hand is that for the most part the martial law won't effect them much."

"How's that possible?" Hermione asked.

"Instead of seeing hit wizards and Auror's on patrol they'll see Troops, and the Ministry building itself will be mostly shut down, save for the entrance hall, which will have just the provisional government in place."

"Like what?" Hermione questioned.

"For example, for the poorer families that worked at the ministry that were not in the corrupted circles will be able to gain assistance for living. A place to report crimes, and a few other

civilian related functions. For example the law enforcement agencies will continue to operate, just under some new laws. The Floo network has been shut down for security issues. Taxes

have been returned to their pre- MUGGLE-TAX existence. All taxes will be entrusted into the former ministry's stash and then passed on to the new government when it is time. This would

be a perfect time for Voldemort to strike if it weren't for the fact that we're staying until he's dead. He just doesn't know it yet."

"What about Diagon Alley and Hogsmede, as well as Hogwarts?" Harry asked.

"Diagon Alley and Hogsmede are captured. Hogwarts has allowed us entrance, by one Albus Dumbledore. As a side note, I was wondering if we should create an individual floo connection for you to the headmaster's office."

"We'll think about that." Hermione said.

Alexander nodded over the mirror.

"That's fine. as for the coup d'état, this battle is over. Incidentally, some of our troops will move on to Albania next."

"Why's that?" Collin asked.

"Well, several troops we sent in there specialize in invasions; not occupying."

"Alexander, what were the casualties?" Harry asked.

"Seventy Ministry Related forces died, two hundred injured. Fifty Operation Liberate troops were injured and three died." Alexander said quietly.

"Could you send me the information on the three that died?"

"Sure, Captain Barrons will give it to you when the troops have finished up."

The Phoenix

Only Truth is Immortal

Special Edition

FALL OF MINISTRY OF MAGIC

Around five thirty yesterday afternoon the Wizarding Coalition forces from around the world took Wizarding Britain by storm. In an stunning blitzkrieg the entire Ministry of Magic and it's key areas were taken in a startling half hour. WUSA forces were seen infiltrating the ministry of magic and conquering it in a matter of only twenty minutes.

A disgusted Amelia Bones was quoted saying that: "I'm not surprised, Fudge didn't even have the foresight to think ahead to the idea that we might be invaded. Any competent minister would have created an actual combat force, not just increase the number of law enforcement members, we're Aurors, and Hit Wizards, not infantry."

Amelia Bones was captured during the fall of the Ministry and later, and rather surprisingly instated into the position of Head of the Department of Law Enforcement.

"Amelia Bones, has proven herself to be above the petty politics of the former Ministry and after undergoing much testing it was verified that she would be more than acceptable to continue her original job." A WUSMC Officer said.

Arthur Weasley, Former Head of the Department of Muggle Relations was transferred to the newly created Department of Public Affairs. The New Head of the DPA spoke to members of the press around seven p.m. yesterday.

"Arthur Weasley was one of the few ministry officials that actually passed all of our tests to verify the integrity of his nature. That's why he was accepted into this new position. His credentials for being an understanding person have given him a place here in the DPA. This department was created to assist those in need, answer questions, and generally just be there for the populace. We will release information regarding what we have been empowered to do later on this week."

However, many former ministry officials found their way to a new placement. The WUSMC Officer in charge of answering questions said: "There isn't any way that we would use Azkaban, It's out of the question. Too many of these officials have pertinent information and if we chucked' them to the Dementor's they'd lose their minds before

we had time to question them. No, we will be using a special military prison instead."

Several People were seen celebrating and thanking the invading soldiers. In some cases, (mostly oppressed muggleborns) they offered, money, food, clothes, and various gifts in gratitude for the actions that the foreign troops.

In one truly emotional case a middle aged muggleborn woman stopped a French 1st Marine, dropped to her feet sobbing 'thank you' over and over again. The young French Marine gently dropped to his knee and pulled her into a hug.

While muggleborn's and many halfbloods celebrated purebloods seethed.

One particularly foolish man (Later identified as Crabbe Sr.) Attempted to curse a small detachment of Austrian troops. Needless to say, his attack never occurred as he was gunned down by not just military but a couple of muggleborns as well.

The Austrians, (Using magical translators) told them that they understood how they felt, but for their safety they needed to leave the situation in the military's hands.

Former Minister of Magic Cornelius Fudge and several former members of the now dissolved Ministry will appear in court as soon as possible.

RIGHTS FORGOTTEN

SIRIUS BLACK

NEVER CONVICTED

NEVER TRIED

While the occupying forces began pouring through the data Amelia Bones brought up a piece of information that astounded the commanding officer. Sirius Black has never had a proper trial, not

even when the case was re-opened two years ago. This was due to the fact that As soon as the media had began a smear campaign against Black Minister Fudge had immediately requested that

the case be resealed. Furthermore, The trial that was supposed to have taken place was three days after Minister Fudge announced that they had found Sirius Black guilty. The commanding officer

had; prior to the operation been requested that if he was to detect any odd circumstances it was to be reported immediately. Therefore, after finishing with the search through the data base

the WUSN Officer reported his findings, his preliminary findings found over three hundred discrepancies. President Alexander Adams had been given a list of the oddities and he requested that a

trial be held by the WUSA and international community for Sirius Black.

Amelia Bones had this to say about the event.

"I found it odd that two years ago a shocked Minister came into my office and requested that I begin reopening the Black Case. As I began the process the Prophet article condemning Black was

published, and it wasn't ten minutes later that Fudge demanded that I reseal the case. I did not want to, however, when he had the Wizengamot seal the record permanently I was forced to stop

pressing the issue. However, it didn't stop me from looking. Black has never had a trial; they said that he didn't need one."

It is in light of this that the WUSA is formally requesting That Sirius Black, would make his way to any Coalition encampments, surrender himself to the forces, and await trial. Since the trial has

been moved to the highest priority the trial must take place within a month of Sirius Black's surrender to Coalition Forces. Even still, this is a trial over a decade late.

"So Sirius Black is...Innocent?" Neville asked.

"Yes. The Trial will prove that."

"But how?"

"The Captain Barrons mentioned something; they had found an odd rat outside of the Ruins of Riddle Manor."

"What does that have to do with Black?"

"It was Scabbers, or rather Peter Pettigrew, the secret keeper of my parents."

Neville looked at Harry in shock.

"Speaking of Black...Hey Padfoot get over here!" Harry called.

A big, black monster of a dog ran up to them, looked at Harry and then plowed into Neville and after Neville had been knocked off of his chair and onto the floor the massive dog began to lick Neville's face excitedly.

"Hey! Cut it out!" Neville laughed at the antics of Harry's pet.

"Padfoot, do you mind?" Harry asked dryly.

As if understanding Harry the dog gave Neville one last lick and got off of Neville.

"Okay Padfoot if you would." Harry said.

Neville looked at Harry curiously until he stared at the former dog.

"Neville, this is my godfather Sirius, Sirius this is my friend Neville."

Sirius smiled in true marauder fashion and offered Neville his hand.

"Pleased...To meet...you." Neville said nervously as he shook Sirius' hand.

"Nevile, you have more courage than ninety percent of Wizarding Britain. Thank you." Sirius said.

"Brave? Me?"

"How many people would shake the hand of a man they had once thought was a mass murderer?" Sirius smiled.

"Not many." Harry supplied.

"Aren't you going to turn yourself in now?" Neville asked indicating the Phoenix.

"I already have. I showed myself to the Captain Barrons and she said that I was to remain here until the trial."

"When is it?"

"A week from now." Sirius replied to Harry's question.

"Finally Sirius, you'll be free." Harry smiled and threw himself into his godfather's arms.

"At long last." Sirius whispered holding his godson.

It was then that another person wrapped their arms around them; one Hermione Potter.

"Are you sure then?"

"...."

"Then I will do what I must... For them..."

AN: Well it's finally over for the Ministry, but now the real threat must begin and now the Reformation has begun in the Second Reality/Dimension...



Author's Note: Egyptian Task force 777 is a counter terrorism unit formed in 1977 as are Brazil's 1st Special Forces Battalion, and GSIGN. Incidentally the U.S. Army Rangers are a quick response light infantry.

Next Chapter will see a Both a rise and fall of Hope. There will be a RISE OF TERROR.

As an important note; I didn't finish this until 2:00 A.M. So if there's mistakes, please forgive me, I hope I caught them all...

# Harry Potter and The Light of Honor

Year 6

## Fear Strikes

"Hermione, you know as well as I do that these dreams aren't normal." Harry said.

Hermione nodded.

The two of them had gathered in Hermione's favorite place; the Library. Surrounded by thousands of books, yet only one book laid in front of them: the thin book that had only provided a

quick overlay of the history of the Chaos Knights.

"Yes I do." Hermione admitted but then spoke again.

"Yet, it makes some perverse sense. Think about it. This book only had a few hours of history instilled into it, a general overview with some emphasis of their origins and their end. It was

only a couple hundred pages. That's all. Yet, it promised that it contained the entire history of the Chaos Knights. It wasn't the words of the book that held their entire knowledge. The

book was far more than that. The dreams must be the history of the Chaos Knights and if that's the case, the Zelar must have an important part to play in the archives of history. Harry, it

means that we haven't learned everything about them and at the rate things are going I don't know if we are going to have the time to learn about them or not." Hermione said.

Harry thought for a long moment.

"The Paladins didn't do the same thing as the Chaos Knights yet their book was smaller." Harry mentioned.

"That's true Harry, but I think that the book that we received regarding the Paladins wasn't...Complete." Hermione said.

"Wasn't complete?" Harry questioned.

"In other words, the Paladins didn't write that book. Or they never finished that one."

"So we are missing the Half of the Order of the Sacred Sky." Harry replied.

"That's pretty much it."

The Order of the Sacred Sky, they were the fullness of Chaos and Light unified. They had uncovered the name when they read the third book that WUSA had given them. The order of the

Sacred Sky was an unknown factor to Harry and his wife Hermione.

"Fury, it is almost time, the Reformation will occur when the last thread breaks." The blue cloaked Justice said to the red cloaked Furies.

Beside the gateway was a nearly shredded tapestry, held together by just one single thread. It was. a symbol of the counsel itself.

They nodded in unison.

Passion; a pink robed feminine figure spoke as well.

"What of them?" She asked.

"I know not. The evil of the second reality has already influenced the corrupted one more than e'er before." The counselor said grimly.

The Shield Legion gathered in the great hall, night was soon upon them.

"Alright, the SL Emblem's will be able to return you to any destination of your choice. You can thank Hermione for that enchantment, I can

only begin to grasp the concepts that she used on that." Harry added as they had begun to stare at him with wide eyes.

Hermione gave him an evil look as he 'snitched' on her.

"Who or why isn't important." Hermione said hastily to the assembled Legion.

Cho then spoke up.

"On the contrary, not even the former Ministry of Magic had the ability to create a multi-destination portkey. Theory suggests that it is impossible, due to the runes, and other complex magics involved. In fact some magics if poured into a device would counter one another. Thereby making it truly impossible to create said portkeys. That's the only reason that the Death Eaters didn't stomp us in the last war." Cho replied.

Hermione glared at the smart Ravenclaw for a moment before she recovered.

"The portkey is still limited Cho, just the return destination isn't. If you'd apply the apordex theory and the redex proposal then it would be possible to create the type of portkey that we're suggesting."

Cho began stringing a long sequence in her head. A few moments later she rubbed her temples.

"I can only begin to understand the idea that you've started." Cho muttered before she looked at Hermione in some shock.

"You'd need to apply temporal mechanics too."

Hermione simply nodded.

"How did you manage that?" Cho whispered in awe.

Hermione's cheeks flushed lightly as she replied.

"It just took a lot of thought and the determination not to be beaten."

"I'm lost." Harry admitted.

Choruses of agreement accompanied Harry's simple statement.

"It's simple Harry, Hermione just simply skipped past the normal concept of a portkey and manipulated time and space by using some of the unique properties here at the Castle, to allow instant transportation to any location, it just has to be from here." Luna said.

Hermione and Cho looked at Luna in surprise.

"She's right." Hermione admitted.

"That concept's simple but the execution is..." Cho replied as she attempted to figure out the word she was looking for.

"Horrendously complex." Luna agreed.

"Do you understand the mechanics?" Cho asked.

"Nope, just the concept." Luna said cheerfully.

Susan Bones sat down across from her tired aunt.

"Susan, where were you today?" Amelia asked.

"I was busy. I'm sorry auntie." Susan replied.

"Where were you?" Amelia replied.

"Hufflepuff honor."

Amelia almost groaned. That phrase meant she had made a promise and the only way she'd be telling is if Amelia figured it out herself.

"It dealt with the DA." Amelia said.

It wasn't a question.

Susan, confronted with her aunt's statement merely nodded.

"So it deals with Harry Potter." Another statement.

Amelia stared at her niece for a long moment before she sighed and shook her head ruefully. She smiled at the teenager.

"You're a member of that organization called the Shield Legion aren't you? In fact you were the one who gave me a portkey for safety if He-who-must-not-be-named attacked." Amelia said.

Susan pouted.

"How is it that I can keep a secret from everyone but you?" Susan demanded.

"Susan, I've been interrogating people since before you were born. I've known you all your life too. I think I have a few advantages over you." Amelia replied.

"But, I'm not supposed to tell anyone!" Susan said nervously.

"That's ok, you didn't and I swear that I have no intention on revealing it to anyone either."

Susan's eyes darkened and then she spoke grimly.

"I need you to meet the leader now."

"The leader?" Amelia wondered.

Susan reached over, took hold of her Aunt's wrist and the next thing that the former head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement knew she was standing in a great hall.

Amelia Bones noticed that it truly was stunning, tapestries lined the walls, and the long tables were arranged in such a way that each person could see the head table. Sitting at that table, were two people accused of being new dark magic users. Harry Potter and Hermione Granger.

"Susan? It's only been an hour since you all left...Wait did Voldemort attack you?" Harry asked in concern.

Susan shook her head and then spoke.

"My auntie here put too many pieces together."

"Amelia Bones?" Harry looked over at the older witch.

Hermione stood and then walked over to them.

"What are your intentions?" Hermione asked as she drew closer to the woman.

"To protect Susan." Amelia said simply.

"Easy Hermione. Susan's aunt can be trusted." Harry said as he walked over to Hermione and pulled her into his arms.

"Hello Ma'am, My name is Harry Potter and this is Hermione, my protector." Harry said smiling.

"Better believe it." Hermione whispered to him.

Amelia smiled at the love the two were showing each other.

"I may seem far too trusting, however, your past speaks highly of you as does your niece."

Harry then continued.

"Ma'am, as Leader of the Shield Legion, duty suggests that I cannot let you leave, however, your character suggests that she can be trusted, as long as the secret doesn't harm her niece. Still, I believe that you may want to take a look at this to better understand what the Legion truly is." Harry said handing her a scroll.

"As it is time to eat, may I invite you to dine with us?" Harry offered.

Amelia looked at Susan questioningly.

Susan smiled, indicating that they should accept.

"We would be honored." Amelia finally said.

"Solomon!" Harry called.

"Yes Harry?" Solomon asked.

"I need two more meals prepared besides the ones for Draco and Sirius."

"Draco and Sirius?" Amelia asked Harry after the elf had nodded and left.

"Draco, formerly Draco Malfoy. He was disowned for associating with 'bad blood', or a muggleborn witch and me. Meanwhile, Sirius is my godfather and he's currently residing here while he awaits trial for the first time. The trial takes place at the end of the month actually." Harry noted.

"Will they be joining us?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, here they are."

"No! You won't catch me!" Sirius said laughing as he rolled into the great hall. A spell shot through the space Sirius had just occupied.

"I'm going to get you back Black!"

"Back Black? Hey that's pretty cool!" Sirius smirked as he dodged another pink beam of light.

"Sirius!" Draco groaned.

As he entered the great hall they realized why Draco was so distraught. Draco no-name was now Draco the Robot. He even moved mechanically.



"Aaannndddd hit the Music!" Sirius yelled as he sat.

At that Draco began to 'do the robot', accompanied by the music as well.

"Sirius..." Hermione sighed.

"That's my name." Sirius agreed, fully enjoying the show.

"I'll get you back!" Draco swore.

"Hey, you forgot to add my last name to the phrase." Sirius pouted.

A few humiliating minutes later Draco was freed of the song, and thankfully of the metal body too.

Draco sat across from Sirius, mock glaring at the prank king.

"At least you haven't gone into your room yet." Sirius added.

Draco paled at the thought.

"Sirius. Play nice." Harry ordered.

"He gives almost as good as he gets." Sirius replied as the meals appeared before them.

"Is your home always like this?" Susan asked Hermione.

Hermione smiled as she nodded her head fondly.

"It's almost as if Harry and I have kids." Hermione smiled.

"It looks like it."

Amelia then spoke.

"This charter is quite detailed."

"Yes, we realized that we needed to protect not just ourselves but the Legion members too. Yet, at the same time, we need to be able to fight against Voldemort when the time comes." Harry said.

"You-Know-Who? You plan on facing him?" Amelia asked in surprise.

"No I don't know who? We plan on facing Voldemort though."

"That's-"

"Crazy, insane, nuts?" Draco supplied.

"Astounding." Amelia corrected.

"Amelia, no matter what you have heard I am not a Dark Lord, Hermione isn't a Shadow Empress. We only care about destroying Voldemort, and being able to live our lives."

"Truly?" Amelia asked.

"I hereby swear on my life and my magic that what I have said to Amelia Bones in the last hour is true and any questions she may ask me for the next hour I shall answer as truthfully as I can, unless it endanger's another's life." Harry said as he drew his wand.

"Now on to the important questions Lord Potter." Amelia looked at her watch she only had a few minutes left before the hour ended.

"What might that be?" Harry asked.

"What are your thoughts towards Hermione and Susan?"

"Auntie!" Susan blushed.

"Susan is a sweet and gentle girl, and a dear friend. As to Hermione, she is an exceptional girl, loyal and intelligent, and my best friend."

"I wonder...Are you two...married?"

"Susan and I? No." Harry smiled at her.

"I meant you and Hermione, are you, Harry Potter, and Hermione married?"

"You didn't leave me a lot of room...Yes, we are."

"Congratulations." Amelia sounded somewhat sad.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked.

"You'd have made a wonderful husband for Susan." She smiled at her now beet red niece.

"Auntie!" Susan complained.

Voldemort chuckled as a Ranger was blown apart from his spell.

"My lord, the group protecting the Davis house is destroyed. The family, however, escaped in the fighting."

"No matter, we still caused chaos." Voldemort shrugged.

"What of our casualties?" Voldemort asked.

"A couple of new recruits and one Inner Circle member was injured my lord."

"Patch him up, and return to base after putting up the dark mark."

"Yes my lord."

"Mosmordre!" One Bellatrix Lestrange shouted.

"Ten men were killed last night?" Alexander Adams asked in shock.

"We assume that a large division of the Death Eater Corps attacked them in an ambush. The amount of damage to the home and the large magical spell residue radius suggests that at least fifty troops were there. Magical residue also suggests that Voldemort himself was there."

"How many did they lose?"

"Just two Mr. President. From a statistical point of view however, we were fortunate to do even that." His aide said.

As the wizarding world shivered in fear there was one wizard that wasn't afraid, but rather thoughtful.

"It's something that I deserve. But, I'm scared of it. I'm not ready." He whimpered.

"Tis' a cruel fate, truly, yet it also bringeth redemption." A disconnected voice replied.

"I know... But, it's hard."

"All things are hard young one." That voice said gently.

An/ Oh boy, Volde's on the move. This chapter clocked in at 2,569 words. And LOH is drawing near the final conclusion.

# Harry Potter and The Light of Honor

Year 6

Thousand Year Fall

"Bellatrix, Lucius, come." Voldemort ordered.

"Yes my Lord?" Bellatrix asked.

"It is time. Ready the troops. Before September 1st the last bastion of the light will fall."

"Hogwarts my lord?" Lucius questioned.

"Indeed. As Potter wanted. We are to take Hogwarts. Yet, this desire of Potter will be his undoing. His fake prophesies, his plans, plots and schemes, they all will fall short. Let him bring

his foreign armies, his vaunted 'Shield Legion' and the Orders. Let him bring his mudblood, and his ancient arts of war, they will all amount to naught. For I know his plans, and no matter

what he attempts, it shall fail."

"My Lord?" Bellatrix asked; baffled.

Voldemort's smirk grew truly evil.

"I know what moves he will attempt before he even tries." He chuckled lightly.

Drawing the black sword from the dead man Zelar looked about.

"The Lord Captain was right...Life hurts, yet...Perhaps, that pain can be worth it." Zelar said sadly as he wiped the blood off of his blade.

"Not good. The second reality...they have moved...and there's been a betrayal. All that we can hope is that P-Harry's strong enough to survive."

"Harry...I think if we are ever going to do it, now is the time." Hermione said pulling Harry behind her.

"Are you sure? Hermione, what about all the guests?"

"Forget them! We've been organizing the world for years, I think we can take some time for ourselves." Hermione said and kissed him passionately near their bedroom.

After they broke for air Harry spoke.

"You convinced me." Harry's hand slid into Hermione's robes.

"Mhmm." Hermione moaned at the close contact.

"That's it." Harry lifted Hermione into his arms and made for the bedroom.

Once Harry slammed the master bedroom door shut Harry carried Hermione to the bed and as they kissed they slowly lost their clothing.

"I've waited for you for far too long." Hermione gasped in between kisses.

"I have too." Harry admitted as he peeled off his shirt.

At that moment someone evil knocked on their door.

"Mr. Potter?" A Captain called.

"I'm busy, come back later." Harry shouted back.

"It's extremely important sir." The WUSA captain said in return.

With a groan Harry pulled his shirt back on, and after shutting the curtains to his bed he walked over to the door.

"What?" Harry asked shortly.

"Due to the recent events in the war, the International WIZARDING Community felt it best to move Mr. Black's trial up to today. The jury's been assembled, the evidence gathered, and all but two of the witnesses are at the courtroom, save for yourself and Miss Granger." Captain Allan said.

"I see. Give me a few minutes and I'll meet you down in the Banquet hall." Harry said.

After shutting the door sharply Harry groaned in frustration.

"This is getting old." Hermione agreed miserably as she slipped her skirt back on.

"We've been married almost a year, and every time we start to get intimate...something else pops up..." Harry groaned as he threw a formal pair of robes on.

Hermione nodded as she pulled out her formal robes from their closet.

"Once the trial's done then we'll get...closer." Hermione smirked at him.

Harry shuddered in desire.

"I can't wait." He said honestly.

Ten hours later....

"Jury, your judgement?" The black robed judge asked the assembled jury.

"The jury has agreed, the defendant Mr. Sirius Black is not guilty." The spokeswoman said.

"Very well, Due to the unusual nature of your case Mr. Black, we have deemed that reparations must be made, to the total sum of 100,000 Galleons per year that you were imprisoned in Azkaban and an additional 10,000 galleons per year that you were forced to run. However, because there is no longer an English WIZARDING

Government the reparations will be given by wealth from known Death Eater Vaults. In particular The Malfoy and Nott accounts are going to have the most financial burden." The judge replied.

Sirius smiled in relief, just having his freedom meant more to him than anything else.

Meanwhile, Remus Lupin shouted in joy, and was sheepishly pulled out of the courtroom. At the same time, Harry and Hermione had pulled each other into a hug and smiled at Harry's godfather in delight.

"Objection! What about the illegal animagus charges!" An old ugly woman screeched.

"The only nations that require you to be a registered animagus, unless it is proven that you have violated the animagus code of ethics are the former British Ministry of Magic and it's two allies." The judge replied simply.

"That means he violated a law!" She protested.

"One that the international community never recognized. Therefore, his 'crimes' as being an illegal animagus...as the saying goes 'hold no water'." He retorted.

"I'm free!" Sirius yelled joyously as he held Harry and Hermione in his arms.

"You're free." Harry agreed as tears slid down his face.

While Harry and Hermione celebrated the freedom of his godfather Dumbledore fought for his life. Voldemort had invaded the school. It became apparent after a few dozen minutes that the school was going to fall.

When the last soldier fell, Dumbledore was alone, they had managed to deal some damage to Voldemort's forces, however, it wasn't long before the Dementors, Giants, and Death Eaters had managed to overcome all of them, except him.



"Fawkes!" Dumbledore called.

A flash of fire, and the last man that defended Hogwarts fled.

Fortunately for future generations it was during the summer holidays, and the professors had left the castle. Only the caretaker and Dumbledore had remained behind. Now, Argus Filch had died, and only Dumbledore had survived.

Dumbledore appeared in a great hall, perhaps as majestic as Hogwarts was.

"Fawkes? Where are we?" Dumbledore asked.

Fawkes trilled a gentle tune, and Albus understood.

"Potter Castle?" Dumbledore said in some surprise.

Fawkes nodded.

Voldemort sat on the throne-like seat that Albus Dumbledore used to occupy during the school meals.

"Ahh, to be able to look down at the world like this. This will become my throne, yet this school isn't quite ready. Lucius!" Voldemort called.

"Yes my lord?"

"We have captured Hogwarts, and it shall become my throne, yet there is still one slight hindrance...Potter. I want you to create a ward system that's only purpose is to detect Potter. Do you understand?" Voldemort asked.

"Yes my lord." Lucius bowed.

As Lucius left Voldemort chuckled.

"Now...Once Potter arrives the death of those he loves, and himself will occur. At the end of all this...Potter's broken body will lie at my

feet. Incidentally, what can you tell me about his movements?"  
Voldemort seemed to ask out of thin air.

"I think that I'm ready..."

"Good, you'll know what to do."

"Will it come to that?"

"It's the sad truth. If you don't not only do you lose your redemption but the darkness will triumph."

"Good luck...Harry..."

Chapter...End...Short but it'll lead us one step closer to the end. LOH draws close to the final climatic ending. Hogwarts has fallen, the teachers are scattered, and the coalition of nations, is having difficulties stopping Voldemort. Almost as if, they can't stop him...Hmm...

Well, A couple Reviewers have mentioned that Harry hasn't fought much recently, and that's true, he's been more of a commander than anything, however, will Voldemort and his capture of Hogwarts will Harry ignore the loss of the ancient school or will he strike back...?

What of the populace? More and more people have had to use the SL portkey's that Harry's troops have handed out...

By the way... What are your thoughts about any potential sequels, prequels, etc?

CHP75